This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

HARVARD
COLLEGE
LIBRARY

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

RUSSIAN READER

LERMONTOF'S MODERN HERO

Digitized by Google

London: C. J. CLAY AND SONS,
CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS WAREHOUSE,
AVE MARIA LANE.
Glasgow: 263, ARGYLE STREET.

Leipzig: F. A. BROCKHAUS.
New York: THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.
Bombay: E. SEYMOUR HALE.

Digitized by Google

RUSSIAN READER

LERMONTOF'S MODERN HERO

WITH ENGLISH TRANSLATION AND
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

BY

IVAN NESTOR-SCHNURMANN

AUTHOR OF THE RUSSIAN MANUAL AND AID TO RUSSIAN COMPOSITION.
TEACHER OF THE RUSSIAN AND BULGARIAN LANGUAGES
IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

CAMBRIDGE:
AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS.
1899

[*All Rights reserved.*]

Digitized by Google

Slav 4346.3.425

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM THE LIBRARY OF
WILLIAM TREGURTHA
APRIL 12, 1922

Slav 4346.3.425

Cambridge:
PRINTED BY J. AND C. F. CLAY,
AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

Digitized by Google

TO

JOHN PEILE, LITT.D.

MASTER OF CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Biographical Sketch	ix
Bela	2
Maxim Maximitch	108
Petchorin's Diary	136
Taman	140
Princess Mary	176

Digitized by Google

PREFACE.

THE experience of many years spent in teaching has shown me some drawbacks in the time-honoured methods. Give the student a book and a dictionary, he will doubtless succeed in worrying out the meaning of a few pages or sentences; but at what cost of time and labour! For boys, this labour may have the effect of quickening their mental faculties; but those who study Russian are for the most part men, whose faculties are more or less trained; and busy men of the Diplomatic or Military services, to whom time is of the first importance. Now my object in bringing out this Reader is to lighten the difficulties in the early stages, and so to make progress more rapid. The translation has been made as close as the idioms of the two languages admit, that the student may not be continually interrupted by having to hunt up words; and he who works carefully through this book, learning by heart, translating, and retranslating as he goes, cannot fail to pick up a

Digitized by Google

great deal of Russian by the time he gets to the end of it. In the Russian text, the accents (which are always a stumbling-block to beginners) have been marked throughout.

The student is recommended not to begin using this Reader until he has thoroughly mastered the first twenty-six exercises in my *Aid to Russian Composition*, and the exercises on Derivation of Words in the *Manual*, pp. 128 to 160.

I wish to express my obligation to my friend Mr W. H. D. Rouse, of Rugby School, and formerly Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, for the assistance and advice he has given me while bringing out this book.

I. N. S.

CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.
Dec. 15, 1898.

Digitized by Google

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH*.

MICHAEL UREVITCH LERMONTOF was born at Moscow on October 3rd, 1814. Of the poet's father, Ury, little is known, beyond that he was in the First Corps of Cadets, and after serving for a short time, was permitted to retire with a Captain's rank on the ground of illness. His mother, Maria Michailovna, *née* Arsenief, came of a noble family, and she married her husband Ury for love, against the wishes of her relations.

Michael was the only offspring of this marriage; and on the death of his mother, which occurred in February 1817, when the boy was two years old, he remained in the hands of his grandmother Elisabeth Alexievna Arsenief. She absolutely refused to give up the child to his father, who was living in the country; but the father now and then contrived to see his son. Notwithstanding the rareness of these meetings, the boy cherished a deep love for his father.

Madame Arsenief lived for some time in her own village in the Government of Penza; but falling into a sickness, she was advised to take to the waters at Pyatigorsk, in the Caucasus, whither she took also her little grandson who was then ten years old. In 1827 she finally settled in Moscow, where she sent the boy to school as a day boarder, not wishing to part with him entirely. Before entering the school, Lermontof had studied at

* See the *Life and Writings of Lermontof*, edited by P. A. Ephremof, Vol. I. pp. 1 ff.

Digitized by Google

home with private tutors, mostly foreigners; he was very diligent, it is said, and of good behaviour, learnt English very quickly, and especially made great progress in Russian Literature, read much, drew well, and was a good musician. He seems, however, to have regretted this early acquaintance with foreign languages: as he afterwards observed, "What a pity I had a German and not a Russian nurse! I never heard the popular tales of my country: they doubtless contain more poetry than the whole literature of any other country."

During the first year after entering the school (where he remained for nearly three years), Lermontof began to write verses, and to accumulate whole copy-books full of poems. We are thus able to see that even in boyhood his genius showed itself, together with a strong and passionate nature, poetical instincts and an understanding of life wholly unlike a child's. Then were suggested those questions which afterwards so powerfully forced themselves upon him. He became early conscious of the strength of his genius: and began to make plans for his future activity, destiny, and renown. There is no doubt that Lermontof was greatly influenced by the writings of his favourite authors Pushkin and Byron.

In August 1830 Lermontof entered the University, where his poetical activity increased still more. At the end of his two years' residence in the University he left in his note-books a whole mass of poems, many of which are considered the best of his productions. He was unfortunately unable to finish his University course, having been expelled for ridiculing a professor; and in 1831 he came to Petersburg in order to enter one of the military academies. This was to please his friends, who were anxious for him to enter the army; for at that time the profession of arms was the most popular and the most highly esteemed, and attracted almost all the youth of the aristocracy.

Lermontof remained two years in the Academy.

There is no doubt that the life he led during this time amid scenes of intemperance and excess (although he himself was one

Digitized by Google

of the gayest), tended greatly to increase the morbid cynicism which was even in childhood a mark of his character. Indeed it was only some inner instinct for good that preserved him from entire corruption, and did not allow him to give way completely to those influences which might have succeeded in utterly destroying his genius. This is confirmed by the account of one of his school companions, who says that in the evenings after studies the poet would often go into the class-room, then empty, and write far into the night, striving to escape unperceived by his companions.

In 1834 Lermontof, having passed the final examination, quitted the military academy. He was then enrolled in the Hussar Regiment as a cornet. Very soon after this his literary activity returned, and we find him making acquaintance and entering into literary correspondence with various persons; for in the following year 1835 appeared for the first time his poem Khadzi. This piece was signed by him, and produced a great impression.

A. N. Muravief relates the following story of his acquaintance with Lermontof:—A school companion of the poet, M. Zeidler, brought me one day a note-book of verses, asking me to give my opinion of them. It was Lermontof's 'Demon.' I was astonished at the vivacity of the narrative and the ring of the verse, and I asked Zeidler to convey my opinion to the unknown poet. It was only by Lermontof's permission that Zeidler told me the name of the author. When the young Hussar had put on his epaulettes, he lost no time in presenting himself to me. He often used to sit with me for whole evenings. His lively and witty conversation was most attractive, anecdotes flew fast, but his loud and harsh laugh was unpleasant to the ear. He would often read me his verses, in which re-echoed the fiery passions of youth; and I would say to him: 'Why don't you choose a loftier subject, with your brilliant talents?' He took it into his head to write a comedy like Griboyedof's 'Góre ot-Oúma,' (Bored to death by brains), as this play held the sovereignty over the Russian Comic theatre. It was a severe criticism on

Digitized by Google

contemporary manners, although far from equalling the immortal work of Griboyedof. Lermontof wished to see the play acted, but the Censor would not pass it.

In January of the year 1837, when the greatest poet of Russia, Pushkin, was slain in a duel by his own brother-in-law, the Frenchman, Dantès d'Heckeren, Lermontof wrote an energetic ode on the death of his illustrious friend, winding it up by a direct appeal to the Czar for vengeance. This poem established the reputation of the young poet; but the Czar, who had disliked Pushkin for his liberal ideas as well as for his growing popularity, banished Lermontof to the Caucasus. It was here that he wrote the "Modern Hero," of which more anon.

Lermontof's banishment to the Caucasus occasioned much comment; he was looked upon as a martyr, and this quickly increased his poetic renown. People read with eagerness his poems sent from the Caucasus, where he found perennial inspiration; he was looked upon as Pushkin's successor. On the other hand, rumours spread that he was one who spoke too freely for liberty, and therefore those in authority apparently looked at him askance; as a man, in whom youthful impetuosity did not confine itself to thoughtless escapades, which at that time mattered little, but was too bold in speaking up for freedom and self-government.

The banishment did not last long, and he was soon restored to his old regiment. On returning from the Caucasus, he contemplated retiring from the service, because the highest authorities were not well-disposed towards him; but his relatives persuaded him from taking this step. Whilst remaining in the service the poet led a life of extraordinary dissipation. Of his literary friends at this time it is difficult to say anything definite: he had probably very few intimate relations of this class, either because he, like Pushkin, wished to be thought a man of the world and not a litterateur, or because he preferred the society of officers and their pastimes, or finally perhaps he did not wish to abandon his usual lofty feeling of independence which allowed him to speak his mind.

Digitized by Google

In February 1840 Lermontof was for the second time exiled to the Caucasus, in consequence of having fought a duel with Barante, son of the celebrated historian and French Ambassador at the Russian Court. The incident which led up to the duel occurred at a ball given by the Countess Laval, where Lermontof was challenged by Barante about some words alleged to have been spoken by him, for which he refused to apologise. The duel was fought first with swords, then with pistols, and ended with a slight wound to Lermontof; he himself fired in the air.

Having arrived at the place of his destination in the Caucasus, Lermontof started for the hills on an expedition against the Chechentz; he had already taken part in operations against the mountaineers in 1837 when he was present at an expedition against the Kubans. To the expedition of 1840, in which Lermontof took part, belongs the battle of the "Valerik" described in the poem of that name.

Towards the end of 1840 the poet received permission to come to Petersburg for a few months, and in the following spring, before his last departure for the Caucasus, he spent a short time in Moscow. To this time belongs the acquaintance between him and Bodenstedt who subsequently became the translator of his poems into German, and who has left some interesting reminiscences of him. In April 1841 Lermontof started for his last journey to the Caucasus with his relative and old friend Stolypin.

On his arrival there he retired from the service on account of illness, and settled in Pyatigorsk. Here there gathered around him a little circle of intimate friends, among whom were to be counted, besides Stolypin, M. P. Glyebof, S. V. Trubetzkoy and Prince A. U. Vassilchikof.

The last-named friend speaks thus of the poet:—In Lermontof there were two personalities, the one kindly disposed towards the limited circle of his intimate friends and those few persons for whom he had a certain regard, the other haughty and aggressive towards all the rest of his acquaintances. To the second category belonged (according to his ideas) every kind of

Digitized by Google

human being; and he took the greatest pleasure to mock at all eccentricities and peculiarities, both small and great, sometimes in jest but very often with cutting sarcasm. His day was divided between serious work and reading, and playing such pranks as only befitted a boy of 15. His last fatal duel with Martinof is still shrouded in much mystery. From the published and verbal accounts of it, it is known only in a general way, that the cause of the duel was a quarrel between Lermontof and a retired major Martinof, an acquaintance of his, but no definite information as to what precisely served as the occasion for the quarrel, or as to which of the two was in the wrong, has yet been made known.

While living in Pyatigorsk, Lermontof met Martinof in the house of General Versilin's wife, who was staying there with her three daughters for the season, and drinking the waters. Her house was a gathering-place for all the young officers. One evening Lermontof, who as usual did not fail to indulge in his sarcasms, made some cutting personal remarks respecting Martinof, in the presence of the ladies. It was not the first time he had done this, and Martinof, it is said, had intimated to Lermontof that these jests were displeasing to him. Prince Vassilchikof, who was there that evening, says that he did not hear what Lermontof said, but when they came out of the house into the street, Martinof went up to Lermontof and said to him in French in a very low and calm voice: "You know, Lermontof, that I have often put up with your jests, but I do not like you to repeat them before ladies"; upon which Lermontof in an equally quiet tone answered: "Well, if you do not like them, demand satisfaction of me"; and after this nothing more passed between them, either that evening or on the following days. Prince Vassilchikof assures us that Lermontof's most intimate friends considered the quarrel altogether of no importance, and up to the last moment thought that it would end in a reconciliation.

According to another account there was rivalry mixed up in the quarrel. One of the daughters of Madame Versilina, a great

Digitized by Google

beauty, interested both young men, flirted with Lermontof, but gave the preference to Martinof. He, it is said, was distinguished from the circle of young men by those physical excellencies which are so pleasing to women, and in particular by his tall stature, expressive countenance and fine figure. He wore a white Circassian cloak, the sleeves of which he liked to turn up; his glance was bold, his whole figure, manners and gestures were full of confidence and the vigour of youth. It is not by any means surprising if Lermontof, with the most friendly disposition towards him, mercilessly lashed his intolerable conceit with the full force of his sarcasm. Martinof, it is said, had long sought an opportunity of picking a quarrel with Lermontof, and an opportunity occurred. The witticism uttered on that fatal evening at the Versilins' on the subject of Martinof's passion for turning up his sleeves was regarded by him as a *casus belli.*

In his own evidence at the trial, Martinof said that three weeks before he had told Lermontof how unpleasant he found his jokes and gibes. On leaving the house he took Lermontof by the arm, and walked side by side with him; then he said to Lermontof that he had already begged him to put a stop to these unbearable jokes, and now warned him, that if he should once more take it into his head to select him as the butt of his witticisms he would make him desist. Lermontof without allowing him to finish, said that this sermonising tone did not please him, that Martinof could not forbid him from saying what he liked, and in conclusion said: "Instead of empty threats you would do far better if you were to take action; you know that I never refuse a duel, consequently you frighten no one by what you have said." At this time they came up to Lermontof's house, and Martinof said to him, that in that case he would send him his seconds.

All efforts to reconcile the antagonists proved unavailing, and a duel followed two days later, on July 15th. It was begun at 6.30 p.m. A barrier of a width of 15 paces was measured off, and a distance of 10 paces on each side of it. Martinof and

Digitized by Google

Lermontof stood at the extreme points. According to the rules of duels, each combatant had the right to fire where he pleased, standing in his place or approaching the barrier. When the seconds gave the word to fire, Lermontof remained motionless, and cocking the trigger, raised his pistol with the muzzle upwards; Martinof with great strides approached the barrier and, according to the account of Prince Vassilchikof, kept taking aim so long that the seconds called out to him, "Fire, or we shall separate you." Martinof fired; Lermontof fell dead, as though he were mown down on the spot; the bullet struck him on the right side, passing right through his body.

After the duel Glebof, one of the seconds, presented himself to the Commandant of Pyatigorsk and informed him of the occurrence. He at first completely lost his head, but at last ordered the arrest of Martinof. The body was removed to Lermontof's own lodgings and was there subjected to a medical examination.

The clergy at Pyatigorsk at first refused to accord him a Christian burial, because some influential persons then residing at Pyatigorsk and unfriendly towards the poet in consequence of his biting sarcasm, suggested that one slain in a duel, ought to be accounted the same as a suicide. But better counsels prevailed, and Lermontof was buried in the cemetery at Pyatigorsk. After some months, however, his coffin was removed to the village of Tarakhan in the Province of Penza, where a monument was erected to him.

The news of Lermontof's death was officially announced in the following form: July 15th about 5 p.m. a fearful storm accompanied by lightning and thunder broke out; *at the very same time* there died on the Mountains of Mashūk and Beshta M. U. Lermontof, who was taking the waters at Pyatigorsk.

Few poets have been able like Lermontof in all the circumstances of their lives to remain faithful to art and to themselves. Born in the midst of a society in which hypocrisy and falsehood are considered the hall-mark of good breeding, Lermontof up to the last breath remained a stranger to every kind of deceit and hypocrisy. Notwithstanding the fact that he had suffered much

Digitized by Google

from hypocritical friends and that his restless wandering life had torn him more than once from the bonds of sincere friendship, he remained unchangeably faithful to his friends both in good and evil fortune, but he was irreconcilable in his hatred, and he had a right to hate, perhaps more than any man. That which inwardly exalted him was his defence against the outside world which maligned him. But he did not cease to know God, who dwelt in his heart. Insulted in respect of that which seemed to him as sacred, at variance with all his surroundings, persecuted when he attempted to speak, suspected when he held his peace, surrounded on all sides by enmity, and incapable of suppressing for long his thoughts and feelings, he could fully and unrestrainedly trust himself to poetry alone. It consoled and recompensed him for the disillusions and deprivations of life. He was happy only when he was composing; and he could compose only when in moments of inspiration—writing whatever it might be that inspired him: of joy, grief, displeasure, despair, in the proud consciousness of his own strength. But without this impulse, without a true spiritual force compelling him, he would never court the Muse, so that all his productions may be called "Occasional Pieces," in the sense which Goethe attached to that kind of writing. Vague, cloudy dreams of fancy were entirely foreign to him; whithersoever he turned his eyes, whether to heaven or to hell, he always sought out first a firm point of support. In this peculiarity, and moreover in the fact that Lermontof had a perfect mastery over language, and had subtle powers of observation, lies the explanation of his truth and exactness, and the freshness of his lively imagination as expressed in his epic poetry. His lyrical effusions also, which serve as a faithful reflexion of the condition of his soul, are permeated with the same artistic truth. An inspiration would suddenly flash forth like a ray of sunlight upon his dark life, and he would unite into one focus his thoughts and his feelings, and then the verse came. This approach of inspiration, the consolation of sad moments and the relief which followed them he frequently expressed in his poems.

Digitized by Google

Much has been said of Byron's influence on Lermontof. To deny this influence is impossible; it was reflected not merely in Lermontof, but also in his great predecessor Pushkin and in general in all modern Slav poetry. In Lermontof the demoniacal element of poetry is more naturally explained than in Byron. Byron had to contend only with that falsehood, with that hypocrisy which the sages and prophets of all climes and all ages have lamented. He could raise his voice loudly against them with the approval of his world, could struggle fiercely, tear the mask from hypocrisy and strike at falsehood with the sharp sword of truth. But Lermontof with his inborn craving after the beautiful, which cannot exist without goodness and truth, found himself at war with these evils single-handed. The people who surrounded him did not, or dared not understand him, and thus he found himself in constant danger of falling into a mistake in regarding himself or in regarding humanity.

The circumstances of Lermontof's life must not be lost sight of in making a precise estimate of his productions. Much is explained by them and much justified. When he groans under the tyranny of circumstance, we feel it to be a different thing from the languishings of the decadent, or the affectations of the poser.

There is no doubt in the powerful stanzas of Lermontof discords are at times heard, and more than one harsh expression, more than one cutting image might well be omitted. But is there a garden in which no weeds will be found?—these occasional defects in Lermontof's poems can scarcely be laid to the blame of the poet himself, because alike in his bright and in his dark moments of inspiration, he sought merely words in order to pour forth his impressions for his own benefit, and never intended to submit them to the tribunal of public opinion.

Lermontof's character was of the strongest mettle, and the more heavily the blows of fortune fell upon him, the firmer did he stand. He could not escape the fate which pursued him, but at the same time he would not submit tamely to it. He was too

Digitized by Google

weak to fight it, but at the same time too proud to let himself be overcome by it; hence the cause of that fiery discontent, of that stormy restlessness seen in many of his poems, in which as though in a boiling sea agitated by a storm, a flash of lightning illuminates at once both heaven and earth. This too was the cause of the sensitiveness and bitterness, which in the course of his life often estranged his best friends and gave occasion for duels. The first of these duels brought him banishment to a far distant land—the second to a premature death at the age of 26.

It is difficult to assign the reason which gave rise to this last duel, whether it was caused by the unguarded sarcasms and jests of Lermontof, or, as some maintain, was provoked by the fact that his antagonist applied to himself certain allusions in the novel "A Modern Hero" and felt insulted by them, as affecting himself and family. It is very probable that Lermontof, who depicted himself in somewhat bright colours as the principal hero of the novel, drew as well from nature as from existing personages, so that it was not difficult for their prototypes to recognise themselves.

The book is written in a style at once strong and refined; and our interest is absorbed in the characters who in their thoughts, feeling, and action are true to the heart of Caucasian life*. The grand scenery of a country, on which Nature has lavished with a generous hand every gift, forms a background to the poet's picture of national life, and lends interest to many a scene in the story. On page 366 of this Novel a duel is described in which he to whose lot it falls first to expose himself to his opponent's fire, must stand on the edge of a precipice, in order that he may in case of being wounded fall over it without delay to a certain death. By a strange coincidence Lermontof himself subsequently died in almost exactly that manner. This striking coincidence is explained by the fact that Lermontof was by conviction a declared enemy of duelling, but once brought to

* See C. E. Turner, *Studies in Russian Literature*, p. 350.

Digitized by Google

engage in it, he could not look upon it as child's play, or risk exposing himself to mutilation. Therefore he took such measures that one of the two should inevitably be left dead. He had a fixed determination to brand the duel as the most disgusting offspring of human stupidity, but his determination did not reach far enough to refuse a share in this stupidity. He did not seek it, but he did not hold aloof from this "Daring of blind insolence." He preferred in fact consciously to display this blind insolence rather than sacrifice his opinions and teachings to people whom he despised with his whole soul. In his life there were many similar anomalies, but all of them flow from one source, namely, his sufferings, and can for the most part be justified by them.

Digitized by Google

BELA

Digitized by Google

BELA

I left Tiflis in a post-carriage. All my luggage consisted of a small box, half of which was filled with travelling notes about Georgia. By your good luck (reader) the greater portion of those papers was lost; by my good luck, the box with the other contents remained safe. The sun had already begun to hide herself behind the snowy crest of the mountains, when I entered the Koishaur Valley. The post-boy, an Ossete, urged on the horses incessantly, in order to reach the mountain Koishaur before night, and sang his national melodies with might and main. How glorious is that valley! On all sides lofty mountains, reddish rocks ornamented by festoons of green ivy, and their summits crowned by sycamores; at their feet alluvial fragments, and above, towering to the skies, the golden fringe of eternal snow; below the river Aragva, united to another nameless stream breaking noisily through a dark ravine, and then winding its course through the green meadows, like a huge snake with glittering scales. Arrived at the foot of Koishaur Hill we stopped at the station-house. There were loitering some twenty Georgians and mountaineers, with a great noise; not far away a caravan of camels rested for the night. I was obliged to hire oxen to drag my carriage up this accursed mountain, as it was already autumn, and a hard frost: that mountain, too, extends for about two miles.

Digitized by Google

БЭЛА

Я ѣхалъ на перекладныхъ изъ Тифлиса. Вся поклажа моей тележки состояла изъ одного небольшаго чемодана, который до половины былъ набитъ путевыми записками о Грузіи. Большая часть изъ нихъ, къ счастію для васъ, потеряна, а чемоданъ съ остальными вещами, къ счастію для меня, остался цѣлъ. Ужъ солнце начинало прятаться за снѣговой хребетъ, когда я въѣхалъ въ Койшаурскую Долину. Осетинъ-извощикъ неутомимо погонялъ лошадей, чтобъ успѣть до ночи взобраться на Койшаурскую гору, и во всё горло распѣвалъ пѣсни. Славное мѣсто эта долина! Со всѣхъ сторонъ горы неприступныя, красноватыя скалы, обвѣшенныя зелёнымъ плющёмъ и увѣнчанныя купами чинаръ, жёлтые обрывы, исчерченные промоинами, а тамъ высоко, высоко, золотая бахрома снѣговъ, а внизу Арагва, обнявшись съ другой безъимённой рѣкой, шумно вырывающейся изъ чёрнаго, полнаго мглою ущелья, тянется серебристою нитью и сверкаетъ, какъ змѣя своею чешуёю. Подъѣхавъ къ подошвѣ Койшаурской горы, мы остановились возлѣ духана. Тутъ толпились шумно десятка два грузинъ и горцевъ: по близости каравана верблюдовъ остановился для ночлега. Я долженъ былъ нанять быковъ, чтобъ втащить мою тележку на эту проклятую гору, потому что была уже осень и гололедица—а эта гора имѣетъ около двухъ вёрстъ длины.

Digitized by Google

There was nothing else for it, so I hired six oxen and a few Ossetes; one of them shouldered my box; the others began to help the oxen, yelling like one man.

Behind my cart four oxen were dragging another cart with ease, notwithstanding that it was loaded; that certainly astonished me. The owner of the cart followed it, smoking a small pipe of the shape peculiar to Kabarda, chased in silver. He wore an officer's coat without epaulettes and a Circassian fur cap. He seemed to be about fifty years of age; his dark countenance showed clearly that he had long been accustomed to the trans-Caucasian sun; his moustaches had grown prematurely greyer than might have been expected from his hale look and firm step. I approached, and greeted him. He silently returned my bow, and blew an immense cloud of smoke into the air.

'It seems we are fellow-travellers?'

He again answered by a silent bow.

'You are probably going to Stavropol?'

'Yes, Sir, exactly—on government business.'

'Please tell me, how is it that four oxen draw your heavily-laden cart so easily, whilst six of these animals, aided by these Ossetes, cannot get on with mine?'

He smiled knowingly, and said, with a significant glance,

'Doubtless you have not yet been long in the Caucasus?'

Digitized by Google

Нéчего дѣлать, я нанялъ шесть быкóвъ и нѣсколькихъ осетинъ. Одинъ изъ нихъ взвалилъ себѣ на плéчи мой чемодáнъ, другіе стáли помогáть быкáмъ почти одним крикомъ.

За моéю телéжкою четвéрка быкóвъ тащила другую, какъ ни въ чёмъ не бывáло, не смотря на то, что онá былá дó верху наклáдена. Это обстоятельство меня удивило. За нéю шёлъ ея хозяинъ, покуривая изъ мáленькой кабардинской трубочки, обдѣланной въ серебрó. На нёмъ былъ офицéрскій сюртукъ безъ эполéтъ и черкéская мохнáтая шáпка. Онъ казáлся лѣтъ пятидесяти; смуглый цвѣтъ лицá егó показывалъ, что онó давнó знакóмо съ закавкáзскимъ сóлнцемъ, и преждевремéнно посѣдѣвшіе усы не соотвѣтствовали его твёрдой похóдкѣ и бóдрому виду. Я подошёлъ къ нему и поклонился; онъ мóлча отвѣчáлъ мнѣ на поклóнъ и пустилъ огрóмный клубъ дыма.

'Мы съ вáми попутчики, кáжется?'

Онъ мóлча опять поклонился.

'Вы, вѣрно, ѣдете въ Ставрóполь?'

'Такъ-съ* тóчно... съ казёнными вещáми.'

'Скажите, пожáлуйста, отчегó ётo вáшу тяжёлую телéжку четыре быкá тáщатъ шутя, а мою, пустую, шесть скотóвъ едвá подвигáютъ съ пóмощью ётихъ осетинъ?'

Онъ лукáво улыбнулся и значительно взглянулъ на меня.

'Вы, вѣрно, недáвно на Кавкáзѣ?'

* -съ, short for Сударь = Sir.

Digitized by Google

'Only a year,' said I.

He smiled again.

'What of that?'

'What infamous scoundrels these Asiatics are, to be sure, Sir! you think they help because they shout? The deuce knows what they are shouting! The oxen seem to understand them; and if you were to harness twenty, just let them shout in their way, not one would stir. Infamous scoundrels! What can you do with them? They like to fleece travellers of their money—in fact the fellows have been spoiled! You will see, they will get some money out of you for vodka. I know them; they cannot cheat me.'

'You have been here long?'

'Yes,' answered he proudly, 'I have already served here under Alekséi Petrovitch*. When he took the command of the *Caucasian* line (added he), he found me here as sub-lieutenant and under him I got two more steps of promotion in the wars against the mountaineers.'

'And you are now—?'

'Now I belong to the third battalion of the line. And you, if I may ask?'

I told him.

With this the conversation ended, and we silently continued our walk up-hill. On the summit of the hill we found snow. The sun had set, and as in those latitudes,

* Russians do not call people by their family names but by their Christian names, to which their father's name is added.

Digitized by Google

'Съ годъ,' отвѣчалъ я.

Онъ улыбнулся вторично.

'А что жъ?'

'Да такъ-съ: ужасныя бестіи эти азіяты! Вы думаете они помогаютъ, что кричатъ? А чертъ ихъ разберётъ, что они кричатъ! Быки-то ихъ понимаютъ; запрягите хоть двадцать, такъ коли они крикнутъ по-своему, быки всё ни съ мѣста... Ужасные плуты! А что съ нихъ возьмёшь? Любятъ деньги драть съ проѣзжающихъ... Избаловали мошенниковъ! Увидите, они ещё съ васъ возьмутъ на водку. Ужъ я ихъ знаю: меня не проведутъ.'

'А вы давно здѣсь служите?'

'Да я ужъ здѣсь служилъ при Алексѣѣ Петровичѣ*,' отвѣчалъ онъ, пріосанившись. 'Когда онъ пріѣхалъ, на Линію, я былъ подпоручикомъ—прибавилъ онъ—и при нёмъ получилъ два чина за дѣла противъ горцевъ.'

'А теперь вы?'

'Теперь считаюсь въ третьемъ линейномъ батальонѣ. А вы смѣю, спросить?'

Я сказалъ ему.

Разговоръ этимъ кончился, и мы продолжали молча идти другъ подлѣ друга. На вершинѣ горы мы нашли снѣгъ. Солнце закатилось, и ночь послѣдовала за днёмъ

* Ермоловѣ, General Count A. P. Yermolof.

Digitized by Google

night suddenly follows the day, without any twilight between, we should have been wholly in the dark, had not the reflection of the snowy masses shown us the road, still winding upwards, but less steep than before. I now ordered my box to be put on the cart, and the oxen to be exchanged for horses, and glanced once more down into the valley, but thick mist, rising in billows from the ravine, completely covered it, and not a single sound struck our ear from below. The Ossetes now approached noisily and claimed some drink-money, but the staff-captain scolded them so violently, that they disappeared in a moment. 'What a people!' said he, 'they have not yet learned how to say "bread" in Russian, but they know how to say, "Officer, give me some drink-money." I like even the Tartars better, at least they are no drunkards.'

Up to the post-station we had about one mile more. Everything was perfectly quiet around us, so that by the humming of a gnat we could have followed its track. To the left there was a deep abyss, beyond it and before us the rugged mountain-peaks, scored with furrows, covered with fields of snow, stood out against the pale horizon, which still kept the last dim light of evening. In the dark sky the stars began to appear, and strange to say, they seemed to me to be higher than with us in the north. Bare black rocks stuck out on both sides of the white road, here and there a few bushes peeped from under the snow, but not a single withered leaf trembled in the air; amidst this death-like sleep of nature, it was a relief to listen to the snorting of our tired post-horses, and to the irregular tinkling of their Russian bells.

Digitized by Google

безъ промежу́тка, какъ э́то обыкнове́нно быва́етъ на ю́гѣ; но благодаря́ отли́ву снѣго́въ, мы легко́ могли́ различа́ть доро́гу, кото́рая всё ещё шла въ гору́, хотя́ уже́ не такъ кру́то. Я велѣ́лъ положи́ть чемода́нъ въ теле́жку, замѣни́ть быко́въ лошадьми́, и въ послѣ́дній разъ оглянулся внизъ на доли́ну; но густо́й тума́нъ, нахлы́нувшій волна́ми изъ ущѐлій, покрыва́лъ её соверше́нно, и ни еди́нный звукъ не долета́лъ уже́ отту́да до на́шего слу́ха. Осети́ны шу́мно обступи́ли меня́ и тре́бовали на во́дку; но штабсъ-капита́нъ такъ гро́зно на нихъ прикрикну́лъ, что они́ въ мигъ разбѣжа́лись. 'Вѣдь э́такой наро́дъ!' сказа́лъ онъ: 'и хлѣ́ба по-ру́сски назва́ть не умѣ́етъ, а вы́училъ: "офицѐръ дай на во́дку?" Ужъ тата́ры по мнѣ́ лу́чше; тѣ хоть непью́щіе...'

До ста́нціи оста́лось ещё съ версту́. Круго́мъ бы́ло ти́хо, такъ ти́хо, что по жужжа́нію комара́ мо́жно бы́ло слѣди́ть за его́ полётомъ. Налѣ́во чернѣ́ло глубо́кое ущѐлье; за нимъ и впереди́ насъ темноси́нія верши́ны горъ, изры́тыя морщи́нами, покры́тыя сло́ями снѣ́га, рисова́лись на блѣ́дномъ небосклонѣ, ещё сохрани́вшемъ послѣ́дній о́тблескъ зари́. На тёмномъ небѣ́ начина́ли мелька́ть звѣ́зды и, стра́нно, мнѣ показа́лось, что онѣ́ гора́здо вы́ше, чѣмъ у насъ, на сѣ́верѣ. По обѣ́имъ сторона́мъ доро́ги торча́ли го́лые, чёрные ка́мни, ко́й-гдѣ́ изъ-подъ снѣ́га выгля́дывали куста́рники; но ни оди́нъ сухо́й листо́къ не шевели́лся, и ве́село бы́ло слы́шать среди́ э́того мёртваго сна приро́ды фы́рканье уста́лой почтово́й тро́йки и неро́вное побря́киванье ру́сскаго колоко́льчика.

Digitized by Google

'To-morrow we shall have splendid weather,' said I. The staff-captain answered not a word, but pointed with his finger to a high mountain which was rising opposite to us.

'What is it?'

'Mount Goud.'

'Well, what is the matter with Mount Goud?'

'You see how it smokes.'

And in fact, Mount Goud did smoke; light clouds were gathering about its slopes, but on its summit there lay a cloud so black, that it formed a spot on the black sky.

We could already distinguish the post-station and the roofs of the surrounding huts, from whence fires invitingly greeted us, when suddenly a damp, cold wind arose, hissing through the rock-caves, and a shower of rain began to pour down. I had hardly time to wrap myself up in my felt cloak when the snow fell thickly. My respect for the captain greatly increased.

'We shall have to remain here over night,' said he snappishly; 'in such a snowstorm the mountains are impassable. Have any avalanches already fallen on the cross-mountain?' asked he of the postilion.

'Not yet, Sir,' answered the Ossete, 'but many hang on the slopes.'

At the station there was no passengers' room; we had to take up our quarters in a smoky hut. I invited my companion to a glass of tea; for I carried a metal tea-pot with me, my best restorative on journeys in the Caucasus.

The hut was on one side attached to the rock; three

Digitized by Google

'Завтра будетъ славная погода!' сказалъ я. Штабсъ-капитанъ не отвѣчалъ ни слова и указалъ мнѣ пальцемъ на высокую гору, поднимавшуюся прямо противъ насъ.

'Что жъ это?'

'Гутъ-Гора.'

'Ну, такъ что жъ?'

'Посмотрите, какъ курится.'

И въ самомъ дѣлѣ, Гутъ-Гора курилась; по бокамъ ея ползали лёгкія струйки облаковъ, а на вершинѣ лежала чёрная туча, такая чёрная, что на тёмномъ небѣ она казалась пятномъ.

Ужъ мы различали почтовую станцію, кровли окружающихъ её саклей, и передъ нами мелькали привѣтные огоньки, когда пахнулъ сырой холодной вѣтеръ, ущелье загудѣло и пошёлъ мелкій дождь. Едва успѣлъ я накинуть бурку, какъ повалилъ снѣгъ. Я съ благоговѣніемъ посмотрѣлъ на штабсъ-капитана...

'Намъ придётся здѣсь ночевать,' сказалъ онъ съ досадою: 'въ таку́ю метель черезъ горы не переѣдешь. Что? Были ль обвалы на Крестовой?' спросилъ онъ извощика.

'Не было, господинъ,' отвѣчалъ осетинъ-извощикъ:— 'а виситъ много.'

За неимѣніемъ комнаты для проѣзжающихъ на станціи, намъ отвели ночлегъ въ дымной саклѣ. Я пригласилъ своего спутника выпить вмѣстѣ стаканъ чаю, ибо со мною былъ чугунный чайникъ—единственная отрада моя въ путешествіяхъ по Кавказу.

Сакля была прилѣплена однимъ бокомъ въ скалѣ; три

Digitized by Google

slippery wet steps led to the door. I entered, and stumbled over a cow (these people always use the hall for a stable). I did not know where to turn; here I met bleating sheep, there growling dogs. Fortunately I perceived on one side a dim ray of light peeping through a chink, and I succeeded in finding an opening which served as a door. There an interesting scene presented itself. A large hut, the roof of which was supported by two smoky wooden pillars, was filled with people. In the middle, a fire was burning on the ground, and as the wind prevented the smoke from getting out by the holes of the roof, it filled the place so thickly, that I could not for some time distinguish any object. Two old women, a lot of children and a lean Georgian, all of them in rags, sat on the floor round the fire. There was nothing for it; we crouched before the fire, lit our pipes, and soon the water began to hiss invitingly.

'What miserable people!' said I to the Captain, pointing to our filthy hosts, who, as if petrified, gazed upon us silently.

'And a stupid people too!' answered he. 'Would you believe it, they know nothing: they are incapable of being educated in any way. I prefer our Kabardines and Tchetchens, cut-throats and robbers no doubt, but desperate fellows, full of courage to handle a musket, and not one of them wears a decent dagger. And the Ossetes, they are yet worse!'

'Have you lived long among the Tchetchens?'

Digitized by Google

скользкія мокрыя ступени вели къ ея двери. Ощупью вошёлъ я и наткнулся на коробу (хлѣвъ у этихъ людей замѣняетъ лакейскую). Я не зналъ куда дѣваться: тутъ блѣятъ овцы, тамъ ворчитъ собака. Къ счастію, въ сторонѣ блеснулъ тусклый свѣтъ и помогъ мнѣ найти другое отверстіе на подобіе двери. Тутъ открылась картина, довольно занимательная: широкая сакля, которой крыша опиралась на два закопчённые столба, была полна народа. По серединѣ трещалъ огонёкъ, разложенный на землѣ, и дымъ выталкиваемый обратно вѣтромъ изъ отверстія въ крышѣ, разстилался вокругъ такой густой пеленою, что я долго не могъ осмотрѣться; у огня сидѣли двѣ старухи, множество дѣтей и одинъ худощавый грузинъ, всѣ въ лохмотьяхъ. Нечего было дѣлать! мы пріютились у огня, закурили трубки, и скоро чайникъ зашипѣлъ привѣтливо.

'Жалкіе люди!' сказалъ я штабсъ-капитану, указывая на нашихъ грязныхъ хозяевъ, которые молча на насъ смотрѣли въ какомъ-то остолбенѣніи.

'Преглупый народъ!' отвѣчалъ онъ. 'Повѣрите ли? Ничего не умѣютъ, неспособны ни къ какому образованію! Ужъ по крайней мѣрѣ наши кабардинцы, или чеченцы, хотя разбойники, голыши, за то отчаянныя башки, а у этихъ и къ оружію никакой охоты нѣтъ: порядочнаго кинжала ни на одномъ не увидишь. Ужъ подлинно осетины!'

'А вы долго были въ Чечнѣ?'

Digitized by Google

'Yes, I was stationed there with my company for about ten years, in a fort, Kaminova-Broda—do you know it?'

'I have heard of it.'

'My dear Sir! what trouble those cut-throats have given us! Now, thank Heaven, it is a little more peaceful than formerly. Whoever ventured beyond the wall but for a hundred yards was at the mercy of some shaggy fellow, lurking behind some bush, and before you perceived him his lasso was on your neck, or his bullet in your back. But they are brave fellows, those scoundrels.'

'Then you must have met there with many an adventure,' said I, full of curiosity.

'I have indeed! Many a time—!'

But now he began to caress the left side of his moustache: his head sank on his breast, and he seemed lost in a deep reverie. I could have liked to get some romantic tale out of him—a wish natural to all travellers and writers. Meanwhile the tea was ready. I took two travelling glasses from my box, filled them, and set one of them before him.

He began to sip and said, as though to himself, 'Yes, indeed.' This exclamation gave me great hopes. I know how fond the old officers of the Caucasus are of talking and of telling their adventures; they have so rarely an opportunity for it. Many of them remain for about five years in some remote corner, without uttering a single hearty 'How do you do?' (since a sergeant-major greets his superior with 'I wish you good health'). And there would be plenty

Digitized by Google

'Да я лѣтъ десять стоялъ тамъ въ крѣпости съ ротою, у Каменнаго Брода—знаете?'

'Слыхалъ.'

'Вотъ, батюшка, надоѣли намъ эти головорѣзы. Нынче, слава Богу, смирнѣе; а бывало, на сто шаговъ отойдёшь за валъ, ужъ гдѣ нибудь косматый дьяволь сидитъ и караулитъ: чуть зазѣвался того и гляди—либо арканъ на шеѣ, либо пуля въ затылкѣ. А молодцы!...'

'А, чай, много съ вами бывало приключеній?'—сказалъ я, подстрекаемый любопытствомъ.

'Какъ не бывать! бывало...'

Тутъ онъ началъ щипать лѣвый усъ, повѣсилъ голову и призадумался. Мнѣ страхъ хотѣлось вытянуть изъ него какую нибудь исторійку—желаніе, свойственное всѣмъ путешествующимъ и записывающимъ людямъ. Между тѣмъ чай поспѣлъ; я вытащилъ изъ чемодана два походные стаканчика, налилъ и поставилъ одинъ передъ нимъ.

Онъ отхлебнулъ и сказалъ какъ будто про себя: 'да бывало!' Это восклицаніе подало мнѣ большія надежды. Я знаю, старые кавказцы любятъ поговорить, поразсказать; имъ такъ рѣдко это удаётся: другой лѣтъ пять стоитъ гдѣ нибудь въ захолустьѣ съ ротой, и цѣлыя пять лѣтъ ему никто не скажетъ: здравствуйте (потому что фельдфебель говоритъ здравія желаю). А поболтать было

Digitized by Google

to talk about amidst a people, who, though savage, are yet full of interest; every day offers new danger and wonderful adventures. Thus one most sincerely regrets that so little is written among us in Russia.

'May I offer you some rum?' said I to my fellow-traveller? 'I have a good sort from Tiflis; it will warm you in this cold.'

'Thank you, Sir, I do not take spirits.'

'How so?'

'Well, I have pledged myself to my own *conscience*. You must know, that once, when I was still a sub-lieutenant, we were merry, at night an alarm was given; we had to fight. It was a bad mess, when Alekséi Petrovitch heard of it, how furious he was! I scarcely escaped a court-martial. So it always happens. You live in the quietest way the whole year through and no enemy is seen; once only you take a glass and—you are a lost man.'

Hearing this I again almost lost hope.

'And it is worse with the Circassians' he again began. 'When at their marriage or burial feasts they get intoxicated with their buza (millet beer) they immediately fight. I once witnessed it myself at a banquet of one of their princes, who have acknowledged Russian sovereignty.'

'How did this happen?'

'Well (he filled his pipe, drew some whiffs, and began to relate) well, Sir, I was in garrison with my company at a fortress beyond the Terek (river)—about five years back. There, once in autumn came the usual transport of victuals, and with it arrived an officer, a young man of about five and twenty. He presented himself in full regimentals, and

Digitized by Google

бы о чёмъ: кругóмъ нарóдъ дикій, любопытный; кáждый день опáсность; слýчаи бывáютъ чýдные, и тутъ поневóлѣ пожалѣешь о томъ, что у насъ такъ мáло записывáютъ.

'Не хотúте ли подбáвить рóму?' сказáлъ я моемý собесѣднику: 'у менá есть бѣлый, изъ Тифлúса; тепéрь хóлодно.'

'Нѣтъ-съ, благодáрствуйте, не пью.'

'Что такъ?'

'Да такъ. Я далъ себѣ заклятье. Когдá я былъ ещё подпорýчикомъ, разъ, знáете, мы подгуляли мéжду собóю, а нóчью сдѣлалась тревóга; вотъ мы и вышли пéредъ фронтъ навеселѣ, да ужъ достáлось намъ, какъ Алексѣй Петрóвичъ узнáлъ: не дай Гóсподи, какъ онъ разсердúлся! чуть-чýть не óтдалъ подъ судъ, óно и тóчно: другóй разъ цѣлый годъ живёшь никогó не вúдишь, да какъ тутъ ещё вóдка—пропáдшій человѣкъ!'

Услышавъ óто, я почтú потерялъ надéжду.

'Да вотъ хоть черкéсы,' продолжáлъ онъ: 'какъ напьются бузы на свáдьбѣ, úли на пóхоронахъ, такъ и пошлá рýбка. Я разъ насúлу нóги унёсъ, а ещё у мирнóва князя былъ въ гостяхъ.'

'Какъ же óто случúлось?'

'Вотъ... (онъ набúлъ трýбку, затянýлся и нáчалъ разскáзывать) вотъ извóлите вúдѣть, я тогдá стоялъ въ крѣпости за Тéрекомъ съ рóтой—óтому скóро пять лѣтъ. Разъ óсенью, пришёлъ транспóртъ съ провіáнтомъ; въ транспóртѣ былъ офицéръ, молодóй человѣкъ лѣтъ двадцати-пятú. Онъ явúлся ко мнѣ въ пóлной фóрмѣ и

Digitized by Google

told me that he had received orders to remain with me in the fort. His complexion was so delicate and fair, his uniform so new, that I immediately guessed that he must have lately arrived in the Caucasus. "You have been probably transferred here from Russia?" asked I. "Yes, Captain, if you please," was the answer. I shook hands with him, and said, "Happy to see you, happy to see you: you will find it rather dull here, but we shall live together in a friendly way. Now please to call me plainly Maxim Maximitch: what's the use of all those formalities? Come to me simply with your forage-cap on." He was shown to his lodgings and he made himself comfortable in the fort.'

'What was his name?' asked I of the Captain.

'Gregory Alexandrovitch Petchorin, a nice young man I can assure you, but a little strange. For instance, he sometimes was out shooting the whole day long, in rain and frost, and whilst every one else felt chilled and weary, he did not feel it. But at other times again, when he would be sitting at the window of his room, and there was a little draught, he would declare that he had caught cold; or, perhaps, the window-blinds rustled, and he would start and grow pale; and yet I saw him once encounter a wild boar single-handed. Sometimes I could not get a word out of him for hours together, and then, at other times, he would tell me such funny stories that you would burst with laughter. Ah, he was a strange fellow, and he must have been rich. What fine costly things he had!'

Digitized by Google

объявилъ, что ему велѣно остаться у меня въ крѣпости. Онъ былъ такой тоненькій, бѣленькій; на нёмъ мундиръ былъ такой новенькій, что я тотчасъ догадался, что онъ на Кавказѣ у насъ недавно. "Вы вѣрно," спросилъ я его, "переведены сюда изъ Россіи?" "Точно такъ, господинъ штабсъ-капитанъ," отвѣчалъ онъ. Я взялъ его за руку и сказалъ: "Очень радъ, очень радъ. Вамъ будетъ немножко скучно... ну, да мы съ вами будемъ жить по-пріятельски. Да, пожалуйста, зовите меня просто Максимъ Максимычъ, и пожалуйста—къ чему эта полная форма? приходите ко мнѣ всегда въ фуражкѣ." Ему отвели квартиру, и онъ поселился въ крѣпости.'

'А какъ его звали?' спросилъ я Максима Максимыча.

'Его звали... Григорьемъ Александровичемъ Печоринымъ. Славный былъ малый, смѣю васъ увѣрить; только немножко страненъ. Вѣдь, напримѣръ, въ дождикъ, въ холодъ, цѣлый день на охотѣ; всѣ иззябнутъ, устанутъ—а ему ничего. А другой разъ сидитъ у себя въ комнатѣ, вѣтеръ пахнётъ, увѣряетъ, что простудился; ставнемъ стукнетъ, онъ вздрогнетъ и поблѣднѣетъ; а при мнѣ ходилъ на кабана одинъ на одинъ; бывало, по цѣлымъ часамъ слова не добьёшься, за то ужъ иногда какъ начнётъ разсказывать, такъ животики надорвёшь со смѣху... Да-съ, съ большими странностями, и должно быть богатый человѣкъ: сколько у него было разныхъ дорогихъ вещицъ...'

Digitized by Google

'Did he stay long with you?' asked I again.

'About a year; but I shall never forget that year. What trouble I had with him I cannot tell. Really there are men predestined from their cradle always to be mixed up with extraordinary adventures!'

'Extraordinary adventures!' I exclaimed, with an air of curiosity, and poured out some tea for him.

'Well, I will tell you. About six miles from our fort lived a peaceable prince. His son, a stripling of fifteen, was accustomed to ride over to us, for one thing or another, every day; and Gregory Alexandrovitch and I really had spoiled him by petting. What a splendid fellow he was! ready for anything. He would pick up a cap from the ground at full gallop, and hit anything with his musket. But one thing I did not like in him, he was horribly greedy of money. Once for a joke Gregory Alexandrovitch promised him a ducat if he stole the finest ram in his father's herd; and, would you believe it, next evening he dragged the ram in by the horns! But when we thought to snub him, his eyes grew bloodshot, and at once he grasped his dagger. "Asamat," I used to say, "*nobody intends to do you harm*, but your madness will be the ruin of you!"

'Once the old prince himself came to invite us to a marriage-feast. He was to give away his eldest daughter, and, as we were bound to him by the laws of hospitality, we could not decline, though he was an infidel. We went. A score of barking dogs greeted us in the Circassian village; the women, seeing us,

Digitized by Google

'А до́лго онъ съ ва́ми жилъ?' спроси́лъ я опя́ть.

'Да съ годъ. Ну, да ужъ за то па́мятенъ мнѣ э́тотъ годъ; надѣ́лалъ онъ мнѣ хлопо́тъ, не тѣмъ будь помя́нутъ!... Вѣдь есть, пра́во, э́такіе лю́ди, у кото́рыхъ на роду́ напи́сано, что съ ни́ми должны́ случа́ться ра́зныя необыкнове́нныя ве́щи!'

'Необыкнове́нныя?' воскликну́лъ я съ ви́домъ любопы́тства, подлива́я ему́ чаю.

'Вотъ я вамъ разскажу́. Верстъ шесть отъ крѣ́пости жилъ оди́нъ мирно́й князь. Сыни́шко его́, ма́льчикъ лѣтъ пятна́дцати, пова́дился къ намъ е́здить вся́кій день, быва́ло, то за тѣмъ, то за други́мъ. И ужъ то́чно, избалова́ли мы его́ съ Григо́рьемъ Алекса́ндровичемъ. А ужъ како́й былъ головоре́зъ, прово́рный на что хо́чешь; ша́пку ли подня́ть на всёмъ скаку́, изъ ружья́ ли стрѣля́ть. Одно́ бы́ло въ нёмъ нехорошо́: ужа́сно па́докъ былъ на де́ньги. Разъ, для смѣ́ха, Григо́рій Алекса́ндровичъ обѣща́лся ему́ дать черво́нецъ, коли́ онъ ему́ укра́детъ лу́чшаго козла́ изъ отцо́вскаго ста́да; и что жъ вы ду́маете: на другу́ю же ночь притащи́лъ его́ за рога́. А, быва́ло, мы его́ взду́маемъ дразни́ть, такъ глаза́ кро́вью и нальются, и сейча́съ за кинжа́лъ. "Эй, Азама́тъ, не сноси́ть тебѣ́ головы́," говори́лъ я ему́: "яма́нъ бу́детъ твоя́ башка́!"

'Разъ, пріѣзжа́етъ самъ ста́рый князь звать насъ на сва́дьбу: онъ отдава́лъ ста́ршую дочь за́мужъ, а мы бы́ли съ ни́ми кунаки́: такъ нельзя́-же, зна́ете, отказа́ться, хоть онъ и тата́ринъ. Отпра́вились. Въ аулѣ мно́жество соба́къ встрѣ́тило насъ гро́мкимъ ла́емъ. Же́нщины, уви́дя насъ,

Digitized by Google

hid themselves, but those whose faces we could see were by no means beauties. "I had a higher idea of the Circassian women," said Gregory Alexandrovitch to me. "Wait a little," replied I, and smiled. I had my own ideas about it.

'We found a lot of people assembled at the prince's place. You are aware that it is the custom with Asiatics to invite to the marriage-feast everybody whom they meet, or who chances to pass the house. We were received with all possible honours, and led to the guests' hall. But I did not forget to look around, and to notice the spot to which our horses were brought, you know, in case of some untoward event.'

'How do they celebrate their marriages?' I asked the Captain.

'Well, very simply. The Mulla reads some verses from the Koran; then the young people and all their relations receive presents, there is eating and drinking; then begins the national dance of the young Jigets, warriors on horseback; a clown, dressed in rags, mounted on a jade, pulls grimaces, plays the fool, makes the company laugh: then, towards dusk, begins what we may call the ball, in the guests' hall. Some old man plays on a sort of guitar with three chords. I have forgotten what they call it... but it is like our balalayka. The girls and the young lads stand in two rows facing one another; they clap their hands and sing to it. Then out step a young girl and a lad into the middle of the room and begin to sing in extemporised verses to each other, anything which crosses their mind, and the whole company join in chorus.

Digitized by Google

прятались; тѣ, которыхъ мы могли разсмотрѣть въ лицо, были далеко не красавицы. "Я имѣлъ гораздо лучше мнѣніе о черкешенкахъ," сказалъ мнѣ Григорій Александровичъ. "Погодите," отвѣчалъ я, усмѣхаясь. У меня было своё на умѣ.

'У князя въ саклѣ собралось уже множество народа. У азіятовъ, знаете, обычай всѣхъ встрѣчныхъ и поперечныхъ приглашать на свадьбу. Насъ приняли со всѣми почестями и повели въ кунацкую. Я однако же не позабылъ подмѣтить, гдѣ поставили нашихъ лошадей, знаете, для непредвидимаго случая.'

'Какъ же у нихъ празднуютъ свадьбу?' спросилъ я штабсъ-капитана.

'Да обыкновенно. Сначала мулла прочитаетъ имъ что-то изъ корана; потомъ дарятъ молодыхъ и всѣхъ ихъ родственниковъ; ѣдятъ, пьютъ бузу, потомъ начинается джигитовка и всегда одинъ какой нибудь оборвышъ, засаленный, на скверной хромой лошадёнкѣ, ломается, паясничаетъ, смѣшитъ честную компанію; потомъ, когда смеркнется, въ кунацкой начинается, по-нашему сказать, балъ. Бѣдный старичишка бренчитъ на трехструнной... забылъ какъ по-ихнему... ну, да въ родѣ нашей балалайки. Дѣвки и молодые ребята становятся въ двѣ шеренги, одна противъ другой, хлопаютъ въ ладоши и поютъ. Вотъ выходитъ одна дѣвка и одинъ мужчина на середину, и начинаютъ говорить другъ другу стихи нараспѣвъ, что попало, а остальные подхватываютъ хоромъ.

Digitized by Google

Petchorin and I occupied the place of honour: suddenly the youngest daughter of our host, a girl of sixteen, advanced towards him, and sang—I don't know what to call it—something by way of compliment.'

'But what was it she sang—can't you recollect?' asked I.

'Well, it was something like this:

'"Handsome, indeed, are our young Jigets, and their cloaks trimmed with silver; but handsomer is this Russian warrior in his gold-fringed laced coat. Like a poplar he stands among them; alas! in our garden such trees do not grow." Petchorin got up, bowed, put his hand to his forehead and to his heart and begged me to make suitable answer for him; I know their language well and translated his reply.

'When she had left us, I asked Gregory Alexandrovitch in a low tone, "How do you like her?" "Wonderfully! What is her name?" "They call her Bela," replied I.

'And, indeed, she was beautiful. Tall and supple, and with dark eyes like a chamois of the mountains, which could penetrate into the depths of the soul. Petchorin, deep in thought, followed her with his eyes, and she sometimes cast a side-glance at him. But it was not Petchorin alone who seemed captivated by the lovely princess; from a corner of the room gazed on her two other eyes, fiery, immovable. I looked around, and recognised my old acquaintance Kasbitch. He belonged neither to the peaceable nor the fighting party. There was some suspicion entertained against him, but he was never caught in any mischief.

Digitized by Google

Мы съ Печо́ринымъ сидѣ́ли на почётномъ мѣ́стѣ, и вотъ къ нему́ подошла́ ме́ньшая дочь хозя́ина, дѣ́вушка лѣ́тъ шестна́дцати, и пропѣ́ла ему́... какъ бы сказа́ть?... въ ро́дѣ компли́мента.'

'А что жъ тако́е она́ пропѣ́ла, не по́мните ли?'

'Да, ка́жется вотъ такъ:

'"Стро́йны, де́скать, на́ши молоды́е джиги́ты, и кафта́ны на нихъ серебро́мъ вы́ложены, а молодо́й ру́сскій офицеръ стройнѣ́е ихъ, и галуны́ на нёмъ золоты́е. Онъ какъ то́поль ме́жду ни́ми, то́лько не расти́, не цвѣсти́ ему́ въ на́шемъ саду́." Печо́ринъ всталъ, поклони́лся ей, приложи́лъ ру́ку ко лбу и се́рдцу, и проси́лъ меня́ отвѣча́ть ей; я хорошо́ зна́ю по-и́хнему, и перевёлъ его́ отвѣ́тъ.

'Когда́ она́ отъ насъ отошла́, тогда́ я шепну́лъ Григо́рью Алекса́ндровичу: "ну что, какова́?" "Пре́лесть!" отвѣча́лъ онъ; "а какъ ее зову́тъ?" "Ея зову́тъ Бе́лою," отвѣча́лъ я.

'И то́чно, она́ была́ хороша́: высо́кая, то́ненькая, глаза́ чёрные, какъ у го́рной се́рны, такъ и загля́дывали къ вамъ въ ду́шу. Печо́ринъ въ заду́мчивости не сводилъ съ нея́ глазъ, и она́ часте́нько изподло́бья на него́ посма́тривала. То́лько не оди́нъ Печо́ринъ любова́лся хоро́шенькой княжно́й: изъ угла́ ко́маты на неё смотрѣ́ли другіе два гла́за, неподви́жные, о́гненные. Я сталъ вгля́дываться, и узна́лъ моего́ ста́раго знако́маго Ка́збича. Онъ, зна́ете, былъ не то, чтобъ мирно́й, не то, чтобъ немирно́й. Подозрѣ́ній на него́ бы́ло мно́го, хоть онъ ни въ како́й ша́лости не былъ замѣ́ченъ.

Digitized by Google

He often brought sheep to our fort for sale; they were always very cheap, but he never endured to be bargained with; we had to pay his price. It was rumoured that he was in continual intercourse with the Abreks across the Kuban, a hostile robber tribe, and, in fact, he had a true robber's look. Short, muscular, and with broad shoulders. Ah, he was clever, clever he was, like a devil. His undercoat was always ragged and muddy, but his musket was inlaid with silver, and his horse renowned all over the Kabarda—and really it was impossible to imagine a finer animal. All the horsemen envied him with good cause, and often tried to steal it, but they could not succeed. I see the animal yet before me, black as pitch, the legs sinewy, the eyes no less fine than Bela's eyes. And what endurance! Fifty versts in full trot, without stopping. Besides it was so tame that it ran after its master like a dog, and knew his voice. Therefore he seldom fastened it to a post. In short, it was the horse of a robber!

'That evening Kasbitch looked gloomier than usual, and I noticed that he had his coat of mail beneath his undercoat. "It is not for nothing that he wears his coat of mail," thought I, "he has some evil design."

'It grew close in the hut, and I went into the open air to refresh myself. Night already lay on the mountains, and the mist hung over the ravines.

'It came into my mind to go to the shed where our horses stood, in order to see whether they had got their food, and, likewise, because circumspection can never be superfluous; I had a splendid horse with me, and more

Digitized by Google

Бывало, онъ приводилъ къ намъ въ крѣпость барановъ и продавалъ дёшево, только никогда не торговался: что запросить, давай,—хоть зарѣжь, не уступитъ. Говорили про него, что онъ любитъ таскаться за Кубань съ абреками, и правду сказать, рожа у него была самая разбойничья; маленькій, сухой, широкоплечій... А ужъ ловокъ-то, ловокъ-то былъ, какъ бѣсъ! Бешметъ всегда изорванный, въ заплаткахъ, а оружіе въ серебрѣ. А лошадь его славилась въ цѣлой Кабардѣ—и точно, лучше этой лошади ничего выдумать невозможно. Недаромъ ему завидовали всѣ наѣздники, и не разъ пытались её украсть, только не удавалось. Какъ теперь гляжу на эту лошадь; ворона́я какъ смоль, ноги—струнки, и глаза не хуже чѣмъ у Бэлы; а какая сила! скачи хоть на 50 вёрстъ; а ужъ выѣзжена—какъ собака бѣгаетъ за хозяиномъ; голосъ даже его знала! Бывало, онъ её никогда и не привязываетъ. Ужъ такая разбойничья лошадь!...

'Въ этотъ вечеръ Казбичъ былъ угрюмѣе, чѣмъ когда нибудь, и я замѣтилъ, что у него подъ бешметомъ надѣта кольчуга.—"Не даромъ на нёмъ эта кольчуга," подумалъ я: "ужъ онъ вѣрно что-нибудь замышляетъ."

'Душно стало въ саклѣ, и я вышелъ на воздухъ освѣжиться. Ночь ужъ ложилась на горы, и туманъ начиналъ бродить по ущельямъ.

'Мнѣ вздумалось завернуть подъ навѣсъ, гдѣ стояли наши лошади, посмотрѣть, есть ли у нихъ кормъ, и притомъ осторожность никогда не мѣшаетъ; у меня же была лошадь славная, и ужъ не одинъ

Digitized by Google

than one Kabardine had long ago admired it and exclaimed: "yakshi tkhe, tchok yakshi!" (good, very good).

'Whilst making my way along the fence I suddenly heard voices. I immediately recognised one; it was the madcap Asamat, the son of our host; the other spoke less and in a more subdued voice. "What are they about?" thought I; "I hope it is not about my horse." I squatted down by the fence and listened, endeavouring not to lose one single word, but the noise of the songs and the bustle of voices from the hut sometimes drowned the conversation which began to interest me.

'"You have a splendid horse," said Asamat. "Were I the master of the house, and had three hundred mares, I would give the half of them for thy steed, Kasbitch."

'Ah! Kasbitch, thought I, and I remembered the coat of mail.

'"Yes," said Kasbitch, after some silence; "there is no better one all over the Kabarda. Once, it was beyond the Terek, I started with the Abreks to carry away the Russian horse-herds; we did not succeed, and we were scattered, one this way, the other that way. Four Cossacks were after me; I heard already the yelling of the infidels; before me was a dense forest. I entrusted myself to Allah, lay down in the saddle, and for the first time I offended my horse by the whip. Like a bird it flew through the thicket, the sharp thorns tore my garment, dry boughs slapped my face. My horse cleared all the fallen trees, and broke with his chest through the bushes. I should have done better to let him go along the edge of the wood and to hide myself in the thicket, but it was hard

Digitized by Google

кабардинецъ на неё умильно поглядывалъ, приговаривая: "якши тхе, чекъ яшки!"

'Пробираюсь вдоль забора, вдругъ слышу голоса; одинъ голосъ я тотчасъ узналъ: это былъ повѣса Азаматъ, сынъ нашего хозяина; другой говорилъ рѣже и тише. "О чёмъ они тутъ толкуютъ?" подумалъ я: "ужъ не о моей ли лошадкѣ?" Вотъ присѣлъ я у забора и сталъ прислушиваться, стараясь не пропустить ни одного слова. Иногда шумъ пѣсенъ и говоръ голосовъ, вылетая изъ сакли, заглушали любопытный для меня разговоръ.

'"Славная у тебя лошадь!" говорилъ Азаматъ; "еслибъ я былъ хозяинъ въ домѣ и имѣлъ табунъ въ триста кобылъ, то отдалъ бы половину за твоего скакуна, Казбичъ!"

'А! Казбичъ!—подумалъ я, и вспомнилъ кольчугу.

'"Да," отвѣчалъ Казбичъ послѣ нѣкотораго молчанія: "въ цѣлой Кабардѣ не найдёшь такой. Разъ—это было за Терекомъ—я ѣздилъ съ абреками отбивать русскіе табуны; намъ не посчастливилось, и мы разсыпались кто куда. За мной неслись четыре казака; ужъ я слышалъ за собою крики гяуровъ и передо мною былъ густой лѣсъ. Прилёгъ я на сѣдло, поручилъ себя Аллаху и въ первый разъ въ жизни оскорбилъ коня ударомъ плети. Какъ птица нырнулъ онъ между вѣтвями; острыя колючки рвали мою одежду, сухіе сучья карагача били меня по лицу. Конь мой прыгалъ черезъ пни, разрывалъ кусты грудью. Лучше было бы мнѣ его бросить у опушки и скрыться въ лѣсу пѣшкомъ, да жаль было съ нимъ

Digitized by Google

to part with him—and the Prophet had mercy upon me. A few bullets whistled around my head; I could hear the pursuing Cossacks close behind me. Suddenly in front of me was a deep ravine. My steed stopped, pricked up his ears, and cleared the ravine with one bound. His hind-feet slipped off the opposite brink, he struggled with the fore-feet, I dropped the bridle, and glided down into the chasm; this saved my horse which clambered up. The Cossacks saw all this, but none of them went down to seek me; they thought for certain I had broken my neck, and I heard all of them start to catch my horse. My blood froze in my veins. I crept in the deep grass along the ravine—to the end of the wood. I saw some Cossacks emerging from it into the heath, and my Karagyoz* fleeing before them. With a shout they all went for him; for a long, long time they hunted him, and one of them had already thrown his lasso to catch him by the neck. I trembled, shut my eyes and began to pray. A few moments more, and I lift up my eyes, and behold! Karagyoz flies with streaming tail free as the wind; the infidels on their tired horses, far apart, have given up the chase. By Allah! it is truth, perfect truth. I remained squatting in my ravine till late at night. Suddenly—what do you think, Asamat?—I heard in the darkness the snorting and neighing and stamping of a horse. I recognised the voice of my Karagyoz, and he it was, my comrade! Never since that time have I separated from him."

* Name of the horse.

Digitized by Google

разста́ться—и проро́къ вознагради́лъ меня́. Нѣсколько пуль провизжа́ло надъ моёй головою; я ужъ слы́шалъ, какъ спѣшившіеся казаки́ бѣжа́ли по слѣда́мъ... Вдругъ пере́до мно́ю ры́твина глубо́кая; скаку́нъ мой призадумался—и прыгнулъ. За́днія его́ копы́та оборва́лись съ проти́внаго бе́рега, и онъ пови́съ на пере́днихъ нога́хъ. Я бро́силъ пово́дья и полетѣ́лъ въ овра́гъ; э́то спасло́ моего́ коня́; онъ вы́скочилъ. Казаки́ всё э́то ви́дѣли, то́лько ни оди́нъ не пусти́лся меня́ иска́ть:. они́ вѣ́рно ду́мали, что я уби́лся до́ смерти, и я слы́шалъ, какъ они́ бро́сились лови́ть моего́ коня́. Се́рдце моё обли́лось кро́вью; попо́лзъ я по густо́й травѣ́ вдоль по овра́гу—смотрю́: лѣсъ ко́нчился, нѣсколько казако́въ выѣзжа́ютъ изъ него́ на поля́ну, и вотъ выска́киваетъ пря́мо съ нимъ мой Карагёзъ*; всѣ ки́нулись за нимъ съ кри́комъ; до́лго, до́лго они́ за нимъ гоня́лись, осо́бенно оди́нъ ра́за два чуть-чуть не наки́нулъ ему́ на ше́ю арка́на; я задрожа́лъ, опусти́лъ глаза́ и на́чалъ моли́ться. Че́резъ нѣсколько мгнове́ній поднима́ю ихъ—и ви́жу, мой Карагёзъ лети́тъ, развѣва́я хвостъ, во́льный какъ вѣтеръ: а гяу́ры далеко́, оди́нъ за други́мъ тя́нутся по степи́ на изму́ченныхъ коня́хъ. Алла́хъ! э́то пра́вда, и́стинная пра́вда! До по́здней но́чи я сидѣ́лъ въ своёмъ овра́гѣ. Вдругъ, что́ жъ ты ду́маешь, Азама́тъ? во мра́кѣ слы́шу, бѣ́гаетъ по бе́регу овра́га конь, фырка́етъ, ржётъ и бьётъ копы́тами о зе́млю; я узна́лъ го́лосъ моего́ Карагёза, э́то былъ онъ, мой това́рищъ!... Съ тѣхъ поръ мы не разлуча́лись."

* Name of the horse.

Digitized by Google

'I thought I heard him gently caressing the smooth neck of the steed with his hand, and calling it by various pet names.

'"Had I a herd of a thousand mares," said Asamat, "I would give it for your Karagyoz."

'"No, I would not take it," answered Kasbitch coolly.

'"Listen, Kasbitch," Asamat now said, with an insinuating tone; "you are a good fellow, a gallant Jiget, but my father fears the Russians, and does not allow me to go to the mountains. Give me your horse, and I will do whatever you please. I will steal my father's best carbine for you, and his costliest sabre, and whatever more you may require—the sword is a real Khorassan steel, put your hand on its edge, and it sucks itself right into the flesh; and his coat of mail is at least as good as yours."

'Kasbitch remained silent.

'"The first time I saw your horse," continued Asamat, "when he turned round on his hind-feet, and pranced with distended nostrils, and the stones flashing sparks under his hoofs, something I cannot describe passed through my soul, and from that time I have cared for nothing. I looked with contempt on my father's best steeds, I was ashamed to mount them, and sadness overcame me; in despair, I sat whole days on the rocks, and each moment in my thoughts I saw your black steed with his noble port, his smooth back straight as an arrow; he looked upon me with those quick eyes of his as if he were going to speak. Kasbitch, I shall die if you won't let me have him," said he with trembling accents.

Digitized by Google

'И слышно было, какъ онъ трепалъ рукою по гладкой шеѣ своего скакуна, давая ему разныя нѣжныя названья.

'"Если-бъ у меня былъ табунъ въ тысячу кобылицъ," сказалъ Азаматъ: "то отдалъ бы тебѣ его весь за твоего Карагёза."

'"Йокъ, не хочу," отвѣчалъ равнодушно Казбичъ.

'"Послушай, Казбичъ," говорилъ, лаская къ нему, Азаматъ:—"ты добрый человѣкъ, ты храбрый джигитъ, а мой отецъ боится русскихъ и не пускаетъ меня въ горы; отдай мнѣ свою лошадь, и я сдѣлаю всё, что ты хочешь; украду для тебя у отца лучшую его винтовку, или шашку, что только пожелаешь—а шашка его настоящая гурда: приложи лезвеёмъ къ рукѣ, сама въ тѣло вопьётся; а кольчуга такая, какъ твоя, ни почёмъ."

'Казбичъ молчалъ.

'"Въ первый разъ, какъ я увидѣлъ твоего коня," продолжалъ Азаматъ: "когда онъ подъ тобой крутился и прыгалъ раздувая ноздри, и кремни брызгами летѣли изъ-подъ копытъ его, въ моей душѣ сдѣлалось что-то непонятное, и съ тѣхъ поръ всё мнѣ опостылѣло: на лучшихъ скакуновъ моего отца смотрѣлъ я съ презрѣніемъ, стыдно было мнѣ на нихъ показаться, и тоска овладѣла мной; и, тоскуя, просиживалъ я на утёсѣ цѣлые дни, и ежеминутно мыслямъ моимъ являлся вороной скакунъ твой съ своей стройной поступью, съ своимъ гладкимъ, прямымъ, какъ стрѣла, хребтомъ; онъ смотрѣлъ мнѣ въ глаза своими бойкими глазами, какъ будто хотѣлъ слово вымолвить. Я умру, Казбичъ, если ты мнѣ не продашь его!" сказалъ Азаматъ дрожащимъ голосомъ.

Digitized by Google

'A sound came to me, as though he were weeping; and I must tell you that Asamat was a most hardy young fellow, and no pain of body could have wrung tears from him, even when he was much younger.

'In answer to his tears, a queer sort of laugh was heard.

'"Listen," said Asamat, with a firm voice; "I am ready for anything. Wilt have me to steal my sister for thee? How she dances! how she sings! and works gold embroidery to a marvel! The Turkish Padishah himself has not such a wife. Wilt have her? Wait for me to-morrow night, there in the ravine where the stream flows. I will pass by with her on the way to the neighbouring village:—and she is thine. Is Bela not worth thy horse?"

'For a long, long time Kasbitch remained silent, but at last instead of an answer, he began to sing softly an old song under his breath:

"Beauties we have many in our villages,
Their eyes glitter as stars in the night.
Sweet it is to love them—an enviable lot—
But freedom is pleasanter to a brave man.
Gold may buy four wives,
But a brave horse has no price.
The hurricane in the desert tires him not;
He will neither change nor deceive."

'In vain did Asamat urge him again and again to strike a bargain; in vain he wept, and flattered, and swore; at last Kasbitch interrupted him impatiently:

Digitized by Google

'Мнѣ послы́шалось, что онъ заплака́лъ; на́до вамъ сказа́ть, что Азама́тъ былъ преупря́мый мальчи́шка, и ничѣ́мъ, бы́ва́ло, у него́ слёзъ не вы́бьешь, да́же когда́ онъ былъ и помоло́же.

'Въ отвѣ́тъ на его́ слёзы послы́шалось что́-то въ ро́дѣ смѣ́ха.

'"Послу́шай," сказа́лъ твёрдымъ го́лосомъ Азама́тъ: "ви́дишь, я на всё рѣша́юсь. Хо́чешь, я украду́ для́ тебя́ мою́ сестру́? Какъ она́ пля́шетъ! какъ поётъ! а вышива́етъ зо́лотомъ—чу́до! не быва́ло тако́й жены́ и у туре́цкаго падиша́ха... Хо́чешь? Дожди́сь меня́ за́втра но́чью, тамъ въ ущёльѣ, гдѣ бѣжи́тъ пото́къ: я пойду́ съ не́ю ми́мо въ сосѣ́дній а́улъ—и она́ твоя́. Неуже́ли не сто́итъ Бэ́ла твоего́ скакуна́?"

'До́лго, до́лго молча́лъ Ка́збичъ; наконе́цъ, вмѣ́сто отвѣ́та, онъ затяну́лъ стари́нную пѣ́сню вполго́лоса:

"Мно́го краса́вицъ въ а́улахъ у насъ,
Звѣ́зды сія́ютъ во мра́кѣ ихъ глазъ,
Сла́дко люби́ть ихъ—зави́дная до́ля;
Но веселѣ́й молоде́цкая во́ля.
Зо́лото ку́пить четы́ре жены́,
Конь же лихо́й не имѣ́етъ цѣны́:
Онъ и отъ ви́хря въ степи́ не отста́нетъ,
Онъ не измѣ́нитъ, онъ не обма́нетъ."

'Напра́сно упра́шивалъ его́ Азама́тъ согласи́ться, и пла́калъ, и льстилъ ему́, и кля́лся; наконе́цъ Ка́збичъ нетерпѣли́во прерва́лъ его́:

Digitized by Google

'"Begone, foolish boy! how would you dare to ride my horse? In the first three steps he will throw you and you'll break your neck on the stones."

'"Me!" shouted Asamat in fury, and the iron of his baby dagger clashed on Kasbitch's coat of mail. A strong hand thrust him away and he fell against the fence, so that it nearly broke down. "There will be a row!" thought I, and rushed to the stables, bridled our horses and brought them into the back yard. Two minutes had scarcely elapsed when there was a dreadful noise in the hut. This is what happened: Asamat had run into the house with his torn coat, crying that Kasbitch had tried to kill him. They all jumped up and seized their arms—and the row began: screaming, yelling, musket-shots; but Kasbitch was already on his horse, and broke like a fiend through the multitude into the road, brandishing his sabre. "A bad business,—to pay the piper when others drink*," said I to Gregory Alexandrovitch, taking hold of his arm; "had we not better hasten away?"

'"No, no, wait and see the end."

'"A bad end it will be, like enough. It is always so with these Asiatics; they get drunk with buza, and the blood runs." We mounted and galloped home.'

'And what of Kasbitch?' asked I impatiently.

'Well, what does happen to people of that kind?' answered he, emptying his glass of tea. 'He escaped.'

'And was he not wounded?' I asked.

* Proverbial expression.

Digitized by Google

'"Поди́ прочь, безу́мный мальчи́шка! Гдѣ́ тебѣ́ ѣ́здить на моёмъ конѣ́? На пе́рвыхъ трёхъ шага́хъ онъ тебя́ сбро́ситъ, и ты разобьёшь себѣ́ заты́локъ объ ка́мни."

'"Меня́!" кри́кнулъ Азама́тъ въ бѣ́шенствѣ, и желѣ́зо дѣ́тскаго кинжа́ла зазвенѣ́ло объ кольчу́гу. Си́льная рука́ оттолкну́ла его́ прочь и онъ ударя́лся объ плѣ́тень такъ, что плѣ́тень зашата́лся. "Бу́детъ потѣ́ха!" поду́малъ я, ки́нулся въ конюшню, взнузда́лъ лошадей на́шихъ и вы́велъ ихъ на за́дній дворъ. Че́резъ двѣ́ мину́ты ужъ въ са́клѣ былъ ужа́сный гвалтъ. Вотъ что случи́лось: Азама́тъ вбѣжа́лъ туда́ въ разо́рванномъ бешме́тѣ, говоря́, что Ка́збичъ хотѣ́лъ его́ зарѣ́зать. Всѣ́ вы́скочили, схвати́лись за ру́жья—пошла́ потѣ́ха! Крикъ, шумъ, вы́стрѣлы; то́лько Ка́збичъ ужъ былъ верхо́мъ и вертѣ́лся среди́ толпы́ по у́лицѣ, какъ бѣ́съ, отма́хиваясь ша́шкой. "Плохо́е дѣ́ло—въ чужо́мъ пиру́ похмѣ́лье," сказа́лъ я Григо́рью Алекса́ндровичу, пойма́въ его́ за ру́ку: "не лу́чше ли намъ поскорѣ́й убра́ться?"

'"Да погоди́те, чѣмъ ко́нчится."

'"Да ужъ, вѣ́рно, ко́нчится ху́до; у э́тихъ азія́товъ всё такъ: натяну́лись бузы́—и пошла́ рѣзня́!" Мы сѣ́ли верхо́мъ и ускака́ли домо́й.'

'А что Ка́збичъ?' спроси́лъ я нетерпѣли́во у штабсъ-капита́на.

'Да что э́тому наро́ду дѣ́лается!' отвѣча́лъ онъ, допива́я стака́нъ ча́я,—'вѣдь ускользну́лъ!'

'И не ра́ненъ?' спроси́лъ я.

Digitized by Google

'Heaven knows! Those scoundrels have a charmed life. I have seen them for instance in action; why, all full of bayonet-holes like a sieve, and yet they fought away with their sabres.'—After a short silence the Captain suddenly stamped with his foot and continued:

'One thing I never can forgive myself: the devil tempted me, when I went back to the fort, to tell Gregory Alexandrovitch all I had overheard behind the fence. He smiled so cunningly! and then laid his own plan.'

'What plan? Go on, please.'

'Of course, I can't help it now! I have begun to tell the story, and I must go on.

'About four days later Asamat came back to the fort. According to his wont, he went to Gregory Alexandrovitch, who always fed him with sweets. I was there. The talk turned upon horses, and Petchorin began to praise Kasbitch's horse. What a spirited creature, a beauty, a gazelle in fact! Well, in his own words, there simply was not such another on the face of earth.

'The eyes of our young Circassian began to sparkle, but Petchorin did not seem to notice it. I began to talk of something else, but he brought the talk back again to Kasbitch's horse. This manœuvre was always repeated whenever Asamat came. Three weeks or so after, I observed that Asamat looked pale and haggard,—what love does in the novels, you know. What wonder?

'You see, I only heard afterwards all about it. Gregory Alexandrovitch egged on the boy to such a degree,

Digitized by Google

'А Богъ его́ зна́етъ! Живу́щи разбо́йники! Вида́лъ я-съ иныхъ въ дѣлѣ, напримѣ́ръ: вѣдь весь иско́лотъ, какъ рѣшето́, штыка́ми, а всё маха́етъ ша́шкой.' Штабсъ-капита́нъ по́слѣ нѣкотораго молча́нія продолжа́лъ, то́пнувъ ного́ю о зе́млю.

'Никогда́ себѣ́ не прощу́ одного́: чортъ меня́ дёрнулъ, пріѣхавъ въ крѣ́пость, пересказа́ть Григо́рью Алекса́ндровичу всё, что я слы́шалъ, сидя́ за забо́ромъ; онъ посмѣя́лся—тако́й хи́трый!—а самъ заду́малъ ко́е-что.'

'А что тако́е? Разскажи́те, пожа́луйста.'

'Ну, ужъ не́чего дѣ́лать! на́чалъ разска́зывать, такъ на́до продолжа́ть.

'Дня че́резъ четы́ре пріѣзжа́етъ Азама́тъ въ крѣ́пость. По обыкнове́нію, онъ зашёлъ къ Григо́рью Алекса́ндровичу, кото́рый его́ всегда́ корми́лъ ла́комствами. Я былъ тутъ. Зашёлъ разгово́ръ о лошадя́хъ, и Пече́ринъ на́чалъ расхва́ливать ло́шадь Ка́збича: ужъ така́я-то она́ рѣ́звая, краси́вая, сло́вно се́рна—ну, про́сто, по его́ слова́мъ, э́такой и въ цѣ́ломъ мірѣ нѣтъ.

'Засверка́ли глазёнка у татарчёнка, а Пече́ринъ бу́дто не замѣча́етъ; я заговорю́ о друго́мъ, а онъ, смо́тришь, то́тчасъ собьётъ разгово́ръ на ло́шадь Ка́збича. Э́та исто́рія продолжа́лась вся́кій разъ какъ пріѣзжа́лъ Азама́тъ. Недѣ́ли три спустя́, сталъ я замѣча́ть, что Азама́тъ блѣднѣ́етъ и со́хнетъ, какъ быва́етъ, отъ любви́ въ рома́нахъ-съ. Что за ди́во?...

'Вотъ ви́дите, я ужъ по́слѣ узна́лъ всю э́ту шту́ку: Григо́рій Алекса́ндровичъ, до того́ его́ раздразни́лъ,

Digitized by Google

that the fat was in the fire*. Once he said to him: "I see, Asamat, that you think a great deal of this horse, and yet you cannot see it any more than you can see your own back. But tell me what would you give to him who would make you a present of it?"

'"Whatever he would like," answered Asamat.

'"In that case I shall get it for you, but on one condition...Swear to fulfil it!..."

'"I swear it, but you must swear too!"

'"Well, I swear you shall have the horse, but in exchange you must deliver me your sister Bela. Karagyoz shall be her marriage gift. I hope you are content with the bargain."

'Asamat remained silent.

'"You would rather not? Well, as you will. I thought you were a man, but you are still a child; it is too soon for you to ride a horse."

'Asamat flared up.

'"But my father?" said he.

'"He never goes away, I suppose?"

'"True!"

'"Done, then?"

'"Done," murmured Asamat, pale as death.—"When?"

'"The first time Kasbitch comes here. He promised to drive in a dozen muttons; the rest is my business. Mind, now, Asamat!"

*Proverb, "he was ready to jump into the water." Out of the rain into the river = out of the frying-pan into the fire.

Digitized by Google

что хоть въ во́ду. Разъ, онъ ему́ и скажи́: "Ви́жу, Азама́тъ, что тебѣ́ бо́льно понра́вилась э́та ло́шадь, а не вида́ть тебѣ́ ея́, какъ своего́ заты́лка! Ну, скажи́, что̀ бы ты далъ тому́, кто тебѣ́ её подари́лъ бы?"

'"Всё, что онъ захо́четъ," отвѣча́лъ Азама́тъ.

'"Въ тако́мъ слу́чаѣ я тебѣ́ её доста́ну, то́лько съ усло́віемъ... Поклянись, что ты его́ испо́лнишь..."

'"Клянусь... Клянись и ты!"

'"Хорошо́! Клянусь, ты бу́дешь владѣ́ть конёмъ; то́лько за него́ ты до́лженъ отда́ть мнѣ́ сестру́ Бо́лу: Карагёзъ бу́детъ ея́ калы́момъ. Надѣ́юсь, что торгъ для тебя́ вы́годенъ."

'Азама́тъ молча́лъ.

'"Не хо́чешь? Ну, какъ хо́чешь! Я ду́малъ, что ты мужчи́на, а ты ещё ребёнокъ: ра́но тебѣ́ ѣздить верхо́мъ."

'Азама́тъ вспы́хнулъ.

'"А мой оте́цъ?" сказа́лъ онъ.

'"Ра́звѣ онъ никогда́ не уѣзжа́етъ?"

'"Пра́вда..."

'"Согла́сенъ?..."

'"Согла́сенъ," прошепта́лъ Азама́тъ, блѣ́дный какъ смерть. "Когда́ же?"

'"Въ пе́рвый разъ, какъ Ка́збичъ пріѣ́детъ сюда́; онъ обѣща́лся пригна́ть десято́къ бара́новъ; остально́е— моё дѣ́ло. Смотри́ же, Азама́тъ!"

Digitized by Google

'Thus they arranged the business—an ugly business, sure enough! I said so later to Petchorin, but he only answered that the wild Circassian girl ought to be happy to get such a fine husband as he is, because, according to her notions, he is certainly her husband, and as to Kasbitch—he is a robber, who ought to be punished. Judge yourself, what could I answer to that?...But at that time I did not know anything about their agreement. Well, Kasbitch came and asked whether we did not require sheep and mead; I ordered him to bring both the following day. "Asamat!" said Gregory Alexandrovitch: "to-morrow Karagyoz is in my hands; unless Bela is here this very night, you shall see the horse no more..."

'"All right!" said Asamat, and galloped into the village. In the evening Gregory Alexandrovitch armed himself, and left the fort. How they managed it, I do not know, but at night both returned, and the sentry saw that across Asamat's saddle lay a woman, whose hands and feet were bound, and her head muffled in a veil.'

'And the horse?' I asked the Captain.

'One minute, one minute. The following day Kasbitch came early in the morning and brought a score of sheep for sale. He tied his horse to the fence, and came to me; I offered him some tea, for though he was a robber, he was still a friend of mine.

'We began to speak of this and that. But suddenly I saw Kasbitch start up and change colour—

Digitized by Google

'Вотъ они́ и сладили э́то де́ло... по пра́вдѣ сказа́ть, нехоро́шее де́ло! Я по́слѣ и говори́лъ э́то Печо́рину, да то́лько онъ мнѣ отвѣча́лъ, что дика́я черке́шенка должна́ быть счастли́ва, имѣ́я тако́го ми́лаго му́жа, какъ онъ, потому́ что, по и́хнему, онъ всё-таки ея́ мужъ, а что Ка́збичъ—разбо́йникъ, кото́раго на́добно бы́ло наказа́ть. Са́ми посуди́те, что жъ я могъ отвѣча́ть про́тивъ э́того?... Но въ то вре́мя я ничего́ не зналъ объ ихъ заговорѣ. Вотъ, разъ пріѣ́халъ Ка́збичъ и спра́шиваетъ, не ну́жно ли бара́новъ и мёду; я велѣ́лъ ему́ привести́ на друго́й день. "Азама́тъ!" сказа́лъ Григо́рій Алекса́ндровичъ: "за́втра Карагёзъ въ мои́хъ рука́хъ; е́сли ны́ньче но́чью Бо́ла не бу́детъ здѣсь, то не вида́ть тебѣ́ коня́..."

'"Хорошо́!" сказа́лъ Азама́тъ и поскака́лъ въ а́улъ. Ве́черомъ Григо́рій Алекса́ндровичъ вооружи́лся и вы́ѣхалъ изъ крѣ́пости: какъ они́ сла́дили э́то де́ло—не зна́ю, то́лько но́чью они́ о́ба возврати́лись, и часово́й ви́дѣлъ, что поперёгъ сѣдла́ Азама́та лежа́ла же́нщина, у кото́рой ру́ки и но́ги бы́ли свя́заны, а голова́ оку́тана чадро́й.'

'А ло́шадь?' спроси́лъ я у штабсъ-капита́на.

'Сейча́съ, сейча́съ. На друго́й день у́тромъ ра́но пріѣ́халъ Ка́збичъ и пригна́лъ деся́токъ бара́новъ на прода́жу. Привяза́въ ло́шадь у забо́ра, онъ вошёлъ ко мнѣ; я попо́дчивалъ его́ ча́емъ, потому́ что хотя́ разбо́йникъ онъ, а всё-таки былъ мои́мъ куна́комъ (пріятелемъ)*.

'Ста́ли мы болта́ть о томъ и о сёмъ... Вдругъ, смотрю́, Ка́збичъ вздро́гнулъ, перемѣни́лся въ лицѣ—

* Кунакъ, Georgian expression = a friend with whom you have eaten "bread and salt."

Digitized by Google

he rushed to the window, but the window, unfortunately, looked out on to the back yard. "What is the matter with you?" I asked.

'"My horse!...my horse!" said he, all in a tremble.

'"Indeed, I heard the clattering of hoofs:—doubtless some Cossack has come in."

'"No! Russian treachery, treachery!" bellowed he, and he rushed away like a wild panther. With two bounds he was in the courtyard; the guard, at the gate of the fort, barred his way with the gun; he leapt the gun, and away he ran. In the distance a cloud of dust was rising—Asamat was off on the fiery Karagyoz; Kasbitch without stopping took his musket from its wrap, and fired. For one minute he stood still until he convinced himself that he had missed; then he began to howl, dashed his musket against a stone, so that it broke into splinters, rolled himself in the dust and cried like a child...People from the fort soon gathered around him, but he noticed no one; they stood around him, spoke to him, but left him at last. I ordered the money for the sheep to be laid beside him—he did not touch it, but lay with his face to the ground like a dead man. Would you believe it, he remained so till night, and all through the night! But on the following morning he came back to the fort and asked them to tell him the name of the robber. The sentry, who had seen Asamat untie the horse and ride away, did not think it necessary to conceal it. When Kasbitch heard the name, his eyes sparkled, and he went to the village where Asamat's father lived.'

'What of the father?'

Digitized by Google

и къ окну́; но окно́, къ несча́стію, выходи́ло на задво́рье.— "Что съ тобо́й?" спроси́лъ я.

'"Моя́ ло́шадь!... ло́шадь!" сказа́лъ онъ весь дрожа́.

'"То́чно, я услы́шалъ то́потъ копы́тъ:—э́то, вѣ́рно, како́й нибу́дь каза́къ пріѣ́халъ..."

'"Нѣтъ! У русъ-яма́нъ, яма́нъ!" заревѣ́лъ онъ и о́пременью бро́сился вонъ, какъ ди́кій барсъ. Въ два прыжка́ онъ былъ ужъ на дворѣ́; у воро́тъ крѣ́пости часово́й загороди́лъ ему́ путь ружьёмъ; онъ перескочи́лъ че́резъ ружьё и ки́нулся бѣжа́ть по доро́гѣ... Вдали́ выла́сь пыль—Азама́тъ скака́лъ на лихо́мъ Карагёзѣ; на-бѣгу́ Ка́збичъ вы́хватилъ изъ чехла́ ружьё и вы́стрѣлилъ. Съ мину́ту онъ оста́лся неподви́женъ, пока́ не убѣди́лся, что далъ прома́хъ; пото́мъ завизжа́лъ, уда́рилъ ружьё о ка́мень, разби́лъ его́ въ дре́безги, повали́лся на зе́млю и заринда́лъ какъ ребёнокъ... Вотъ круго́мъ него́ собрался́ наро́дъ изъ крѣ́пости—онъ никого́ не замѣча́лъ: постоя́ли, потолкова́ли, и пошли́ наза́дъ; я велѣ́лъ во́злѣ него́ положи́ть де́ньги за бара́новъ—онъ ихъ не тро́нулъ, лежа́лъ себѣ́ ничко́мъ, какъ мёртвый. Повѣ́рите ли, онъ такъ пролежа́лъ до по́здней но́чи и цѣ́лую ночь?... То́лько на друго́е у́тро пришёлъ онъ въ крѣ́пость, и сталъ проси́ть, чтобъ ему́ назва́ли похити́теля. Часово́й, кото́рый ви́дѣлъ какъ Азама́тъ отвяза́лъ коня́ и ускака́лъ на нёмъ, не почёлъ за ну́жное скрыва́ть. При э́томъ и́мени глаза́ Ка́збича засверка́ли, и онъ отпра́вился въ а́улъ, гдѣ жилъ оте́цъ Азама́та.'

'Что̀ же оте́цъ?'

Digitized by Google

'Well, that is just the funny part of it; Kasbitch did not find him: he had gone away for a few days, or could Asamat have succeeded in carrying his sister away?

'When the father returned he found neither daughter nor son. So cunning a fellow knew well that he could not escape with his life, if ever he fell in with Kasbitch. Since then he has disappeared; probably he has joined some Abrek robber-gang or he has laid down his unruly head beyond the Terek or Kuban; and serve him right.

'I confess, that the matter touched me also. As soon as I learnt that the Circassian girl was with Gregory Alexandrovitch, I put on my epaulettes and sword, and went to see him.

'He was lying on a bed in the ante-room, one hand under his head, holding in the other an unlit pipe; the door into the next room was locked and there was no key in the lock. I noticed all this at once....I began to cough and to stamp with the heels of my boots on the threshold; but he only made as though he heard nothing.

'"Lieutenant!" exclaimed I as sternly as I could:—"do you not see that I have come to see you?"

'"Ah, how do you do, Maxim Maximitch! May I offer you a pipe?" replied he, not rising.

'"Excuse me; not Maxim Maximitch; but your Captain."

'"All the same. Won't you have some tea? If you only knew what trouble is tormenting me!"

'"I know all," answered I, going up to his bed.

Digitized by Google

'Да въ то́мъ-то и штука, что его́ Ка́збичъ не нашёлъ: онъ куда́-то уѣзжа́лъ дней на шесть, а то удало́сь ли бы Азама́ту у везти́ сестру́?

'А когда́ оте́цъ возврати́лся, то ни до́чери, ни сы́на не́ было. Тако́й хитре́цъ вѣдь смекну́лъ, что не сноси́ть ему́ головы́, е́сли бъ онъ попа́лся. Такъ съ тѣхъ поръ и пропа́лъ: вѣ́рно, приста́лъ къ како́й нибу́дь ша́йкѣ абре́ковъ, да сложи́лъ бу́йную го́лову за Те́рекомъ, и́ли за Куба́нью; туда́ и доро́га!...

'Признаю́сь, и на мою́ до́лю поря́дочно доста́лось. Какъ я то́лько провѣ́далъ, что черке́шенка у Григо́рья Алекса́ндровича, то надѣ́лъ эполе́ты, шпа́гу и пошёлъ къ нему́.

'Онъ лежа́лъ въ пе́рвой ко́мнатѣ на посте́ли, подложи́въ одну́ ру́ку подъ заты́локъ, а друго́й держа́ пога́сшую тру́бку; дверь во вторую́ ко́мнату была́ за́перта на замо́къ, и ключа́ въ замкѣ́ не́ было. Я всё э́то то́тчасъ замѣ́тилъ... Я нача́лъ ка́шлять и посту́кивать каблука́ми о поро́гъ— то́лько онъ притворя́лся, бу́дто не слы́шитъ.

'"Господи́нъ пра́порщикъ!" сказа́лъ я какъ мо́жно стро́же:—"развѣ́ вы не ви́дите, что я къ вамъ пришёлъ?"

'"Ахъ, здра́вствуйте, Макси́мъ Макси́мычъ! Не хоти́те ли тру́бку?" отвѣча́лъ онъ, не поднима́ясь.

'"Извини́те, я не Макси́мъ Макси́мычъ; я штабсъ-капита́нъ."

'"Всё равно́. Но хоти́те ли ча́ю? Если бъ вы зна́ли, кака́я му́читъ меня́ забо́та!"

'"Я всё зна́ю," отвѣча́лъ я, подошёдъ къ крова́ти.

Digitized by Google

'"So much the better: I am not in a mood to tell you long stories."

'"Lieutenant, you are guilty of a breach of discipline for which I likewise may be made responsible..."

'"Do stop! what can it matter? Why, it has been share and share alike with us this long time."

'"No trifling! surrender your sword!"

'"Mitka! my sword!..."

'Mitka brought the sword. Having done my duty, I sat on the bed beside him, and said: "Listen, Gregory Alexandrovitch, confess you did wrong."

'"What wrong?"

'"Just this, that you have carried off Bela...It is that beast Asamat!...Come, confess," said I to him.

'"Well! suppose that I love her?"

'Now, what could I answer to this?...I was quite puzzled. However, after a short pause, I told him that if the father claimed her, we were bound to deliver her up.

'"Not at all!"

'"But he is sure to find out that she is here."

'"Why, how can he find out?"

'I was again puzzled. "Listen, Maxim Maximitch!" said Petchorin, rising: "you are a good man—but if we give that savage his daughter, he will either kill her or sell her. The thing's done; all we have to do is not to spoil the hunt; leave her with me, and you can keep the sword...."

'"At least show her to me," said I.

'"She is behind that door. I myself tried in vain to see her to-day. She sits in a corner, muffled in

Digitized by Google

'"Тѣмъ лучше: я не въ духѣ разсказывать."

'"Господинъ прапорщикъ, вы сдѣлали проступокъ, за который и я могу отвѣчать..."

'"И, полноте! что жъ за бѣда? Вѣдь у насъ давно всё пополамъ."

'"Что за шутки! Пожалуйте вашу шпагу!"

'"Митька, шпагу!..."

'Митька принёсъ шпагу. Исполнивъ долгъ свой, сѣлъ я къ нему на кровать и сказалъ; "послушай, Григорій Александровичъ признайся, что не хорошо."

'"Что не хорошо?"

'"Да то, что ты увёзъ Бэлу... Ужъ эта мнѣ бестія Азаматъ!... Ну признайся," сказалъ я ему.

'"Да когда она мнѣ нравится?"

'Ну, что прикажете отвѣчать на это?... Я сталъ вступникъ. Однако жъ послѣ нѣкотораго молчанія, я ему сказалъ, что если отецъ станетъ её требовать, то надо будетъ отдать.

'"Вовсе не надо!"

'"Да онъ узнаетъ."

'"А какъ онъ узнаетъ?"

'Я опять сталъ вступникъ. "Послушайте, Максимъ Максимычъ!" сказалъ Печоринъ, приподнявшись: "вѣдь вы добрый человѣкъ—а если отдадимъ дочь этому дикарю, онъ её зарѣжетъ или продастъ. Дѣло сдѣлано, не надо только охотою портить, оставьте её у меня, а у себя мою шпагу..."

'"Да покажите мнѣ её," сказалъ я.

'"Она за этой дверью; только я самъ нынче напрасно хотѣлъ её видѣть: сидитъ въ углу, закутавшись въ

Digitized by Google

a veil, with not a word, not a look; she is frightened like a wild chamois. I have engaged our barrack woman; she knows the Tartar language, she will look after her, and accustom her to the idea that she is mine; because she shall belong to no one but me," added he, striking with his fist against the table. I agreed even to this...What could I do? There are men whom you are absolutely bound to agree with.'

'Well?' I asked Maxim Maximitch; 'did he really make her used to him, or did she pine away in bondage, from home sickness?'

'Why home sickness, pray? From the fort the same mountains are seen as from the village, and those savages need nothing more. And besides Gregory Alexandrovitch every day gave her something; the first few days she proudly refused his presents in silence, and they were then given to the barrack woman, and heightened her eloquence. Oh! presents! and what will a woman not do for some gaudy rag...But that is not to the point. For a long time Gregory Alexandrovitch carried on the struggle with her; meanwhile he learnt to speak the Tartar language, and she began to understand ours. Little by little, she likewise grew accustomed to see him, began to glance at him stealthily, turning away from him: always very sad, she sang her own songs in a low voice, so that I often began to feel miserable myself when I heard her in the adjoining room. One scene I shall never forget: I happened to pass, and looked through the window. Bela sat on a low seat, drooping her head on her bosom; and Gregory Alexandrovitch stood before her. "Listen, my Peri," said he:

Digitized by Google

покрыва́ло, не говори́тъ и не смо́тритъ; пугли́ва, какъ ди́кая се́рна. Я на́нялъ на́шу духа́нщицу: она́ зна́етъ по-тата́рски, бу́детъ ходи́ть за не́ю и пріучи́тъ её къ мы́сли, что она́ моя́; потому́ что она́ никому́ не бу́детъ принадлежа́ть кро́мѣ меня́"—приба́вилъ онъ, уда́ривъ кулако́мъ по столу́.—Я и въ э́томъ согласи́лся... Что прика́жете дѣ́лать? Есть лю́ди, съ кото́рыми непремѣ́нно до́лжно соглаша́ться.'

'А что?' спроси́лъ я у Макси́ма Макси́мыча: 'въ са́момъ ли дѣ́лѣ онъ пріучи́лъ её къ себѣ́, и́ли она́ зача́хла въ неволѣ, съ тоски́ по ро́динѣ?'

'Поми́луйте, отчего́ же съ тоски́ по ро́динѣ? Изъ крѣ́пости ви́дны бы́ли тѣ же го́ры, что изъ а́ула—а э́тимъ дикара́мъ бо́льше ничего́ не на́добно. Да прито́мъ Григо́рій Алекса́ндровичъ ка́ждый день дари́лъ ей что нибу́дь; пе́рвые дни она́, мо́лча го́рдо, отта́лкивала пода́рки, кото́рые тогда́ доставали́сь духа́нщицѣ и возбужда́ли ея́ краснорѣ́чіе. Ахъ, пода́рки! чего́ не сдѣ́лаетъ же́нщина за цвѣтну́ю тряпи́чку... Ну, да э́то въ сто́рону... До́лго би́лся съ не́ю Григо́рій Алекса́ндровичъ, ме́жду тѣ́мъ учи́лся по-тата́рски, и она́ начина́ла понима́ть по-на́шему. Ма́ло по ма́лу, она́ пріучи́лась на него́ смотрѣ́ть снача́ла изподло́бья, и́скоса; и все грусти́ла, напѣва́ла свои́ пѣ́сни въ полго́лоса, такъ что, быва́ло, и мнѣ станови́лось гру́стно, когда́ слу́шалъ её изъ сосѣ́дней ко́мнаты. Никогда́ не забу́ду одно́й сце́ны: шёлъ я ми́мо и заглянулъ въ окно́; Бэ́ла сидѣ́ла на лежа́нкѣ, повѣ́сивъ го́лову на грудь, а Григо́рій Алекса́ндровичъ стоя́лъ пе́редъ не́ю. "Послу́шай, моя́ пе́ри," говори́лъ онъ:

Digitized by Google

"surely you know that, sooner or later, you must be mine—why then do you only torture me? Perhaps you love some Circassian? If so, I will let you go home at once." She shuddered, almost imperceptibly, and shook her head. "Or," continued he, "am I quite hateful to you?" She sighed. "Or does your faith forbid you to love me?" She grew pale and remained silent.—"Believe me, Allah is one and the same for all nations; and if he permits me to love you, why should he forbid you to return my love?" She looked fixedly into his face, as if struck with this new idea; in her eyes I saw unbelief, and a desire to be convinced. What eyes! they shone like two live coals.

'"Listen, sweet, dear Bela!" continued Petchorin: "you see how I love you. I would gladly sacrifice anything only to make you happy! I wish you to be happy; if you fret again, I shall die. Tell me, you will be more cheerful?" She seemed deep in thought, not turning her black eyes from him; then she smiled gently, and bent her head in sign of consent. He took her hand and began begging her to kiss him; she gently resisted, and only said over and over: "If you please, I must not, I must not." He kept on persisting; she trembled, she began to cry. "I am your prisoner," said she: "your slave, consequently you can force me;" and then more tears.

'Gregory Alexandrovitch struck his forehead with his fist and rushed into the other room. I went to him; he was pacing the room gloomily, with folded arms.

'"Well, my friend?" said I to him.

Digitized by Google

"вѣдь ты знаешь, что рано или поздно ты должна быть моею—отчего-же только мучишь меня? Разве ты любишь какого нибудь чеченца? Если такъ, я тебя сейчасъ отпущу домой?"—Она вздрогнула едва примѣтно и покачала головой.—"Или," продолжалъ онъ, "я тебѣ совершенно ненавистенъ?"—Она вздохнула.—"Или твоя вѣра запрещаетъ полюбить меня?"—Она поблѣднѣла и молчала.—"Повѣрь мнѣ, Аллахъ для всѣхъ племёнъ одинъ и тотъ же, и если онъ мнѣ позволяетъ любить тебя, отчего же запретитъ тебѣ платить мнѣ взаимностью?"—Она посмотрѣла ему пристально въ лицо, какъ будто поражённая этой новой мыслію; въ глазахъ ея выразились недовѣрчивость и желаніе убѣдиться. Что за глаза! они такъ и сверкали, будто два угля.

'"Послушай, милая, добрая Бэла!" продолжалъ Печоринъ: "ты видишь, какъ я тебя люблю; я все готовъ отдать, чтобы тебя развеселить! я хочу, чтобъ ты была счастлива; а если ты снова будешь грустить, то я умру. Скажи ты будешь веселѣй?"—Она призадумалась, не спуская съ него чёрныхъ глазъ своихъ; потомъ улыбнулась ласково и кивнула головой въ знакъ согласія. Онъ взялъ ея руку и сталъ её уговаривать, чтобъ она его поцѣловала; она слабо защищалась и только повторяла: "поджалуйста, не нада, не нада." Онъ сталъ настаивать; она задрожала, заплакала.—"Я твоя плѣнница," говорила она: "твоя раба, конечно, ты можешь меня принудить"—и опять слёзы.

'Григорій Александровичъ ударилъ себя въ лобъ кулакомъ и выскочилъ въ другую комнату. Я зашёлъ къ нему; онъ сложа руки прохаживался угрюмый взадъ и впередъ.

'"Что, батюшка?" сказалъ я ему.

Digitized by Google

'"She is a demon, and no woman!" answered he: "but I give you my word of honour that she shall be mine..." I shook my head. "Will you wager?" said he: "in a week's time!" "With pleasure!" We shook hands and separated.

'The following day he immediately sent a special messenger to Kislar to make some purchases; lots of the most costly Persian stuffs were bought, amongst other things.

'"What do you think, Maxim Maximitch," said he to me, showing me the presents; "can an Asiatic beauty withstand such a battery?" "You do not know the Circassian girls," I replied; "they are not the same thing as Georgians or trans-Caucasian Tartars—not a bit of it. They have their own way, they are brought up differently." Gregory Alexandrovitch smiled, and began to whistle a march.

'But it turned out that I was right; the presents had only a partial effect; she became somewhat more friendly, more confident, but that was all, so he decided to try the last means. One morning he had his horse saddled, dressed himself in Circassian costume, armed himself, and went to her. "Bela!" said he, "you know how I love you. I resolved to carry you off, thinking that when you knew me, you would love me; I have been mistaken. Good-bye. Remain in full possession of all that I have; if you choose, you may return to your father—you are free. I am guilty towards you, and must punish myself. Good-bye, I go:—where? how can I tell? but I hope I

Digitized by Google

'"Дьяволъ, а не женщина!" отвѣчалъ онъ: "только я вамъ даю моё честное слово, что она будетъ моя..." Я покачалъ головою. "Хотите пари?" сказалъ онъ: "черезъ недѣлю!" "Извольте!"—мы ударили по рукамъ и разошлись.

'На другой день онъ тотчасъ отправилъ нарочнаго въ Кизляръ за разными покупками; привезено было множество разныхъ персидскихъ матерій, всѣхъ не перечесть.

'"Какъ вы думаете, Максимъ Максимычъ," сказалъ онъ мнѣ, показывая подарки: "устоитъ ли азіятская красавица противъ такой батареи?" "Вы черкешенокъ не знаете," отвѣчалъ я; "это совсѣмъ не то, что грузинки или закавказскія татарки—совсѣмъ не то. У нихъ свои правила; онѣ иначе воспитаны." Григорій Александровичъ улыбнулся и сталъ насвистывать маршъ.

'А вѣдь вышло, что я былъ правъ: подарки подѣйствовали только въ половину; она стала ласковѣе, довѣрчивѣе—да и только; такъ что онъ рѣшился на послѣднее средство. Разъ утромъ онъ велѣлъ осѣдлать лошадь, одѣлся почеркески, вооружился и вошёлъ къ ней. "Бэла!" сказалъ онъ: "ты знаешь, какъ я тебя люблю. Я рѣшился тебя увезти, думая, что ты, когда узнаешь меня, полюбишь; я ошибся—прощай! оставайся полной хозяйкой всего, что я имѣю; если хочешь, вернись къ отцу—ты свободна. Я виноватъ передъ тобой и долженъ наказать себя. Прощай, я ѣду—куда? почему я знаю? Авось,

Digitized by Google

shall not long escape the bullet and the swordstroke; and then think of me, and forgive me." He turned away, but held out his hand to her as if for parting.

'She did not take his hand, and remained silent. I, standing just behind the door, could see her face through the chink, and really I pitied her—such a death-like pallor overspread her charming face. Hearing no answer, Petchorin made a few steps towards the door; he trembled—to tell you the truth—I am convinced that he was quite capable of carrying out in earnest what he had said in jest. That's the kind of man he was, God knows! But hardly had he reached the door, when up she jumped, began to cry and threw her arms round his neck. Would you believe it? I, standing behind the door, wept too; that is to say, you know, I did not exactly weep, but some folly or other.'

The Captain stopped.

'Indeed, I confess,' said he afterwards, pulling his moustache; 'I felt unhappy, that there never was a woman to love me like that!'

'And was their happiness lasting?' asked I.

'Yes, she confessed to us later that from the day she had first seen Petchorin, he had often appeared to her in dreams, and that no man ever had made such an impression upon her.—Yes, they were happy!'

'What a nuisance!' I could not help exclaiming. In fact, I had expected a tragical issue; and then to be all at once so unexpectedly deceived in my expectations!...'But is it possible,' continued I, 'that the father never guessed that she was with you in the fort?'

Digitized by Google

недо́лго бу́ду гоня́ться за пу́лей и́ли уда́ромъ ша́шки; тогда́ вспо́мни обо́ мнѣ и прости́ меня́." Онъ отверну́лся и протяну́лъ ей ру́ку на проща́нье.

'Она́ не взяла́ ру́ки, молча́ла. То́лько, сто́я за две́рью, я могъ въ щель разсмотрѣ́ть ея́ лицо́; и мнѣ ста́ло жаль— така́я смерте́льная блѣ́дность покры́ла э́то ми́лое ли́чико! Не слы́ша отвѣ́та, Печо́ринъ сдѣ́лалъ нѣсколько шаго́въ къ две́ри; онъ дрожа́лъ—и сказа́ть ли вамъ? я ду́маю, онъ въ состоя́ніи былъ испо́лнить въ са́момъ дѣ́лѣ то, о чёмъ говори́лъ шутя́. Тако́въ ужъ былъ человѣ́къ, Богъ его́ зна́етъ! То́лько едва́ онъ косну́лся две́ри, какъ она́ вскочи́ла, зарыда́ла и бро́силась ему́ на ше́ю.—Повѣ́рите ли? я, сто́я за две́рью, та́кже запла́калъ, то есть, зна́ете, не то чтобъ запла́калъ, а такъ-глу́пость!...'

Штабсъ-капита́нъ замолча́лъ.

'Да, признаю́сь,' сказа́лъ онъ пото́мъ, тере́бя усы́: 'мнѣ ста́ло доса́дно, что никода́ ни одна́ же́нщина меня́ такъ люби́ла.'

'И продолжи́тельна бы́ло ихъ сча́стіе?' спроси́лъ я.

'Да, она́ намъ призна́лась, что съ того́ дня, какъ уви́дѣла Печо́рина, онъ ча́сто ей грѣ́зился во снѣ, и что ни оди́нъ мужчи́на никогда́ не производи́лъ на неё тако́го впечатлѣ́нія.—Да, они́ бы́ли счастли́вы!'

'Какъ э́то ску́чно!' воскли́кнулъ я нево́льно. Въ са́момъ дѣ́лѣ, я ожида́лъ траги́ческой развя́зки, и вдругъ такъ не ожи́данно обману́ть мои́ наде́жды!... 'Да неужѐли,' продолжа́лъ я: 'оте́цъ не догада́лся, что она́ у васъ въ крѣ́пости?'

Digitized by Google

'Well, it appears that he may have had a suspicion. After a few days we heard that the old man had been murdered. It happened thus.'

My curiosity was again aroused.

'I must first tell you, that Kasbitch fancied Asamat to have stolen his horse with the consent of his father, at least I think so. Once he was lying in ambush some three miles from the village; the old man was just returning from his fruitless searches after his daughter; his followers were far behind him. It was already dusk. He rode slowly and thoughtfully on his way, when suddenly Kasbitch darted forth from the bushes like a wild cat, jumped behind him on the horse, threw him to the ground with a stab of his dagger, seized the reins of the horse, off and away! Some of his followers saw it from a hillock; they pursued the robber, but could not overtake him.'

'He repaid himself for the loss of his horse, and took his revenge,' said I, curious to learn the opinion of my companion.

'Of course, according to their notions,' said the Captain, 'he was quite right.'

I could not help being struck by the aptitude of the Russian fully to enter into the manners and customs of all nations with which it is his lot to live. I do not know whether this mental peculiarity deserves praise or blame, but it shows his incredible pliability, and the existence of a healthy common sense which excuses

Digitized by Google

'То есть, кажется, онъ подозрѣвалъ. Спустя нѣсколько дней, узнали мы, что старикъ убитъ. Вотъ какъ это случилось...'

Вниманіе моё пробудилось снова.

'Надо вамъ сказать, что Казбичъ вообразилъ, будто Азаматъ съ согласія отца укралъ у него лошадь, по-крайней-мѣрѣ я такъ полагаю. Вотъ онъ разъ и дожидался у дороги, версты три за ауломъ; старикъ возвращался изъ напрасныхъ поисковъ за дочерью; узденьи его отстали—это было въ сумерки—онъ ѣхалъ задумчиво шагомъ, какъ вдругъ Казбичъ, будто кошка, нырнулъ изъ-за куста, прыгъ сзади его на лошадь, ударомъ кинжала свалилъ его на земь, схватилъ поводья—и былъ таковъ; нѣкоторые узденьи всё это видѣли съ пригорка; они бросились догонять, только не догнали.'

'Онъ вознаградилъ себя за потерю коня и отмстилъ,' сказалъ я, чтобъ вызвать мнѣніе моего собесѣдника.

'Конечно, по-ихнему,' сказалъ штабсъ-капитанъ,—'онъ былъ совершенно правъ.'

Меня невольно поразила способность русскаго человѣка примѣняться къ обычаямъ тѣхъ народовъ, среди которыхъ ему случается жить. Не знаю, достойно порицанія или похвалы это свойство ума, только онъ доказываетъ неимовѣрную его гибкость и присутствіе этого яснаго, здраваго смысла, который прощаетъ

Digitized by Google

the evil wherever he sees it to be unavoidable and where it cannot be overcome.

Meanwhile, we had finished our tea, the horses were long ago again put to the cart and stood freezing on the snow; the moon grew pale in the west, and was on the point of hiding in the black clouds, hovering round the distant mountain-peaks like a torn veil. We went out of the hut. In spite of my companion's prediction the weather cleared, and foretold a fine morning for us; the groups of stars were clustered in marvellous designs on the distant horizon, and one after the other vanished as the faint trembling light of the east began to overflow the deep violet sky, and gradually lit up the steep slopes of the mountains covered with virgin snow. To right and left black gloomy abysses loomed around us, and the mist, coiling and unwinding itself like a snake, crept over the rugged rocks near by, as if feeling and fearing the approach of day.

Everything on earth and in the air was calm, as in men's hearts at the hour of morning prayer; only from time to time there came a cool wind from the east, lifting the frost-covered manes of the horses. We started on our road; five sorry jades with difficulty drew our carts on the winding road of Mount Goud. We followed on foot, and put stones under the hind wheels when the horses stopped from exhaustion. It seemed as if the way led straight to the skies, since, as far as the eye could see, it went always up hill and was lost at length in a cloud,

Digitized by Google

зло вездѣ, гдѣ ви́дитъ его́ необходи́мость и́ли невозмо́жность его́ уничтоже́нія.

Ме́жду тѣмъ чай былъ вы́питъ; давно́ запряжённые ко́ни продро́гли на снѣгу́; мѣ́сяцъ блѣднѣ́лъ на за́падѣ и гото́въ ужъ былъ погрузи́ться въ чёрныя свои́ ту́чи, висѣ́вшія на да́льныхъ верши́нахъ, какъ клочки́ разо́дранного за́навѣса. Мы вы́шли изъ са́кли. Вопре́ки предсказа́нію моего́ спу́тника, пого́да проясни́лась и обѣща́ла намъ ти́хое у́тро; хорово́ды звѣ́здъ чу́дными узо́рами сплета́лись на далёкомъ небосклонѣ и одна́ за друго́ю га́сли по мѣ́рѣ того́, какъ блѣдновато́ый о́тблескъ восто́ка разлива́лся по темно-лило́вому сво́ду, озаря́я постепе́нно круты́я отло́гости горъ, покры́тыя дѣ́вственными снѣга́ми. Напра́во и на лѣ́во чернѣ́ли мра́чныя, таи́нственныя про́пасти; и тума́ны, клуби́сь и извива́сь какъ змѣ́и, сползали туда́ по морщи́намъ сосѣ́днихъ скалъ, бу́дто чу́вствуя и пуга́ясь приближе́нія дня.

Ти́хо бы́ло всё на не́бѣ и на землѣ́, какъ се́рдцѣ человѣ́ка въ мину́ту у́тренней моли́твы; то́лько и́зрѣдка набѣга́лъ прохла́дный вѣ́теръ съ восто́ка, приподнима́я гри́ву лошаде́й, покры́тую и́неемъ. Мы тро́нулись въ путь; съ трудо́мъ пять худы́хъ клячъ тащи́ли на́ши пово́зки по изви́листой доро́гѣ на Гудъ-го́ру. Мы шли пѣшко́мъ сза́ди, подкла́дывая ка́мни подъ колёса, когда́ ло́шади выбива́лись изъ силъ; каза́лось, доро́га вела́ на не́бо, пото́му что, ско́лько глазъ могъ разглядѣ́ть, она́ всё поднима́лась и наконе́цъ пропада́ла въ о́блакѣ,

Digitized by Google

which since yesterday had rested upon the summit of Mount Goud, like a vulture awaiting its prey; the snow crackled under our feet; the air was so rarefied that it was hard to breathe; every moment the blood rushed to the head; but for all that a certain calm feeling flowed through my veins, and I felt a kind of happiness to be so high above the world—a childish sensation, I do not deny it: but as we leave behind the constraints of society, and approach closer to nature, we unconsciously become children: everything acquired falls off from our soul, and it is again, as it was once, and probably again will be. He whose lot it has been to wander like me over the mountain wildernesses, and carefully contemplate their strange images, and greedily to breathe the bracing air poured out among their ravines,—he will easily understand my desire to fix, to describe, to paint those wondrous scenes. Well, at last we reached the peak of Mount Goud; we stopped and looked around us. A grey cloud lingered upon the summit, and its cold breath foreboded a storm at hand; but in the east everything was so bright and golden that we both—that is I and the Captain—left it completely unnoticed. Yes, even the Captain!—for in simple hearts the feeling for the beauty and grandeur of nature is a hundredfold stronger and livelier than in us, full as we are of the pen-and-ink inspiration of the literary man.

'I suppose you are accustomed to such grand scenes?' said I to him.

'Yes, Sir, you may accustom yourself even to the whistling of bullets; that is to say, accustom yourself to hide the involuntary beatings of the heart.'

Digitized by Google

кото́рое ещё съ ве́чера отдыха́ло на верши́нѣ Гудъ-горы́, какъ ко́ршунъ, ожида́ющій добы́чу; снѣгъ хрусте́лъ подъ нога́ми на́шими; во́здухъ станови́лся такъ ре́докъ, что бы́ло бо́льно дыша́ть: кровь поминутно прилива́ла въ го́лову, но со всѣмъ тѣмъ какое-то отра́дное чу́вство распространи́лось по всѣмъ моимъ жила́мъ, и мнѣ бы́ло какъ-то ве́село, что я такъ высоко́ надъ міромъ—чу́вство дѣтское, не спо́рю, но, удаля́сь отъ усло́вій о́бщества и приближа́ясь къ приро́дѣ, мы нево́льно стано́вимся дѣтьми́: всё пріобрѣтённое отпада́етъ отъ души́, и она́ дѣлается вновь тако́ю, како́й была́ нѣкогда и вѣрно бу́детъ когда́ нибу́дь опя́ть. Тотъ, кому́ случа́лось, какъ мнѣ, броди́ть по гора́мъ пусты́ннымъ и до́лго-до́лго всма́триваться въ ихъ причу́дливые о́бразы, и жа́дно глота́ть животворя́щій во́здухъ, разли́тый въ ихъ ущеляхъ, тотъ, коне́чно, поймётъ моё жела́ніе переда́ть, разсказа́ть, нарисова́ть э́ти волше́бныя карти́ны. Вотъ, наконе́цъ, мы взобрали́сь на Гудъ-го́ру, останови́лись и оглянулись: на ней висе́ло се́рое о́блако, и его́ холо́дное дыха́ніе грози́ло бли́зкой бу́рею; но на восто́кѣ всё бы́ло такъ я́сно и золоти́сто, что мы, то есть я и штабсъ-капита́нъ, соверше́нно о нёмъ забы́ли... Да и штабсъ-капита́нъ: въ сердца́хъ просты́хъ чу́вство красоты́ и вели́чія приро́ды сильнѣе, живѣе во сто кратъ, чѣмъ въ насъ, восто́рженныхъ разска́зчикахъ на слова́хъ и на бума́гѣ.

'Вы, я ду́маю, привы́кли къ э́тнмъ великолѣ́пнымъ карти́намъ?' сказа́лъ я ему́.

'Да-съ, и къ свисту пу́ли мо́жно привы́кнуть, то есть привы́кнуть скрыва́ть нево́льное біе́ніе се́рдца.'

Digitized by Google

'I have heard, on the contrary,' I remarked, 'that old warriors even find such music agreeable.'

'No doubt, if you choose to take that view, it is agreeable; but only because the heart throbs the harder. Look,' continued he, pointing to the east: 'what scenery!'

And really, I can never again expect to behold such a panorama. Below us lay the valley of Koishaur, crossed by the Aragva and another little river, like two silver threads; a bluish mist glided over it, fleeing before the warm rays of the morning into the ravines of the neighbouring mountains; to right and left were mountain ranges, one towering above the other, intersecting, far-extending, all covered with snow and bushes; in the distance again mountains, but not two rocks alike—and all those masses of snow glistened in reddish splendour, so gracious, so bright, that I would have been glad to live there for ever; the sun just showed himself from behind a deep-blue mountain, which the eye could scarcely distinguish from the clouds above it; but on the sun lay a reddish stripe which drew the attention of my companion. 'I told you,' exclaimed he, 'that we shall have a tempest to-day; we must hasten, or it will overtake us on the Cross-mountain. Get on!' he shouted to the drivers.

They wound chains under the wheels instead of drags to keep them from slipping, took the horses by the bridle and began to descend. On the right rose a wall of rock; to the left yawned such an abyss that a whole village of Ossetes at

Digitized by Google

'Я слы́шалъ, напро́тивъ, что для иныхъ ста́рыхъ во́нновъ э́та му́зыка да́же пріятна?'

'Разумѣ́ется, е́сли хоти́те, оно́ пріятно; то́лько же потому́, что се́рдце бьётся сильнѣ́е. Посмотри́те,' приба́вилъ онъ, ука́зывая на восто́къ; 'что за край!'

И то́чно таку́ю панора́му врядъ ли гдѣ́ ещё уда́стся мнѣ ви́дѣть: подъ на́ми лежа́ла Койшау́рская доли́на, пересѣка́емая Ара́гвой и друго́й рѣ́чкой, какъ двумя́ серебряными ни́тями; голубова́тый тума́нъ скользи́лъ по ней, убѣга́я въ сосѣ́днія тѣсни́ны отъ тёплыхъ лучей утра́; напра́во и налѣ́во грёбни горъ, оди́нъ вы́ше друга́го, пересѣка́лись, тяну́лись, покры́те снѣга́ми, куста́рникомъ; вдали́ тѣ́-же го́ры, но хоть бы двѣ скалы́ похо́жія одна́ на другу́ю—и всѣ э́ти снѣга́ горѣ́ли румя́нымъ блёскомъ такъ ве́село, такъ я́рко, что ка́жется, тутъ бы и оста́лся жить на вѣ́ки; со́лнце чуть показа́лось изъ-за темноси́ней горы́, кото́рую то́лько привы́чный глазъ могъ бы различи́ть отъ грозово́й ту́чи; но надъ со́лнцемъ была́ крова́вая полоса́, на кото́рую мой това́рищъ обрати́лъ осо́бенное внима́ніе. 'Я говори́лъ вамъ,' воскли́кнулъ онъ, 'что ны́ньче бу́детъ пого́да; на́до торопи́ться, а то, пожа́луй, она́ заста́нетъ насъ на Кресто́вой. Тро́гайтесь!' закрича́лъ онъ ямщика́мъ.

Подложи́ли цѣ́пи подъ колёса вмѣ́сто то́рмазовъ, чтобъ они́ не раска́тывались; взя́ли лошаде́й подъ уздцы́ и на́чали спуска́ться, напра́во былъ утёсъ, налѣ́во про́пасть така́я, что цѣ́лая деревушка осети́нъ, живу́щихъ

Digitized by Google

the bottom looked like a swallow's nest; I shuddered at the thought that by this road in a dark night, where two carts cannot pass one another, many a government messenger travels perhaps ten times a year, without ever alighting from his jolting cart. One of our drivers was a Russian peasant from Yeroslaf, the other an Ossete. The Ossete led the saddle-horse by the bridle with the greatest possible precaution after unfastening the traces in front; our careless Russian did not even leave his seat.

When I remarked to him that he might go on foot, at least for the sake of my box, as I had no wish to search after it in the depth of the ravine, he answered, 'Eh, Sir, God will give me no worse luck than yon fellows; it's not the first time for me!' And he was right. It is true that we might not have got to the end of our journey, only we did. And if all people would only think seriously about it, they would soon convince themselves that life is not worth the trouble we take to keep it.

But it may be you wish to know the end of Bela's history.

In the first place I am not writing a novel, but notes by the way; and secondly, I cannot make the Captain go on with his story, unless he begins really to tell it. So you must wait; or, if you prefer it, skip a few pages, only I would not advise you to do this, because the narrative of the journey over the Cross-mountain is well worth your attention. Well, so we descended Mount Goud into the Chertova-Doleena (Devil's Plain). What a romantic

Digitized by Google

на днѣ ея, казалась гнѣздомъ ласточки; я содрогнулся, подумавъ, что часто здѣсь, въ глухую ночь, по этой дорогѣ гдѣ двѣ повозки не могутъ разъѣхаться, какой нибудь курьеръ разъ десять въ проѣзжаетъ, не вылѣзая изъ своего тряскаго экипажа. Одинъ изъ нашихъ извозщиковъ былъ русскій ярославскій мужикъ, другой осетинъ. Осетинъ вёлъ коренную подъ-уздцы со всѣми возможными предосторожностями, отпрягши заранѣе уносныхъ — а нашъ безпечный русакъ даже не слѣзъ съ облучка!

Когда я ему замѣтилъ, что онъ могъ бы побезпокоиться въ пользу хотя моего чемодана, за которымъ я вовсе не желалъ лазить въ эту бездну, онъ отвѣчалъ мнѣ: 'И, баринъ! Богъ дастъ не хуже ихъ доѣдемъ; вѣдь намъ не впервые!' и онъ былъ правъ: мы точно могли бы не доѣхать, однако жъ всё-таки доѣхали. И если бъ всѣ люди побольше разсуждали, то убѣдились бы, что жизнь не стоитъ того, чтобъ о ней такъ много заботиться...

Но, можетъ быть, вы хотите знать окончаніе исторіи Бэлы?

Во-первыхъ, я пишу не повѣсть, а путевыя записки: слѣдовательно, не могу заставить штабсъ-капитана разсказывать прежде, нежели онъ началъ разсказывать въ самомъ дѣлѣ. Итакъ, погодите, или если хотите переверните нѣсколько страницъ, только я вамъ этого не совѣтую, потому что переѣздъ черезъ Крестовую гору достоинъ вашего любопытства. И такъ, мы спускались съ Гудъ-горы въ Чёртовую долину... Вотъ романтическое

Digitized by Google

name! You see at once the lair of an evil spirit in the midst of stupendous precipices: but not so. The name of the Devil's Plain is derived from the word *cherta* (line, boundary), and not from the word *chort* (devil), and this because it was formerly the boundary of Georgia. This valley was full of snow, and reminded me of Sarátof, Tambóf and other such lovely parts of our country.

'There's the Cross-mountain!' said the Captain to me, when we had turned towards the Frontier-valley, pointing to an elevation covered with a sheet of snow; upon its height loomed a stone cross, and past it led a road hardly visible, by which they go only when the way round its slope is blocked with snow-drifts; our drivers assured us that as yet there had been no avalanches, and holding the bridles of the horses led us up the winding path. On a turn of the road we met five Ossetes; they offered us their services, and throwing themselves on the wheels, with great noise set about pulling our carts or pushing them forward. And indeed the road was dangerous. On the right hung immense masses of snow over our heads, ready as it seemed at the first gust of wind to fall into the ravine; the narrow path was partially buried in snow, which in some places gave way under our feet, whilst in others it was turned to ice by the melting rays of a sunny day and the night's frost, so that even we could hardly keep our feet, and the horses continually fell; to the left gaped a deep abyss, where a torrent rushed, here hidden under a crust of ice, there leaping in foam over the black stones. In two hours we could hardly get round the Cross-mountain—two miles in two hours!

Digitized by Google

назва́ніе! Вы уже́ ви́дите гнѣздо́ зла́го ду́ха ме́жду непристу́пными утёсами — не ту́тъ-то бы́ло: назва́ніе Черто́вой доли́ны происхо́дитъ отъ сло́ва 'черта́,' а не 'чортъ'—и́бо здѣсь когда́-то была́ грани́ца Гру́зіи. Эта доли́на была́ завалена́ снѣговы́ми сугро́бами, напомина́вшими дово́льно жи́во Сара́товъ, Тамбо́въ и про́чія ми́лыя мѣста́ на́шего оте́чества.

'Вотъ и Крестовая!' сказа́лъ мнѣ штабсъ-капита́нъ, когда́ мы съѣхали въ Черто́вую доли́ну, ука́зывая на холмъ, покры́тый пелено́ю снѣга; на его́ верши́нѣ черне́лся ка́менный крестъ, и ми́мо его́ вела́ едва́-едва́ замѣ́тная доро́га, по кото́рой проѣзжа́ютъ то́лько тогда́, когда́ бокова́я завалена́ снѣ́гомъ; на́ши извозчики объяви́ли, что обва́ловъ ещё не́ было, и сберега́я лоша́дей, повезли́ насъ круго́мъ. При поворо́тѣ встрѣ́тили мы человѣ́къ пять осети́нъ; они́ предложи́ли намъ свои́ услу́ги и, уцѣпя́сь за колёса, съ кри́комъ приняли́сь тащи́ть и подде́рживать на́шу теле́жку. И то́чно, доро́га опа́сная; напра́во висѣ́ли надъ на́шими голова́ми гру́ды снѣ́га, гото́выя, ка́жется, при пе́рвомъ поры́вѣ вѣ́тра оборва́ться въ ущѣ́лье; у́зкая доро́га ча́стію была́ покры́та снѣ́гомъ, кото́рый въ иныхъ мѣста́хъ прова́ливался подъ нога́ми, въ други́хъ превраща́лся въ лёдъ отъ дѣ́йствія со́лнечныхъ лучей и ночны́хъ моро́зовъ, такъ что съ трудо́мъ мы са́ми пробира́лись; ло́шади па́дали;—налѣ́во зія́ла глубо́кая разсѣ́лина, гдѣ́ кати́лся пото́къ, то скрыва́ясь подъ ледяно́й коро́ю, то съ пѣ́ною пры́гая по чёрнымъ ка́мнямъ. Въ два часа́ едва́ могли́ мы обогну́ть Крестовую го́ру—двѣ версты́ въ два часа́!

Digitized by Google

Meanwhile the clouds had settled down, hail descended, and snow; the wind rushing out of the deep ravine howled and whistled like the robber Nightingale*. Soon the cross on the mountain was covered by clouds, whose waves, each thicker and darker than the last, came rolling up from the east. By the way, about this cross there is a curious tradition, current all over the country, that it had been raised by the Emperor Peter I. on his journey to the Caucasus, yet in the first place it is known that Peter only got as far as Dagestan, and secondly, the cross bore the inscription in large letters that it was raised in 1824 by the order of General Yermólof. Still, in spite of the inscription, the tradition is so deeply rooted that you really do not know what to believe, all the more as we are not accustomed to believe the statements of official inscriptions.

We had to get over about five versts more, on ice-covered rocks, and fine snow, in order to reach the station of Kobi. Our horses were exhausted, we were thoroughly chilled, the snow-storm howled more and more furiously, just like our northern hurricane, only that its whistling seemed still more melancholy and sad. 'Poor exile,' thought I, 'thou likewise bewailest thy wide and open steppes! On them there is room to unfold thy cold wings, but here thou findest thyself cribbed and confined, like the eagle which with a scream beats against the iron bars of his cage.'

* Of whom tradition goes that his whistle was heard from one end of Russia to the other.

Digitized by Google

Ме́жду тѣмъ ту́чи спусти́лись, повали́лъ градъ, снѣгъ; вѣтеръ, врыва́ясь въ ущѐлья, ревѣ́лъ, свистáлъ, какъ Солове́й-Разбо́йникъ, и ско́ро ка́менный крестъ, скры́лся въ тума́нѣ, кото́раго во́лны, одна́ друго́й гу́ще и тѣснѣ́е, набѣга́ли съ восто́ка... Кста́ти, объ э́томъ крестѣ́ существу́етъ стра́нное, но всео́бщее преда́ніе, бу́дто его́ поста́вилъ импера́торъ Пётръ I., проѣзжа́я че́резъ Кавка́зъ; но, во-пе́рвыхъ, Пётръ былъ то́лько въ Дагеста́нѣ, и, во-вторы́хъ, на крестѣ́ бы́ло напи́сано кру́пными бу́квами, что онъ поста́вленъ по приказа́нію генера́ла Ермо́лова, а и́менно въ 1824 году́. Но преда́ніе, не смотря́ на на́дпись, такъ укорени́лось, что, пра́во, не зна́ешь чему́ вѣ́рить, тѣмъ бо́лѣе, что мы не привы́кли вѣ́рить на́дписамъ.

Намъ должно́ бы́ло спуска́ться ещё вёрстъ пять по обледенѣ́вшимъ скала́мъ и то́пкому снѣ́гу, чтобъ дости́гнуть ста́нціи Ко́би. Ло́шади изму́чились, мы продро́гли; мете́ль гудѣ́ла сильнѣ́е и сильнѣ́е, то́чно на́ша роди́мая, се́верная; то́лько ея́ ди́кіе напѣ́вы бы́ли печа́льнѣе, зауны́внѣе. 'И ты, изгна́нница,' ду́малъ я, 'пла́чешь о свои́хъ широ́кихъ, раздо́льныхъ степя́хъ! Тамъ есть гдѣ развернуть холо́дныя кры́лья, а здѣсь тебѣ́ ду́шно и тѣ́сно какъ орлу́, кото́рый съ кри́комъ бьётся о рѣшётку желѣ́зной своей клѣ́тки.'

Digitized by Google

'Too bad!' said the Captain. 'See, all round you can see nothing but mist and snow; then look you, we must be prepared either to be thrown into an abyss or to remain sticking in the snow, and then, down below there the river Baidar has overflowed, so that we shall never get over. There is Asia for you! like man, like river, you can trust neither.'

The drivers urged the horses on with scolding and whipping; but these had become restive, and nothing on earth could make them budge from the spot, in spite of the eloquence of the whip. 'Your honour,' said one of the men at last: 'you see we cannot reach Kobi to-day. Won't you allow us to go to the left for a bit? you see there is a large rock hanging over the way; huts there, no doubt: that's where travellers always rest by the way. They say they'll take you there, if you give them something,' he added, pointing to an Ossete.

'I know, good fellow, I know it without your telling me,' said the Captain. 'Those rascals! they are ready to tear themselves to pieces if they can only squeeze out a tip.'

'But,' said I, 'you must confess, that it would be worse without them.'

'All the same,' he grumbled. 'What guides! they know by instinct when they can get anything out of you! as if we could not find our way without them.'

So to the left we turned, and somehow after some struggles we made our way to the miserable refuge, consisting of a couple of little huts blocked up by fragments of the rocks, surrounded by a wall of similar structure. The ragged hosts gave us a hearty welcome. I afterwards ascertained

Digitized by Google

'Плóхо!' говорúлъ штабсъ-капитáнъ: 'посмотрúте, кругóмъ ничегó не вúдно, тóлько тумáнъ да снѣгъ; тогó и глядú, что свáлимся въ прóпасть úли засядемъ въ трущóбу; а тамъ понúже, чай, Байдáра такъ разыгрáлась, что и не переѣдешь. Ужъ ѳта мнѣ Азія! что лю́ди, что рѣ́чки—никáкъ нельзя́ положúться.'

Извóщики съ крúкомъ и брáнью колотúли лошадéй, котóрыя фы́ркали, упирáлись, не хотѣ́ли ни за чтó въ свѣтѣ трóнуться съ мѣ́ста, не смотря́ на краснорѣ́чіе кнýтовъ. 'Вáше благорóдіе,' сказáлъ наконéцъ одúнъ: 'вѣдь мы ны́ньче до Кóби не доѣ́демъ; не прикáжете ли, покамѣ́сть мóжно, своротúть налѣ́во? Вонъ тамъ чтó-то на косогóрѣ чернѣ́ется—вѣ́рно, сáкли: тамъ всегдá-съ проѣзжáющіе останáвливаются въ погóду; онú говорáтъ, что проведýтъ, éсли дадúте на вóдку,' прибáвилъ онъ, укáзывая на осетúна.

'Знáю, брáтецъ, знáю безъ тебя́!' сказáлъ штабсъ-капитáнъ. 'Ужъ ѳти бéстіи! рáды придрáться, чтобъ сорвáть на вóдку.'

'Признáйтесь, однáко,' сказáлъ я, 'что безъ нихъ намъ бы́ло бы хýже.'

'Всё такъ,' пробормотáлъ онъ:—'ужъ ѳти мнѣ проводникú! чутьёмъ слы́шать, гдѣ мóжно попóльзоваться, бýдто безъ нихъ и нельзя́ найтú дорóги.'

Вотъ мы свернýли налѣ́во и кóе-какъ, пóслѣ мнóгихъ хлопóтъ, добрáлись до скýднаго пріюта, состоя́щаго изъ двухъ сáклей, слóженныхъ изъ плитъ и булы́жника и обведённыхъ такóю же стѣнóю. Обóрванные хозя́ева прúняли насъ радýшно. Я пóслѣ узнáлъ,

Digitized by Google

that they were paid and fed by government to give shelter to travellers who might be overtaken in a snow-storm.

'Everything has its bright side,' said I, sitting down before the fire-place: 'you must now tell me the rest of Bela's story, for I am sure it could not have ended so.'

'And why are you so sure?' replied the Captain with a knowing smile.

'Because that is not in the nature of things. What has begun queerly must end in the same way.'

'Well, you have guessed right...'

'Glad to hear it.'

'It's all very well for you to be glad, but I get downright sad when I remember it. She was a glorious girl, that Bela. I got so used to her at last, that she seemed like my daughter, and she was fond of me. For I must tell you that I have no kith or kin. Of father and mother I have had no news these twelve years past, and I did not take care to provide myself with a wife at the right time; now, you know, it would be out of place. So I was happy to find somebody to pet. She often sang her national songs, or danced the Lesghian dances...Ah, how she danced! I have myself seen our young ladies, and I have even been once at a great ball of the nobility at Moscow, some twenty years back—but what of them? not the same thing at all!... Gregory Alexandrovitch dressed her like a doll, and petted her and cared for her, so that she improved to a marvel! The freckles vanished from her face and hands,

Digitized by Google

что правительство имъ платитъ и кормитъ ихъ съ условіемъ, чтобъ оні принимали путешественниковъ, застигнутыхъ бурею.

'Всё къ лучшему,' сказалъ я, присѣвъ у огня: 'теперь вы мнѣ доскажете вашу исторію про Белу; я увѣренъ, что этимъ не кончилось.'

'А почему жъ вы такъ увѣрены?' отвѣчалъ мнѣ штабсъ-капитанъ, примигивая съ хитрой улыбкою.

'Оттого, что это не въ порядкѣ вещей: что началось необыкновеннымъ образомъ, то должно такъ же и кончиться.'

'Вѣдь вы угадали...'

'Очень радъ.'

'Хорошо вамъ радоваться, а мнѣ такъ право грустно, какъ вспомню. Славная была дѣвочка, эта Бела. Я къ ней наконецъ такъ привыкъ, какъ къ дочери, и она меня такъ любила. Надо вамъ сказать, что у меня нѣтъ семейства: объ отцѣ и матери я лѣтъ двѣнадцать ужъ не имѣю извѣстія, а запастись женой не догадался раньше—такъ теперь ужъ, знаете, и не къ лицу; я и радъ былъ, что нашёлъ кого баловать. Она, бывало, намъ поётъ пѣсни, иль пляшетъ лезгинку... А ужъ какъ плясала! Видалъ я нашихъ губернскихъ барышень, а разъ былъ-съ и въ Москвѣ въ благородномъ собраніи, лѣтъ двадцать тому назадъ,—только куда имъ! совсѣмъ не то!... Григорій Александровичъ наряжалъ её какъ куколку, холилъ, лелѣялъ, и она у него такъ похорошѣла, что чудо! съ лица и съ рукъ сошёлъ загаръ,

Digitized by Google

soon the blush played on her cheeks. How cheerful she was, and always joked with me and teased me, the rogue!... God be merciful to her!...'

'What did she say, when you told her of her father's death?'

'We concealed it from her for a long time, until she had become more at home with us, and when we told her, she cried for a few days, and then forgot it.

'For about four months all went as well as could be. I think I have told you already that Gregory Alexandrovitch was passionately fond of hunting: formerly he constantly went to the woods after wild boar and gazelle, now he seldom went beyond the walls of the fortress. But once I remarked he began to be thoughtful again, and paced the room up and down, his arms clasped behind him; and then once, without saying a word to anyone, he took to his shooting again; all the morning passed: this happened once, and again, then oftener and oftener. "A bad sign," thought I; "the black cat must have come between them."

'One morning I called at their quarters—it is as if I saw it now before my eyes: Bela sat on the bed in a black silk dress, and was so pale and sad, that I was alarmed.

'"Where is Petchorin?" asked I.

'"Hunting."

'"Did he leave this morning?" She remained silent, as if it were painful to her to reply.

'"No," she said at last with a deep sigh, "he left yesterday."

Digitized by Google

румянецъ разыгрался на щекахъ... Ужъ какая, бывало, весёлая, и всё надо мной, проказница, подшучивала... Богъ ей прости!...'

'А что, когда вы ей объявили о смерти отца?'

'Мы долго отъ нея это скрывали, пока она не привыкла къ своему положенію; а когда сказали, такъ она дня два поплакала, а потомъ забыла.

'Мѣсяца четыре всё шло какъ нельзя лучше. Григорій Александровичъ, я ужъ кажется говорилъ, страстно любилъ охоту: бывало, такъ его въ лѣсъ и подмываетъ за кабанами, или козами—а тутъ хоть бы вышелъ за крѣпостной валъ. Вотъ, однако жъ, смотрю, онъ сталъ снова задумываться; ходитъ по комнатѣ, загнувъ руки назадъ; потомъ разъ, не сказавъ никому, отправился стрѣлять—цѣлое утро пропадалъ; разъ и другой, всё чаще и чаще... "Не хорошо," подумалъ я: "вѣрно между ними чёрная кошка проскочила."

'Одно утро захожу къ нимъ—какъ теперь передъ глазами: Бэла сидѣла на кровати въ чёрномъ шёлковомъ бешметѣ, блѣдненькая, такая печальная что я испугался.

'"А гдѣ Печоринъ?" спросилъ я.

'"На охотѣ."

'"Сегодня ушёлъ?"—Она молчала, какъ будто ей трудно было выговорить.

'"Нѣтъ," ещё вчера, наконецъ сказала, "она тяжело вздохнувъ."

Digitized by Google

'"I hope nothing has happened to him."

'"Yesterday, I thought and thought all day long," she answered with tears; "I have imagined all sorts of misfortunes: sometimes it seemed to me that a wild boar had wounded him, and again that a Tchetchen had carried him off to the mountains... But to-day it seems to me he does not love me any more."

'"Indeed, my dear, you could not have thought anything worse!"

'She began to cry, then raising her head proudly, wiped her tears, and said:

'"If he does not love me, who hinders him from sending me back home? I do not constrain him. But if he goes on in this way I shall go away myself: I am not his slave,—I am the daughter of a prince!"

'I endeavoured to calm her. "Listen, Bela," said I; "he cannot be always with you, tied to your apron-strings; he is a young man, who finds pleasure in sport—he goes and he comes, but if you get so melancholy, he really might grow tired of you."

'"True, true," said she; "I will be cheerful."—And laughing she caught her tambourine and began to sing and to dance around me; but that did not last long; she threw herself on the bed again, and covered her face with her hands.

'What was I to do with her? You must know I never had much to do with women: I thought and thought how to comfort her, but nothing could I think of; and so we remained both silent for a while.—It was an unpleasant situation, Sir.

Digitized by Google

'"Ужъ не случилось ли съ нимъ чего?"

'"Я вчера цѣлый день думала, думала," отвѣчала она сквозь слёзы; "придумывала разныя несчастія: то казалось мнѣ, что его ранилъ дикій кабанъ, то чеченецъ, утащилъ въ горы... А нынче мнѣ ужъ кажется, что онъ меня не любитъ."

'"Право, милая, ты хуже ничего не могла придумать!"

'Она заплакала, потомъ съ гордостью подняла голову, отёрла слёзы и продолжала:

'"Если онъ меня не любитъ, то кто ему мѣшаетъ отослать меня домой? Я его не принуждаю. А если это такъ будетъ продолжаться, то я сама уйду: я не раба его—княжеская дочь!..."

'Я сталъ её уговаривать. "Послушай, Бэла, вѣдь нельзя же ему вѣкъ сидѣть здѣсь, какъ пришитому къ твоей юбкѣ; онъ человѣкъ молодой, любитъ погоняться за дичью—походитъ да и придётъ; а если ты будешь грустить, то скорѣй ему наскучишь."

'"Правда, правда," отвѣчала она: "я буду весела."—И съ хохотомъ схватила свой бубенъ, начала пѣть плясать и прыгать около меня; только и это не было продолжительно: она опять упала на постель и закрыла лицо руками.

'Что было съ нею мнѣ дѣлать? Я знаете, никогда съ женщинами не обращался: думалъ, думалъ, чѣмъ её утѣшить, и ничего не придумалъ; нѣсколько времени мы оба молчали... Пренепріятное положеніе-съ!

Digitized by Google

'At last I said to her: "Will you take a walk with me on the ramparts? it is a fine day!"

'It was in September, and indeed it was a wonderful day, bright, and not hot; we could see all the mountains, as if they were painted on china. We went and took a silent walk to and fro on the wall of the fort; at last she sat down on the grass, and I sat down beside her: indeed, it seems to me now very ridiculous; I followed her quite like some nurse.

'Our fortress stood on an elevated spot, and there was a lovely view from the wall: on one side a wide plain, broken by ravines, extended to the woods, which clad the mountain from the foot to the summit. Here and there the Circassian huts were smoking, herds were grazing; on the other side a thin river flowed, and over it hung bushes, covering the stony eminences, which united into the principal chain of the Caucasus. We sat at the corner of the bastion, so as to see both sides. All at once I espied a person emerging from the trees of the wood, on a grey horse; he came nearer and nearer, and stopped on that side of the river at about a hundred yards from us, and began to circle round and parade his horse as if possessed.

'What the deuce was that?—"Look there, Bela," said I; "you have younger eyes; what Jiget is that? and whom has he come to amuse?"

'She looked, and exclaimed: "It is Kasbitch!"

'"Oh, the robber! does he come here to insult us?"—I looked more intently; it was really Kasbitch with his dark face; ragged and dirty as ever.—

Digitized by Google

'Наконе́цъ я ей сказа́лъ: "хо́чешь, пойдёмъ прогуля́ться на валъ? пого́да сла́вная!"

'Это бы́ло въ Сентябрѣ́. И то́чно, день былъ чуде́сный, свѣ́тлый и не жа́ркій; всѣ го́ры ви́дны бы́ли какъ на блю́дечкѣ. Мы пошли́, походи́ли по крѣпостно́му ва́лу взадъ и впередъ, мо́лча; наконе́цъ она́ сѣ́ла на дёрнъ, и я сѣлъ во́злѣ нея́. Ну, пра́во, вспо́мнить смѣ́шно: я бѣ́галъ за не́ю, то́чно кака́я нибу́дь ня́нька.

'Крѣ́пость на́ша стоя́ла на высо́комъ мѣ́стѣ, и видъ былъ съ ва́ла прекра́сный: съ одно́й стороны́ широ́кая поля́на, изры́тая нѣсколькими ба́лками*, ока́нчивалась лѣ́сомъ, кото́рый тяну́лся до са́маго хребта́ горъ; кое-гдѣ́ на ней дыми́лись а́улы, ходи́ли табуны́; съ друго́й бѣжа́ла ме́лкая рѣ́чка, и къ ней примыка́лъ ча́стый куста́рникъ, покры́вавшій кремни́стыя возвы́шенности, кото́рыя соединя́лись съ гла́вной цѣ́пью Кавка́за. Мы сидѣ́ли на углу́ бастіо́на, такъ что въ о́бѣ сто́роны могли́ ви́дѣть всё. Вотъ, смотрю́: изъ лѣ́са выѣзжа́етъ кто́-то на сѣ́рой ло́шади, всё бли́же и бли́же, и наконе́цъ останови́лся по ту сто́рону рѣ́чки саже́няхъ во сто отъ насъ, и на́чалъ кружи́ть ло́шадь свою́ какъ бѣ́шеный.

'Что за при́тча!... "Посмотри́-ка Бе́ла," сказа́лъ я: "у тебя́ глаза́ молоды́е, что э́то за джигитъ: кого́ онъ пріѣ́халъ тѣши́ть?..."

'Она́ взгляну́ла, и вскри́кнула: "э́то Ка́збичъ!"

'"Ахъ онъ разбо́йникъ! смѣ́яться что́-ли пріѣ́халъ надъ на́ми?" — Всма́триваюсь, то́чно Ка́збичъ: его́ сму́глая ро́жа, обо́рванный, гря́зный какъ всегда́.—

* Овра́ги.

Digitized by Google

"That is father's horse," said Bela, grasping me by the hand; she trembled like a leaf, and her eyes sparkled. "Oho!" thought I, "even in you, darling, the robber blood does not keep silent."

'"Come here," said I to the sentry: "take aim, and shoot that fellow down—if you hit him you shall have a rouble." "Yes, your honour, but he does not stand still..." "Then order him to stop," said I, smiling.—"Hallo, friend!" shouted the sentry, beckoning with his hand: "wait a little; why do you twist like a top?" Kasbitch actually stopped and listened: probably he thought we were going to begin a parley with him—to be sure! My grenadier took aim...bang!...missed him;—as soon as the smoke from the powder cleared off, Kasbitch spurred his horse and made it jump aside; then he rose in his stirrups, shouted something in his own language, raised his whip in a threatening manner and disappeared.

'"Are you not ashamed?" said I to the sentry.

'"Your honour! he went away to die," answered he; "we cannot kill such damned creatures with one shot."

'About fifteen minutes after, Petchorin returned from his hunting. Bela threw herself on his neck, and there was not a complaint, or reproach, for his long absence. But I was quite angry with him.—"Listen!" said I; "Kasbitch has just been here on the other bank of the river, and we took a shot at him. Think now, was he not near falling in with you? Those mountaineers are vindictive fellows, and do you think he has not guessed that you had a hand with Asamat? I would wager that he has

Digitized by Google

"Это лошадь отца моего," сказала Бела, схвативъ меня за руку; она дрожала какъ листъ, и глаза ея сверкали.— "Ага!" подумалъ я: "и въ тебѣ, душенька, не молчитъ разбойничья кровь!"

'"Подойди-ка сюда," сказалъ я часовому: "смотри ружьё, да сади мнѣ этого молодца—получишь рубль серебромъ."—"Слушаю, ваше высокоблагородіе; только онъ не стоитъ на мѣстѣ..."—"Прикажи!" сказалъ я, смѣясь.—"Эй! любезный!" закричалъ часовой, махая ему рукой: "подожди маленько, что ты крутишься, какъ волчёкъ?" Казбичъ остановился въ самомъ дѣлѣ и сталъ вслушиваться: вѣрно, думалъ, что съ нимъ заводятъ переговоры—какъ не такъ!... Мой гренадеръ приложился... бацъ!... мимо;—только-что порохъ на полкѣ вспыхнулъ, Казбичъ толкнулъ лошадь, и она дала скачёкъ въ сторону. Онъ привсталъ въ стременахъ, крикнулъ что-то по своему, погрозилъ нагайкой—и былъ таковъ.

'"Какъ тебѣ не стыдно!" сказалъ я часовому.

'"Ваше высокоблагородіе! умирать отправился," отвѣчалъ онъ; "такой проклятый народъ, съ разу не убьёшь."

'Четверть часа спустя, Печоринъ вернулся съ охоты. Бела бросилась ему на шею, и ни одной жалобы, ни одного упрёка за долгое отсутствіе... Даже я ужъ на него разсердился.—"Помилуйте," говорилъ я: "вѣдь вотъ сейчасъ тутъ былъ за рѣчкою Казбичъ, и мы по нёмъ стрѣляли; ну, долго ли вамъ на него наткнуться? Эти горцы народъ мстительный; вы думаете, онъ не догадывается, что вы частію помогли Азамату? А я бьюсь объ закладъ, что

Digitized by Google

recognized Bela to-day. I know that he fell desperately in love with her last year—he told me so himself—and he would certainly have wooed her if he could have got a respectable dowry." Petchorin became thoughtful. "Yes," he replied, "we must be more careful... Bela, from to-day you must not walk on the walls of the fortress."

'In the evening I had a long explanation with him: I was grieved to see how he changed towards the poor girl, for it was not only that he spent half the day in shooting, but his behaviour towards her was cold; he seldom patted her now. She began to fade noticeably, her little face became longer, and her large eyes were clouded. How often did I ask her, "Why do you sigh, Bela? Are you sad?" "No." "Have you any wish?" "No." "Do you long for your kinsfolk?" "I have no kin." Why, for days I could get no other answer from her than "yes" or "no."

'It was about this that I began to speak to him. "Listen to me, Maxim Maximitch," he replied; "I have a bad temper—whether it is education made me so, or God created me so, I do not know—I know only that if I am the cause of misfortune to other people, I am myself none the less miserable. This is, of course, poor comfort—but the fact is, that it is so. In my earliest youth, from the moment I ceased to be under the care of my parents, I gave myself up passionately to all the enjoyments which can be bought for money, and those enjoyments, of course, soon became loathsome to me.

Digitized by Google

ныньче онъ узнáлъ Бэлу. Я знáю, что годъ тому назáдъ онá ему бóльно нрáвилась—онъ мнѣ самъ говорúлъ—и éслибъ надѣялся собрáть порядочный калымъ, то вѣрно бы посвáтался..." Тутъ Печóринъ задумался.—"Да," отвѣчáлъ онъ: "нáдо быть осторóжнѣе... Бэла съ нынѣшняго дня ты не должнá бóлѣе ходúть на крѣпостный валъ."

'Вéчеромъ я имѣлъ съ нимъ длúнное объяснéніе: мнѣ было досáдно, что онъ перемѣнился къ этой бѣдной дѣвочкѣ; крóмѣ тогó, что онъ половúну дня проводúлъ на охóтѣ, егó обращéніе стáло хóлодно, ласкáлъ онъ её рѣдко, и онá замѣтно начинáла сóхнуть, лúчико ея вытянулось, большіе глазá потускнѣли. Бывáло, спрóсишь: "о чёмъ ты вздохнýла Бэла? ты печáльна?" "Нѣтъ." "Тебѣ чегó нибýдь хóчется?" "Нѣтъ." "Ты тоскýешь по роднúмъ?" "У меня нѣтъ роднúхъ." Случáлось по цѣлымъ днямъ, крóмѣ "да" да "нѣтъ," отъ ней ничегó бóльше не добьёшься.

'Вотъ объ этомъ-то я сталъ ему говорúть. "Послýшайте, Максúмъ Максúмычъ," отвѣчáлъ онъ: "у меня несчáстный харáктеръ: воспитáніе ли меня сдѣлало такúмъ, Богъ ли такъ меня сóздалъ—не знáю; знáю тóлько то, что éсли я причúною несчáстія другúхъ, то и самъ не мéнѣе несчáстливъ. Разумѣется, это имъ плохóе утѣшéніе—тóлько дѣло въ томъ, что это такъ. Въ пéрвой моéй мóлодости, съ той минýты, когдá я вышелъ изъ опéки роднúхъ, я сталъ наслаждáться бѣшено всѣми удовóльствіями, котóрыя мóжно достáть за дéньги, и разумѣется, удовóльствія эти мнѣ опротивѣли.

Digitized by Google

Then I plunged into the fashionable world, but society soon became a bore. I fell in love with fashionable beauties, and was loved by them; but their love only tickled my imagination and vanity, while the heart remained empty...I began to read, to study, but science bored me too; and I saw that neither fame nor happiness comes of it, because the happiest men are the most uneducated, and fame is but luck, and to get it, one need only be cunning. Then I became *blasé*. I was soon transferred to the Caucasus: and this was the happiest time of my life. I had the hope that *ennui* did not exist under the bullets of the Tchetchens: not a bit of it—in a month I was so accustomed to their whistling and to the nearness of death, that indeed I took more notice of gnats, and I felt more lonely than before, for I had lost nearly my last hope. But when I saw Bela for the first time in my house, when for the first time I held her on my knees, and kissed her raven hair, fool that I was, I believed she was an angel, sent to me by the compassion of fate...I was wrong again. The love of a savage is somewhat better than that of a lady of high degree, only the ignorance and simplicity of the one is as tiresome as the coquetry of the other. If you like, I love her yet, I am grateful to her for a few moments sweet enough, and am ready to sacrifice my life for her—but she tires me... Whether I am a fool, or a scoundrel, I do not know; but surely I am as worthy of pity as she; perhaps even more so than she: my soul has been corrupted by the world, my imagination is restless, my heart unsatisfied; everything is small to me. I accustom myself as easily to grief as to

Digitized by Google

Потóмъ пустúлся я въ большóй свѣтъ, и скóро óбщество мнѣ тáкже надоѣ́ло; влюблялся въ свѣ́тскихъ красáвицъ, и былъ любúмъ; но ихъ любóвь тóлько раздражáла моё воображéніе и самолю́біе, а сéрдце остáлось пу́сто... Я сталъ читáть, учúться—нау́ки тáкже надоѣ́ли; я вúдѣлъ, что ни слáва, ни счáстье отъ нихъ не завúсятъ нисколько, потому́ что сáмые счастлúвые лю́ди—невѣ́жды, а слáва—удáча, и чтобъ добúться ея́, нáдо тóлько быть лóвкимъ. Тогдá мнѣ стáло ску́чно... Вскóрѣ перевелú менá на Кавкáзъ: óто сáмое счастлúвое врéмя моéй жúзни. Я надѣ́ялся, что ску́ка не живётъ подъ чечéнскими пу́лями—напрáсно: чéрезъ мѣ́сяцъ я такъ привы́къ къ жужжáнію и къ блúзости смéрти, что, прáво, обращáлъ бóльше внимáнія на комарóвъ, и мнѣ стáло скучнѣ́е прéжняго, потому́ что я потерялъ почтú послѣ́днюю надéжду. Когдá я увúдѣлъ Бэ́лу въ своёмъ дóмѣ, когдá въ пéрвый разъ, держá её на колѣ́нахъ, цѣловáлъ ея́ чёрные лóконы, я, глупéцъ, поду́малъ, что онá áнгелъ, пóсланный мнѣ сострадáтельной судьбóй... Я опя́ть ошúбся: лю́бовь дикáрки немнóгимъ лу́чше любвú знáтной бáрыни; невѣ́жество и простосердéчіе однóй тáкже надоѣдáютъ, какъ и кокéтство другóй. Если вы хотúте, я её еще люблю́, я ей благодáренъ за нѣ́сколько мину́тъ довóльно слáдкихъ, я за неё отдáмъ жизнь—тóлько мнѣ съ нéю ску́чно... Глупéцъ я, úли злодѣ́й—не знáю; но то вѣ́рно, что я тáкже óчень достóинъ сожалѣ́нія, мóжетъ быть бóльше, нéжели онá: во мнѣ душá испóрчена свѣ́томъ, воображéніе безпокóйное, сéрдце ненасы́тное; мнѣ всё мáло; къ печáли я тáкже легкó

Digitized by Google

enjoyment; thus my life becomes more empty from day to day; one thing only remains to try—travel. As soon as I can, I will start—but not for Europe, God forbid! I will go to America, to Arabia, to India; perhaps I may meet death somewhere on the way! I am at least fully satisfied that that last comfort will not be long delayed, by help of storms and bad roads." Thus he went on talking for a long while, and his words became deeply engraven in my memory; for it was the first time that I heard such things from a young man of twenty-five. I hope to heaven it is the last... How curious! Tell me, Sir,' the Captain continued, addressing me: 'you have likewise lived in town, and not so long ago—are all the young men there like that?'

I replied that there are many people who spoke just in the same way, and that there are probably some among them who speak the truth; but that the weariness of life had gone over, like all fashions, from the higher ranks of society to the lower orders, who now indulge that feeling; and that at present, those who really feel themselves bored to the utmost conceal this misfortune as if it were a vice. The Captain did not understand those niceties, shook his head, and smiled knowingly.

'Is it not the French who have introduced the fashion of being bored?'

'No, the English.'

'Aha, you see...' he answered, 'because they have always been the hardest drunkards!'

Involuntarily I remembered a lady in Moscow

Digitized by Google

привыка́ю, какъ наслажде́нію, и жизнь моя́ стано́вится пусте́е день отъ дня; мнѣ оста́лось одно́ сре́дство: путеше́ствовать. Какъ то́лько бу́детъ мо́жно, отпра́влюсь —то́лько не въ Евро́пу, изба́ви Бо́же!—пое́ду въ Аме́рику, въ Ара́вію, въ Индію—аво́сь гдѣ нибу́дь умру́ на доро́гѣ! По кра́йней мѣ́рѣ, я увѣ́ренъ, что э́то послѣ́днее утѣше́ніе не ско́ро истоща́тся, съ по́мощію бурь и дурны́хъ доро́гъ." Такъ онъ говори́лъ до́лго, и его́ слова́ врѣ́зались у меня́ въ па́мяти, потому́ что въ пе́рвый разъ я слы́шалъ такія ве́щи отъ двадцати-пяти-лѣ́тняго человѣ́ка, и Богъ дастъ въ послѣ́дній... Что́ за ди́во! Скажи́те-ка, пожа́луста,' продолжа́лъ штабсъ-капита́нъ, обраща́ясь ко мнѣ: 'вы вотъ, ка́жется, быва́ли въ столи́цѣ, и неда́вно—неу́жто та́мошняя молодёжь вся такова́?'

Я отвѣча́лъ, что мно́го есть лю́дей, говоря́щихъ то же са́мое; что есть, вѣроя́тно, и такіе, кото́рые говоря́тъ пра́вду; что впро́чемъ разочарова́ніе, какъ всѣ мо́ды, на́чавъ съ вы́сшихъ слоёвъ о́бщества, спусти́лось къ ни́зшимъ, кото́рые его́ дона́шиваютъ, и что ны́ньче тѣ, кото́рые бо́льше всѣхъ и въ са́момъ дѣ́лѣ скуча́ютъ, стара́ются скрыть э́то несча́стіе, какъ поро́къ.—Штабсъ-капита́нъ не по́нялъ э́тихъ то́нкостей, покача́лъ голово́ю и улыбну́лся лука́во.

'А всё, чай, францу́зы ввели́ мо́ду скуча́ть?'

'Нѣтъ, анчлича́не.'

'Ага́, вотъ что!...' отвѣча́лъ онъ: 'да вѣдь они́ всегда́ бы́ли отъя́вленные пья́ницы!'

Я нево́льно вспо́мнилъ объ одно́й моско́вской ба́рынѣ,

Digitized by Google

who assured me that Byron was nothing more than a drunkard. However, the remark of the Captain was more excusable: for in order to abstain more easily from the use of wine, he as a matter of course tried to persuade himself that all mischief in the world proceeded from drunkenness.

Meanwhile he continued his narrative thus:

'Kasbitch appeared no more. Yet I do not know why; I could not get rid of the idea that he had not come without a purpose, and that he was brewing some mischief.

'Once, Petchorin persuaded me to go after boar with him. I refused for a long time: what novelty was a boar to me? Still he carried me off with him. We took some half a dozen soldiers with us and started early in the morning. Till ten o'clock we beat the reeds and the forest—not a beast to be found. "Bah! let us return," said I. "What is the use of persisting? It's clear there is no luck to-day." But Gregory Alexandrovitch, in spite of heat and weariness, would not return without booty... That was the kind of man he was. Whenever he thought of a thing he must have it; he evidently had been spoiled in his infancy by his mamma... At last, by noon, we fell in with a damned boar—puff! puff! he was gone; he disappeared in the reeds... Such an unlucky day it was. We sat down to rest a little, and began to return home.

'We rode on in silence; slackened the rein, and were soon near the fortress; but the bushes hid it from us. Suddenly there was a report! We looked at one another: the same suspicion struck us... Without delay we galloped in the direction of the shot, we saw

Digitized by Google

котóрая утверждáла, что Бáйронъ былъ бóльше ничегó, какъ пьяница. Впрóчемъ, замѣчáніе штабсъ-капитáна бы́ло извини́тельнѣе: чтобъ воздержáться отъ винá, онъ конéчно, старáлся увѣ́рять себя́, что всѣ въ мірѣ несчáстія происхóдятъ отъ пьянства.

Мéжду тѣмъ онъ продолжáлъ свой разскáзъ такимъ óбразомъ:

'Кáзбичъ не являлся снóва. Тóлько, не знáю почему́, я не могъ вы́бить изъ головы́ мысль, что онъ не дáромъ пріѣзжáлъ и затѣвáетъ что-нибу́дь худóе.

'Вотъ, разъ уговáриваетъ менá Печóринъ ѣ́хать съ нимъ на кабанá; я дóлго отнѣ́кивался: ну, что мнѣ́ былъ за дикóвинка кабáнъ! Однáко жъ утащи́лъ-такú онъ менá съ собóю. Мы взя́ли человѣ́къ пять солдáтъ и уѣ́хали рáно у́тромъ. До десяти́ часóвъ шныря́ли по камышáмъ и пó лѣсу—нѣтъ звѣ́ря. "Эй, не вороти́ться ли?" говори́лъ я. "Къ чему́ упрáмиться? Ужъ, ви́дно, такóй задался несчáстный день!" Тóлько Григóрій Алексáндровичъ, не смотря́ на зной и устáлость, не хотѣ́лъ вороти́ться безъ добы́чи... Такóвъ ужъ былъ человѣ́къ: что заду́маетъ—подавáй; ви́дно, въ дѣ́тствѣ былъ мáменькой избалóванъ...—Наконéцъ въ пóлдень отыскáли проклятаго кабанá—пафъ! пафъ! не ту́тъ-то бы́ло: ушёлъ въ камыши́... такóй ужъ былъ несчáстный день!... Вотъ мы, отдохну́въ малéнько, отпрáвились домóй.

'Мы ѣ́хали рядомъ, мóлча, распусти́въ повóдья, и бы́ли ужъ почти́ у сáмой крѣ́пости; тóлько кустáрникъ закрывáлъ её отъ насъ. Вдругъ вы́стрѣлъ... Мы взгляну́ли другъ на дру́га: насъ поразúло одинáковое подозрѣ́ніе... Опромéтью поскакáли мы на вы́стрѣлъ—смóтримъ:

Digitized by Google

that on the wall the soldiers had gathered in a knot, pointing to the plain, and there a horseman was off at full speed, carrying something white on his saddle. Gregory Alexandrovitch shouted like a Tchetchen, took his gun out of the cover, and off, I after him.

'Fortunately, our horses were not much fatigued, because of our fruitless hunt: we put them to their speed, and every moment brought us nearer and nearer... At last I recognized Kasbitch, but I could not yet exactly discern what he carried before him. I just caught up with Petchorin and shouted to him: "It is Kasbitch!..." He looked at me, nodded and struck his horse with the whip.

'At last we were within a musket shot of Kasbitch; whether his horse was weary, or inferior to ours, in spite of all his efforts it did not run well. I think he remembered his Karagyoz at this moment.

'I saw that Petchorin took aim on the gallop. "Do not shoot!" I exclaimed; "spare your charge: we shall reach him surely." But such is youth; it always carries us away at the wrong time.... The gun went off, and the ball struck the hind feet of the horse: in its pain it made a few leaps more, stumbled and fell on its knees. Kasbitch jumped off, and then we saw he held in his arms a female covered with a veil... It was Bela! poor Bela!

'He shouted something in his language and brandished his dagger at her... There was no time to be lost, and I in my turn shot, at random; the bullet

Digitized by Google

на валу́ солда́ты собрали́сь въ ку́чу и ука́зываютъ въ по́ле, а тамъ лети́тъ стремгла́въ всадникъ и де́ржитъ что́-то бѣ́лое на сѣдлѣ́. Григо́рій Алекса́ндровичъ взви́згнулъ не ху́же любя́го чече́нца; ружьё изъ чехла́—и туда́; я за нимъ.

'Къ сча́стью, по причи́нѣ неуда́чной охо́ты, на́ши ко́ни не́ были изму́чены: они́ рва́лись изъ-подъ сѣдла́ и съ ка́ждымъ мгнове́ніемъ мы бы́ли всё бли́же и бли́же... И наконе́цъ я узна́лъ Казбича́, то́лько не могъ разобра́ть, что тако́е онъ держа́лъ пе́редъ собо́ю. Я тогда́ поравня́лся съ Печо́ринымъ и кричу́ ему́: "Это Ка́збичъ!..." Онъ посмотрѣ́лъ на меня́, кивну́лъ голово́ю, и уда́рилъ коня́ плѣ́тью.

'Вотъ наконе́цъ мы бы́ли ужъ отъ него́ на ружѣ́йный вы́стрѣлъ; изму́чена ли была́ у Казбича́ ло́шадь, и́ли ху́же на́шихъ, то́лько, не смотря́ на всѣ́ его́ стара́нія, она́ не бо́льно подвига́лась впередъ. Я ду́маю, въ э́ту мину́ту онъ вспо́мнилъ своего́ Карагёза.

'Смотрю́: Печо́ринъ на скаку́ приложи́лся изъ ружья́... "Не стрѣля́йте!" кри́кнуль я ему́: "берегите́ зара́дъ; мы и такъ его́ дого́нимъ." Ужъ э́та молодёжъ! вѣ́чно некста́ти горячи́тся... Но вы́стрѣлъ разда́лся и пу́ля переби́ла за́днюю но́гу ло́шади: она́ сгоряча́ сдѣ́лала ещё прыжко́въ десятокъ, споткну́лась и упа́ла на колѣ́ни. Ка́збичъ соскочи́лъ, и тогда́ мы уви́дѣли, что онъ держа́лъ на рука́хъ свои́хъ же́нщину, оку́танную чадро́ю... Это была́ Бэ́ла! бѣ́дная Бэ́ла!

'Онъ что́-то намъ закрича́лъ по-сво́ему и занёсъ надъ не́ю кинжа́лъ... Ме́длить бы́ло не́чего: я вы́стрѣлилъ въ свою́ о́чередь, на уда́чу; вѣ́рно пу́ля

Digitized by Google

probably struck his shoulder, for his arm dropped suddenly. When the smoke cleared off, the wounded horse lay on the ground, and close to it Bela; but Kasbitch, who had thrown away his musket in the bushes, was climbing the rock like a cat. I wished I could have shot him down, but my gun was not loaded. We jumped off our horses and hastened to Bela. Poor girl! she lay senseless, and blood was pouring in streams from a wound... The brute! Had he at least stabbed her in the heart—well if it must be, it would have been all over, but to stab her in the back!... It was indeed the act of a brigand. She was quite senseless. We tore off her veil, and dressed the wound as well as we could. In vain did Petchorin kiss her cold lips—nothing could bring her to.

'Petchorin mounted his horse; I raised her from the ground, and put her as well as I could in the saddle; he held her with one arm, and we rode home. After a minute Gregory Alexandrovitch said to me: "Listen, Maxim Maximitch: we shall never bring her home alive like this." "It is true!" said I: so we pressed our horses to full speed. At the gates of the fortress a crowd of people awaited us. We carried the wounded girl with the greatest care to Petchorin's house and sent for the surgeon. Though he was drunk, he nevertheless came and examined the wound, and declared she could not live longer than a day; but he was mistaken...'

'Did she recover?' I asked, taking the Captain by the hand and instinctively showing my joy.

Digitized by Google

попа́ла ему́ въ плечо́, потому́ что вдругъ онъ опусти́лъ ру́ку. Когда́ дымъ разсѣ́ялся, на землѣ́ лежа́ла ра́неная ло́шадь и во́злѣ нея́ Бе́ла; а Ка́збичъ, бро́сивъ ружьё, по куста́рникамъ, то́чно ко́шка, кара́бкался на утёсъ. Хотѣ́лось мнѣ́ его́ снять отту́да—да не́ было заря́да гото́ваго! Мы соскочи́ли съ лошадёй и ки́нулись къ Бе́лѣ. Бѣдня́жка, она́ лежа́ла неподви́жно и кровь лила́сь изъ ра́ны ручья́ми... Тако́й злодѣ́й! хоть бы въ се́рдце уда́рилъ—ну, такъ ужъ и быть, одни́мъ ра́зомъ всё бы ко́нчилъ, а то въ спи́ну... са́мый разбо́йничій уда́ръ! Она́ была́ безъ па́мяти. Мы изорва́ли чадру́ и перевяза́ли ра́ну какъ мо́жно ту́же. Напра́сно Печо́ринъ цѣлова́лъ ея́ холо́дныя гу́бы—ничто́ не могло́ привести́ её въ себя́.

'Печо́ринъ сѣлъ верхо́мъ; я по́днялъ её съ земли́ и кое-какъ посади́лъ къ нему́ на сѣдло́; онъ обхвати́лъ её руко́й, и мы пое́хали наза́дъ. По́слѣ нѣсколькихъ мину́тъ молча́нія, Григо́рій Алекса́ндровичъ сказа́лъ мнѣ: "Послу́шайте, Макси́мъ Макси́мычъ, мы э́такъ её не довезёмъ живу́ю."—"Пра́вда!" сказа́лъ я, и мы пусти́ли лошадёй во весь духъ.—Насъ у воро́тъ крѣ́пости ожида́ла толпа́ наро́да. Осторо́жно перенесли́ мы ра́неную къ Печо́рину и посла́ли за ле́каремъ. Онъ былъ хотя́ пьянъ, но пришёлъ, осмотрѣ́лъ ра́ну и объя́вилъ, что она́ бо́льше дня жить не мо́жетъ; то́лько онъ оши́бся...'

'Вы́здоровѣла?' спроси́лъ я у штабсъ-капита́на, схвати́въ его́ за́ руку и нево́льно обра́довавшись.

Digitized by Google

'No,' he replied; 'but the surgeon was so far mistaken that she lingered for two days longer.'

'But tell me, how could Kasbitch get hold of her?'

'It happened thus: in spite of Petchorin's prohibition, she walked out of the fortress to the little river. You must know it was very hot; she sat down on a stone, and put her feet into the water. Then Kasbitch, who had been on the look-out, sneaked slowly up to her, suddenly seized her, stopped her mouth with his hand, dragged her to the thicket, where his horse was hidden, vaulted on it and galloped off. However, she succeeded in shrieking, which aroused our guards; they shot, but missed him, when we came on the scene.'

'But why did Kasbitch wish to carry her away?'

'Why! the Circassians are a notorious race of robbers; whatever they can reach, they can't keep their hands off; this or that may be of no use, but they carry everything away; well, I must excuse them. And besides, you must know he had been in love with her a long time before.'

'And Bela died?'

'She died, but only after long suffering, and we suffered with her in our turn. About ten o'clock in the evening she returned to consciousness; we sat at her bedside, and as she opened her eyes she called for Petchorin. "I am here, close to you, my darling," said he, and took her hand.

'"I am dying!" she said.

'We tried to comfort her: and told her the surgeon had promised to cure her speedily. She shook her head and turned to the wall; she did not wish to die!...

Digitized by Google

'Нѣтъ,' отвѣчалъ онъ:—'а ошибся лекарь тѣмъ, что она ещё два дня прожила.'

'Да объясните мнѣ, какимъ образомъ её похитилъ Казбичъ.'

'А вотъ какъ: не смотря на запрещеніе Печорина, она вышла изъ крѣпости къ рѣчкѣ. Было, знаете, очень жарко; она сѣла на камень и опустила ноги въ воду. Вотъ Казбичъ подкрался—цапъ-царапъ её, зажалъ ротъ и потащилъ въ кусты, а тамъ вскочилъ на коня, да и тягу. Она, между тѣмъ, успѣла закричать; часовые всполошились, выстрѣлили, да мимо, а мы тутъ и подоспѣли.'

'Да зачѣмъ Казбичъ её хотѣлъ увезти?'

'Помилуйте! да эти черкесы извѣстный воровской народъ: что плохо лежитъ, не могутъ не стянуть; другое и не нужно, а всё украдетъ... ужъ въ этомъ прошу ихъ извинить! Да притомъ она ему давно-таки нравилась.'

'И Бэла умерла?'

'Умерла; только долго мучилась, и мы ужъ съ нею измучились порядкомъ. Около десяти часовъ вечера она пришла въ себя; мы сидѣли у постели; только что она открыла глаза, начала звать Печорина.—"Я здѣсь, подлѣ тебя, моя джанечка" (то есть, по-нашему, душенька), отвѣчалъ онъ, взявъ её за руку.

'"Я умру!" сказала она.

'Мы начали её утѣшать: говорили, что лекарь обѣщалъ её вылечить непремѣнно. Она покачала головой и отвернулась къ стѣнѣ: ей не хотѣлось умирать!...

Digitized by Google

'At night she became delirious; her head was burning; whilst at times fits of fever shook all her body. She spoke in a disconnected way about her father, her brother; she wished to return to her mountains, to her home... Then again she spoke of Petchorin, called him by the most endearing names, or reproached him that he did not love his darling any more.

'He listened to her in silence, holding his head in his hands; but all the time I did not notice a single tear in his eyes: was he really unable to weep? or did he restrain himself?—I do not know;—as for me, never in my life did I see a more piteous scene.

'Towards morning the delirium had abated; for an hour she lay motionless, pale, and in such weakness, that we could scarcely perceive that she still breathed; then she felt a little better, and began to speak, and of what do you think?... Such an idea could really only cross the mind of a dying person!... She began to lament that she was not a Christian, and that her soul would not meet the soul of Gregory Alexandrovitch in the other world, and that another woman would be his wife in paradise. It came into my head to christen her before she died: I proposed it to her; she looked at me irresolutely, and for a long time could not speak a word; at last she said she would die in the same faith in which she had been born. Thus passed all the day. How she had altered in that one day! The pale cheeks had sunk, the eyes appeared large, so large; the lips glowed; she felt an internal heat, as if red-hot iron lay in her chest.

Digitized by Google

'Нóчью онá началá брéдить; головá ея́ горéла; по всему́ тéлу иногдá пробѣгáла дрожь лихорáдки. Онá говори́ла несвáзныя рéчи объ отцѣ́, брáтѣ; ей хотѣ́лось въ гóры, домóй... Потóмъ онá тáкже говори́ла о Печóринѣ, давáла ему́ рáзныя нѣ́жныя назвáнія, и́ли упрекáла его́ въ томъ, что онъ разлюби́лъ свою́ джáнечку.

'Онъ слу́шалъ её мóлча опусти́въ гóлову нá руки; но тóлько я во всё врéмя не замѣ́тилъ ни однóй слезы́ на рѣсни́цахъ его́: въ сáмомъ ли дѣ́лѣ онъ не могъ плáкать, и́ли владѣ́лъ собóю—не знáю; что до менá, то я ничегó жáльче э́того не видáлъ.

'Къ утру́ бредъ прошёлъ; съ часъ онá лежáла неподви́жная, блѣ́дная, и въ такóй слáбости, что едвá мóжно бы́ло замѣ́тить, что онá ды́шетъ; потóмъ ей стáло лу́чше, и онá началá говори́ть, тóлько, какъ вы ду́маете, о чёмъ?... Этакая мысль придётъ вѣдь тóлько умирáющему!... Началá печáлиться о томъ что онá не христіáнка, и что на томъ свѣ́тѣ душá ея́ никогдá не встрѣ́титься съ душóю Григóрья Алексáндровича, и что иная жéнщина бу́детъ въ раю́ его́ подру́гой. Мнѣ пришлó на мысль окрести́ть её перéдъ смéртью: я ей э́то предложи́лъ; онá посмотрѣ́ла на менá въ нерѣши́мости и дóлго не моглá слóва вы́молвить; наконéцъ отвѣчáла, что онá умрётъ въ той вѣ́рѣ, въ какóй родилáсь. Такъ прошёлъ цѣ́лый день. Какъ онá перемѣни́лась въ э́тотъ день! Блѣ́дныя щёки впáли, глазá сдѣ́лались большíе, большíе; гу́бы горѣ́ли; онá чу́вствовала вну́тренній жаръ, какъ бу́дто въ груди́ у ней лежáло раскалённое желѣ́зо.

Digitized by Google

'The second night came; we did not close our eyes, nor leave her bed. She suffered dreadfully and moaned, and as often as the pain abated a little, she tried to persuade Gregory Alexandrovitch that she was better; she entreated him to go to rest, kissed his hand, and would not let it go out of hers. Before the morning she began to feel the agonies of death; she became restless, and tore the bandages from the wound, so that the blood began again to flow. When we had dressed her wound she became quiet for a moment, and asked Petchorin to kiss her. He knelt down before her bed, raised her head a little from the pillow, and pressed his lips on her lips now growing cold: she clung fast to his neck with her trembling hands, as if with that kiss she wished to transfer her soul into his... Nay, it was better for her to die! What would have become of her, had Gregory Alexandrovitch forsaken her? And yet sooner or later, he would have done it...

'The first half of the following day she remained quiet, and obedient, no matter how our doctor tortured her with fomentations and draughts. "Now, doctor," said I to him, "you told me she must die; why, then, do you torment her with your prescriptions?" "Well," said he, "after all it is better to do it, to ease one's conscience!"—A pretty conscience that!

'In the afternoon she began to feel a burning thirst. We opened the windows, but it was warmer outside than in the room; we put ice by the bed—it did not relieve her. I knew that this burning thirst was the sign of her approaching end, and told Petchorin so.

Digitized by Google

'Настáла другáя ночь; мы не смыкáли глаз, не отходúли отъ ея постéли. Онá ужáсно мýчилась, стонáла, и тóлько-что боль начинáла утихáть, онá старáлась увѣрить Григóрья Алексáндровича, что ей лýчше, уговáривала егó идтú спать, цѣловáла егó рýку, не выпускáла ея изъ своúхъ. Перéдъ ýтромъ стáла онá чýвствовать тоскý смéрти, началá метáться, сбúла перевязку и кровь потеклá снóва. Когдá перевязáли рáну, онá на минýту успокóилась и началá просúть Печóрина, чтобъ онъ её поцѣловáлъ. Онъ сталъ на колѣни вóзлѣ кровáти, припóднялъ ея гóлову съ подýшки и прижáлъ своú гýбы къ ея холодѣющимъ губáмъ: онá крѣпко обвúла егó шéю дрожáщими рукáми, бýдто въ ѳтомъ поцѣлýѣ хотѣла передáть емý свою дýшу... Нѣтъ, онá хорошó сдѣлала, что умерлá! Ну, чтò бы съ ней стáлось, éсли бъ Григóрій Алексáндровичъ её покúнулъ? А ѳто бы случúлось рáно úли пóздно...

'Половúну слѣдующаго дня онá былá тихá, молчалúва, и послýшна, какъ ни мýчилъ её нашъ лéкарь припáрками и микстýрой.—"Помúлуйте!" говорúлъ я емý: "вѣдь вы сáми сказáли, что онá умрётъ непремѣнно, такъ зачѣмъ тутъ всѣ вáши препарáты?"—"Всётаки лýчше, Максúмъ Максúмычъ," отвѣчáлъ онъ: "чтобъ сóвѣсть былá покóйна."—Хорошá сóвѣсть!

'Пóслѣ полýдня онá началá томúться жáждой. Мы отворúли óкна, но на дворѣ бúло жáрче, чѣмъ въ кóмнатѣ; постáвили льду óколо кровáти—ничегó не помогáло. Я зналъ, что ѳта невыносúмая жáжда—прúзнакъ приближéнія концá, и сказáлъ ѳто Печóрину.

Digitized by Google

'"Water, water!" said she, with a hoarse voice, raising herself from the bed.

'He turned pale as a sheet, took a glass, filled it, and gave it to her. I held my hands before my eyes and said a prayer—I do not remember what. Yes, my dear Sir, I have often seen how men die in the hospitals and on the battle-field; but it was quite different—quite different.... I must confess one thing, which makes me sad: she never mentioned me before her death, and yet, look you, I had loved her like a father. Well, God have mercy upon her!... To say the truth, what was I to her, that she should have remembered me before her death?

'No sooner had she drunk the water than she felt relieved; three minutes later, she was dead. We held a mirror before her mouth—it was undimmed....

'I led Petchorin out of the room; we went on the wall of the fortress; for a long time we walked to and fro, not speaking a word, clasping our hands behind our backs; his face showed not the slightest emotion, and I grew vexed; I, in his place, should have died of grief. At last he sat down on the ground, in the shade, and began to trace something in the sand with his stick. I wanted to console him, more for duty's sake, you know, but when I began to speak he raised his head and smiled. A shiver went over my skin at that smile...and so I went to have the grave prepared.

'I must confess I busied myself with this partly to occupy my thoughts. I had a piece of costly Circassian stuff; I covered her coffin, and adorned it with Circassian silver lace which Gregory Alexandrovitch had bought for her.

Digitized by Google

‘“Воды́, воды́!...” говори́ла она́ хри́плымъ го́лосомъ, приподня́вшись съ посте́ли.

‘Онъ сдѣ́лался блѣ́денъ какъ полотно́, схвати́лъ стака́нъ, на́лилъ и по́далъ ей. Я закры́лъ глаза́ рука́ми и сталъ чита́ть моли́тву—не по́мню каку́ю... Да, ба́тюшка, вида́лъ я мно́го, какъ лю́ди умира́ютъ въ го́спиталяхъ и на по́лѣ сраже́нія, то́лько э́то всё не то, совсѣ́мъ не то!... Ещё, призна́ться, меня́ вотъ что печа́литъ: она́ пе́редъ сме́ртью ни ра́зу не вспо́мнила обо́ мнѣ; а, ка́жется, я её люби́лъ какъ оте́цъ... Ну, да Богъ её прости́тъ!... И впра́вду мо́лвить: что же я та́кое, чтобъ обо́ мнѣ вспомнина́ть пе́редъ сме́ртью?...

‘То́лько-что она́ испила́ воды́, какъ ей ста́ло ле́гче, а мину́ты че́резъ три она́ скончала́сь. Приложи́ли зе́ркало къ губа́мъ—гла́дко!...

‘Я вы́велъ Печо́рина вонъ изъ ко́мнаты и мы пошли́ на крѣпостно́й валъ; до́лго мы ходи́ли взадъ и впередъ ра́домъ, не говоря́ ни сло́ва, загну́въ ру́ки на́ спину; его́ лицо́ ничего́ не выража́ло особеннаго; а мнѣ ста́ло доса́дно: я бы, на его́ мѣ́стѣ, у́меръ съ го́ря. Наконе́цъ онъ сѣлъ на́ землю, въ тѣни́, и на́чалъ что-то черти́ть па́лочкой на пескѣ́. Я, зна́ете, бо́льше для прили́чія, хотѣ́лъ утѣши́ть его́, на́чалъ говори́ть; онъ по́днялъ го́лову и засмѣя́лся... У меня́ моро́зъ пробѣжа́лъ по ко́жѣ отъ э́того смѣ́ха... Я пошёлъ зака́зывать гробъ.

‘Призна́ться, я ча́стію для развлече́нія занялся́ э́тимъ. У меня́ былъ кусо́къ термаламы́, я оби́лъ е́ю гробъ и укра́силъ его́ черке́скими сере́бряными галуна́ми, кото́рыхъ Григо́рій Алекса́ндровичъ накупи́лъ для нея́ же.

Digitized by Google

'On the following day, early in the morning, we buried her outside the fort, by the little river, close to the spot where she had sat for the last time. Around her grave thick bushes of acacia and elder have now grown. I should have liked to place a cross above her remains, but you know, that would not do: you see, she was not a Christian...'

'And what became of Petchorin?' asked I.

'Petchorin was for a long time unwell, the poor fellow's health sank, but all the while we never spoke of Bela. I saw it would have been disagreeable to him, so why should I?—Some three months later he was transferred to the —th regiment and left for Georgia. Since that time we have not met...I merely remember some one told me lately, that he has returned to Russia, yet in the official orders I have not found anything about it. News, however, comes very late to such people as I am.'

Here he began a long rigmarole, how unpleasant it was to get all the news a year late—he enlarged upon this subject evidently in order to suppress the emotion caused by his sad reminiscences.

I neither interrupted him nor listened to his talk.

In an hour we had a chance of going on. The snow-storm had ceased, the sky cleared up, and we put ourselves into movement. But on our way, I once more returned to the history of Bela and Petchorin.

'Have you not heard,' asked I, 'what has become of Kasbitch?'

'Kasbitch? no, indeed, I do not know...I have heard

Digitized by Google

'На другой день рано утромъ мы её похоронили за крѣпостью, у рѣчки, возлѣ того мѣста, гдѣ она въ послѣдній разъ сидѣла: кругомъ ея могилки теперь разрослись кусты бѣлой акаціи и бузины. Я хотѣлъ было поставить крестъ, да, знаете, неловко: всё-таки она была не христіанка...'

'А что Печоринъ?' спросилъ я.

'Печоринъ былъ долго нездоровъ, исхудалъ, бѣдняжка; только никогда съ этихъ поръ мы не говорили о Бэлѣ; я видѣлъ, что это ему будетъ непріятно, такъ зачѣмъ же!—Мѣсяца три спустя, его назначили въ е—й полкъ, и онъ уѣхалъ въ Грузію. Мы съ тѣхъ поръ не встрѣчались... Да, помнится, кто-то недавно мнѣ говорилъ, что онъ возвратился въ Россію, но въ приказахъ по корпусу не было.—Впрочемъ до нашего брата вѣсти поздно доходятъ.'

Тутъ онъ пустился въ длинную диссертацію о томъ, какъ непріятно узнавать новости годомъ позже—вѣроятно для того, чтобъ заглушить печальныя воспоминанія.

Я не перебивалъ его, и не слушалъ.

Черезъ часъ явилась возможность ѣхать; метель утихла, небо прояснилось, и мы отправились. Дорогой невольно я опять завёлъ разговоръ о Бэлѣ и Печоринѣ.

'А не слыхали ли вы, что сдѣлалось съ Казбичёмъ?' спросилъ я.

'Съ Казбичёмъ? А, право, не знаю... Слышалъ я,

Digitized by Google

that there is a brigand among the Shapsughs of the name of Kasbitch, a daring fellow, who slowly rides in his red coat through a shower of bullets and always salutes the whistling balls by a courteous bow, but I do not know whether it is the same man.'

At Kobi I parted with Maxim Maximitch; I took post-horses, and he on account of his heavy baggage could not follow me. We did not expect to meet again, yet we met, and if you like I will relate it: quite a romance...But you must confess that Maxim Maximitch is a man deserving our respect. If you grant this then I am fully rewarded for my perhaps outrageously long story.

Digitized by Google

что на правомъ флангѣ у шапсуговъ есть какой-то Казбичъ, удалецъ, который въ красномъ бешметѣ разъѣзжаетъ шажкомъ подъ нашими выстрѣлами и привѣжливо раскланивается, когда пуля прожужжитъ близко; да врядъ ли это тотъ самый!...'

Въ Кобн мы разстались съ Максимомъ Максимычемъ; я поѣхалъ на почтовыхъ, а онъ, по причинѣ тяжёлой поклажи не могъ за мной слѣдовать. Мы не надѣялись никогда болѣе встрѣтиться, однако встрѣтились, и, если хотите, я разскажу: это цѣлая исторія... Сознайтесь, однако жъ, что Максимъ Максимычъ человѣкъ достойны уваженія?... Если вы сознаетесь въ этомъ, то я вполнѣ буду вознагражденъ за свой, можетъ быть, слишкомъ длинный разсказъ.

Digitized by Google

MAXIM MAXIMITCH

After I had left Maxim Maximitch, I hastened through the valleys of the Terek and Dargal, I breakfasted at Kasbek, drank tea at Larsa, and arrived for supper at Vladikavkas. I spare you the description of the mountains, and all the exclamations, which mean nothing, particularly to those who have not been there; I spare you likewise all the statistical figures, which, after all, no one has the patience to read.

I put up at the inn, where all the travellers are used to stop; still I found nobody there whom I could have ordered to roast a pheasant and to cook some cabbage-soup for me, since the three old soldiers, to whom the care of the house is entrusted, are either so stupid or so drunk, that you cannot get anything from them.

They told me that I had three days to stay here, as the *diligence** had not yet arrived from Yekaterinograd, and therefore could not return thither. What diligence to be sure!...But a bad pun is no consolation for a Russian, and therefore to beguile my time, hit on the idea of writing down what Maxim Maximitch told me of Bela, unaware that it was the first link to a series of stories; you see that sometimes a slight occasion leads to most disastrous consequences!...You do not know perhaps what

* *Okaziya*, a military convoy: see below.

Digitized by Google

МАКСИМЪ МАКСИМЫЧЪ

Разста́вшись съ Макси́момъ Макси́мычемъ, я жи́во проскака́лъ Те́рекское и Дарья́льское ущелія, за́втракалъ въ Казбе́кѣ, чай пилъ въ Ла́рсѣ, а къ у́жину поспѣши́лъ въ Владикавка́зъ. Избавля́ю васъ отъ описа́нія горъ, отъ во́згласовъ, кото́рые ничего́ не изобража́ютъ, осо́бенно для тѣхъ, кото́рые тамъ не́ были, и отъ статисти́ческихъ замѣча́ній, кото́рыхъ рѣши́тельно никто́ чита́ть не ста́нетъ.

Я останови́лся въ гости́нницѣ, гдѣ остана́вливаются всѣ проѣзжіе, и гдѣ ме́жду тѣмъ не́кому велѣ́ть зажа́рить фаза́на и свари́ть щей, и́бо три инвали́да, кото́рымъ она́ поручена́, такъ глу́пы, и́ли такъ пьяны, что отъ нихъ никака́го то́лка нельзя́ доби́ться.

Мнѣ объяви́ли, что я до́лженъ прожи́ть тутъ ещё три дня, и́бо "ока́зія" изъ Екатеринограда ещё не пришла́ и, слѣ́довательно отпра́виться обра́тно не мо́жетъ. Что за ока́зія!... Но дурно́й каламбу́ръ не утѣше́ніе для ру́сскаго человѣ́ка, и я, для развлече́нія, взду́малъ записывать разска́зъ Макси́ма Макси́мыча о Бо́лѣ, не вообража́я, что онъ бу́детъ пе́рвымъ звѣно́мъ длинной цѣпи по́вѣстей; ви́дите, какъ иногда́ малова́жный слу́чай имѣ́етъ жесто́кія послѣ́дствія!... А вы, мо́жетъ быть, не зна́ете, что тако́е

Digitized by Google

an Okaziya is? It is a military convoy, consisting of half a company of infantry, and a cannon, which accompanies the caravans going from Vladikavkas to Yekaterinograd.

The first day I passed in dulness, on the second day early in the morning a vehicle arrived in the court-yard... Ah! Maxim Maximitch!...We met like old friends. I offered him my room; he did not decline my offer, but slapped me on the shoulder and opened his mouth after the manner of a smile. A strange man, indeed!

Maxim Maximitch had a most extensive knowledge of the art of cookery. He roasted a pheasant most astonishingly well, and bathed it in the necessary cucumber juice. I must confess that without him I should have had meagre fare. A bottle of Kaheta wine made us forget the scanty number of our dishes (we had altogether no more than one); we sat down, lighting our pipes, I at the window, he close to the heated stove, for the day was cold and damp. We remained silent, what could we speak of? He had told me already everything of interest he knew, and I had nothing to tell him. I looked out of the window. A great many low huts, dotted along the banks of the Terek, which grows wider and wider, peeped through the trees; further in the background the mountain ranges rose with indented walls of rock, behind which the Kasbek emerged with its white conical cap. I mentally bade them farewell. I was sorry for them...

Thus we sat for a long time. The sun hid himself behind the icy peaks, and a whitish mist began to spread about the valleys, when in the street was heard the tinkling

Digitized by Google

"оказія"? Это—прикрытіе, состоящее изъ полроты пѣхоты и пушки, съ которымъ ходятъ обозы чрезъ Кабарду изъ Владикавказа въ Екатериноградъ.

Первый день я провёлъ очень скучно; на другой, рано утромъ въѣзжаетъ на дворъ повозка... А! Максимъ Максимычъ!... Мы встрѣтились какъ старые пріятели. Я предложилъ ему свою комнату; онъ не церемонился, даже ударилъ меня по плечу и скривилъ ротъ на манеръ улыбки. Такой чудакъ!...

Максимъ Максимычъ имѣлъ глубокія свѣдѣнія въ поварённомъ искусствѣ; онъ удивительно хорошо зажарилъ фазана, удачно полилъ его огурёчнымъ разсоломъ, и я долженъ признаться, что безъ него пришлось бы остаться на сухоядѣніи. Бутылка кахетинскаго помогла намъ забыть о скромномъ числѣ блюдъ, которыхъ было всего одно, и закуривъ трубки, мы усѣлись—я у окна, онъ у затопленной печи, потому что день былъ сырой и холодный. Мы молчали. О чёмъ было намъ говорить?... Онъ ужъ разсказалъ мнѣ о себѣ всё, что было занимательнаго, а мнѣ было нечего разсказывать. Я смотрѣлъ въ окно. Множество низенькихъ домиковъ, разбросанныхъ по берегу Терека, который разбѣгается шире и шире, мелькали изъ-за деревъ, а дальше синѣлись зубчатою стѣною горы изъ-за нихъ выглядывалъ Казбекъ въ своей архирейской шапкѣ. Я съ ними мысленно прощался: мнѣ стало ихъ жалко...

Такъ сидѣли мы долго. Солнце прятало ся за холодныя вершины, и бѣловатый туманъ начиналъ расходиться въ долинахъ, когда на улицѣ раздался звонъ дорожнаго

Digitized by Google

of bells, and the cries of post-boys. Some carts with dirty Armenians rolled into the yard of the inn; behind them followed an empty travelling coach; its light run, comfortable build, and fashionable appearance had something of a foreign look. A man with big moustaches accompanied it; in a sort of Hungarian coat, he was exceedingly well dressed for a lacquey; it was impossible to mistake him from the overbearing manner in which he dashed the ashes from his pipe and scolded the post-boy. Evidently he was the pet servant of an idle master, a kind of a Russian Figaro.—'Tell me, my dear fellow,' cried I from the window, 'is this the convoy?' He gazed pertly at me, arranged his necktie, and turned away; an Armenian, coming behind him, replied smiling for him, and told me that the convoy had just arrived, and was to return to-morrow morning. 'Thank God!' exclaimed Maxim Maximitch, who likewise had just come to the window. 'What a wonderful carriage!' he added: 'probably it is some official going to Tiflis for the inspection. Evidently he does not yet know our mountains. No, my dear fellow, with such a conveyance you cannot get along, it will break down even if it were an English carriage!—But who can it be? Let us go and find out...' And we went into the corridor—at the end of the corridor the door of a side room stood open. The lacquey and the post-boy were dragging the trunks into it.

'Tell me, friend,' asked the Captain, 'whose is this marvellous carriage?... eh?... a beautiful carriage!...' The lacquey mumbled something to himself and began to unpack the trunks without turning to us. Maxim Maximitch

Digitized by Google

колоко́льчика и крикъ извощиковъ. Нѣсколько повозокъ съ грязными армянами въѣхало на дворъ гостинницы и за ними пустая дорожная коляска; ея легкій ходъ, удобное устройство и щегольской видъ имѣли какой-то заграничный отпечатокъ. За нею шёлъ человѣкъ съ большими усами, въ венгеркѣ, довольно хорошо одѣтый для лакея; въ его званіи нельзя было ошибиться, видя ухарскую замашку, съ которою онъ вытряхивалъ золу изъ трубки и покрикивалъ на ямщика. Онъ явно былъ балованный слуга лѣниваго барина—нѣчто въ родѣ русскаго Фигаро.—"Скажи, любезный," закричалъ я ему въ окно, "что это—оказія пришла, что ли?"—Онъ посмотрѣлъ довольно дерзко, поправилъ галстухъ и отвернулся; шедшій возлѣ него армянинъ, улыбаясь, отвѣчалъ за него, что точно пришла оказія и завтра утромъ отправится обратно.—"Слава Богу!" сказалъ Максимъ Максимычъ, подошедшій къ окну въ это время. "Экая чудесная коляска!" прибавилъ онъ: "вѣрно какой нибудь чиновникъ ѣдетъ на слѣдствіе въ Тифлисъ. Видно, не знаетъ нашихъ горокъ? Нѣтъ, шутишь, любезный: онѣ не свой братъ, растрясутъ хоть англійскую!—А кто бы это такое былъ—подойдёмте-ка узнать..." Мы вышли въ корридоръ. Въ концѣ корридора была отворена дверь въ боковую комнату. Лакей съ извощикомъ перетаскивали въ неё чемоданы.

— Послушай, братецъ, спросилъ у него штабсъ-капитанъ: чья эта чудесная коляска?... а?... Прекрасная коляска!... Лакей, не оборачиваясь, бормоталъ что-то про себя, развязывая чемоданъ. Максимъ Максимычъ

Digitized by Google

became angry and slapped the rude fellow on the shoulder, saying: 'I'm speaking to you, my dear fellow.'

'Whose carriage is it?... My master's...'

'And who is your master?'

'Petchorin.'

'What's that? what's that? Petchorin? O my God!... has he not formerly served in the Caucasus?' exclaimed Maxim Maximitch, catching me by the sleeve. His eyes sparkled with joy.

'Yes, so I was told, but I have not been long with him.'

'Yes, yes! Gregory Alexandrovitch; we were friends, your master and I,' added he, whilst he slapped the servant on the shoulder in the most friendly manner, so violently that he staggered.

'Excuse me, Sir; you interrupt me,' said he, frowning.

'Never mind, friend! do you know that your master and I were the best of friends and lived together?...But where is he?'

The servant told him that Petchorin was to sup with Colonel N....and to remain over night with him.

'And won't he come here this evening?' said Maxim Maximitch: 'or you, my dear fellow, will you not be going to him for something or other? If you go, tell him only that Maxim Maximitch is here—just tell him this...he will know. I will give you twopence for a drink.'

The lacquey looked contemptuous when he heard the modest promise, but he assured Maxim Maximitch that he would give his master the message.

Digitized by Google

разсердился: онъ тронулъ неучтивца по плечу и сказалъ: я тебѣ говорю, любезный...

— Чья коляска?... Моего господина...

— А кто твой господинъ?

— Печоринъ.

— Что ты? что ты? Печоринъ?... Ахъ, Боже мой!... да не служилъ ли онъ на Кавказѣ?... воскликнулъ Максимъ Максимычъ, дёрнувъ меня за рукавъ. У него въ глазахъ сверкала радость.

— Служилъ, кажется—да я у нихъ недавно.

— Ну, такъ!... такъ!... Григорій Александровичъ?... Такъ вѣдь его зовутъ... Мы съ твоимъ бариномъ были пріятели, прибавилъ онъ, ударивъ дружески по плечу лакея, такъ что заставилъ его пошатнуться...

— Позвольте, сударь; вы мнѣ мѣшаете, сказалъ тотъ, нахмурившись.

— Экой ты, братецъ!... да знаешь ли, мы съ твоимъ бариномъ были друзья закадычные, жили вмѣстѣ?... Да гдѣ жъ онъ самъ остался?...

Слуга объявилъ, что Печоринъ остался ужинать и ночевать у полковника Н...

— Да не зайдётъ ли онъ вечеромъ сюда? сказалъ Максимъ Максимычъ: или ты, любезный, не пойдёшь ли къ нему за чѣмъ нибудь?... Коли пойдёшь, такъ скажи, что здѣсь Максимъ Максимычъ—такъ и скажи... ужъ онъ знаетъ... Я тебѣ дамъ восьмигривенный на водку...

Лакей сдѣлалъ презрительную мину, слыша такое скромное обѣщаніе, однако увѣрилъ Максима Максимыча, что онъ исполнитъ его порученіе.

Digitized by Google

'You will see that he will make haste to us at once!...' said Maxim Maximitch, with a triumphant look. 'I will just step outside to wait for him...Ah! what a pity that I am not acquainted with N....'

Maxim Maximitch sat down on the little bench before the door, and I retired to my room. I must confess I looked with some impatience for Petchorin's appearance. Though I had formed no very good opinion of him from the account of the Captain, yet some traits of his character seemed interesting to me. In about an hour's time one of the old soldiers brought in urn and tea-pot. 'Maxim Maximitch,' said I, through the window, 'will you have some tea?'

'Thank you, thank you, I do not want any tea.'

'Do come and have some! See, it is getting late and cold.'

'No, thank you.'

'Just as you like!' I began to drink my tea alone; in about ten minutes my old man came in.

'After all you are right: I had better take a cup—but I was waiting for him. His servant has been gone this long time; evidently something has kept him.'

He hastily finished a cup, refused to take another, and went out again in some excitement: it was evident the lack of attention in Petchorin hurt the old man, the more so as he had just told me so much about their previous friendship, and only an hour before was himself fully convinced that Petchorin would come as soon as ever he heard his name.

Digitized by Google

— Вѣдь сейча́съ прибѣжи́тъ!... Сказа́лъ мнѣ Макси́мъ Макси́мычъ съ торжеству́ющимъ ви́домъ: пойду́ за воро́та его́ дожида́ться... Эхъ! жа́лко, что́ я не знако́мъ съ Н...

Макси́мъ Макси́мычъ сѣлъ за воро́тами на скаме́йку, а я ушёлъ въ свою́ ко́мнату. Признаю́сь, я та́кже съ нѣкоторымъ нетерпѣ́ніемъ ждалъ появле́нія э́того Печо́рина; хотя́, по разска́зу штабсъ-капита́на, я соста́вилъ себѣ́ о нёмъ не о́чень вы́годное поня́тіе, одна́ко нѣкоторыя черты́ въ его́ хара́ктерѣ показа́лись мнѣ замѣча́тельными. Че́резъ часъ инвали́дъ принёсъ кипя́щій самова́ръ и ча́йникъ. "Макси́мъ Макси́мычъ, не хоти́те ли ча́ю?" закрича́лъ я ему́ въ окно́.

— Благода́рствуйте; что́-то не хо́чется.

— Эй вы́пейте! Смотри́те, вѣдь ужъ по́здно, хо́лодно.

— Ничего́ благода́рствуйте...

— Ну, какъ уго́дно! Я сталъ пить чай оди́нъ; мину́тъ че́резъ де́сять вхо́дитъ мой стари́къ.

— А вѣдь вы пра́вы: всё лу́чше вы́пить ча́йку—да я всё ждалъ. Ужъ человѣ́къ его́ давно́ къ нему́ пошёлъ, да ви́дно что нибу́дь задержа́ло.

Онъ на́скоро вы́хлебнулъ ча́шку, отказа́лся отъ второ́й и ушёлъ опя́ть за воро́та въ како́мъ-то безпоко́йствѣ: я́вно бы́ло, что старика́ огорча́ло небреже́ніе Печо́рина, и тѣ́мъ бо́лѣе, что онъ мнѣ неда́вно говори́лъ о свое́й съ нимъ дру́жбѣ, и ещё часъ тому́ наза́дъ былъ увѣ́ренъ, что онъ прибѣжи́тъ, какъ то́лько услы́шитъ его́ и́мя.

Digitized by Google

It had already grown late and dark, when I again opened the window and told Maxim Maximitch that it was time to go to bed; he mumbled something through his teeth. I repeated my invitation—he answered nothing.

I stretched myself on the sofa, covering myself with my cloak, and, putting the candle on the rim of the stove, I soon fell asleep. I might have slept calmly till the next morning had not Maxim Maximitch awakened me when he came into the room very late. He threw his pipe on the table, began to walk up and down the room, poked into the stove; at last he lay down, coughed for some time, spat, and grumbled...

'Is it bugs that disturb you?' asked I.

'Yes, bugs...' replied he, and sighed heavily.

Next morning I awoke very early, but Maxim Maximitch had risen earlier. I found him already seated on the little bench by the gate, waiting. 'I must go to the Commandant,' said he; 'should Petchorin come in the meantime, please send for me.'

I promised. And he hastened away, as though the elasticity and warmth of youth anew pervaded all his limbs.

The morning was cool and fine. Golden clouds towered above the rocks, like a second chain of airy mountains; before the gate of the house there was a wide square; the adjacent Bazaar was crowded with people, as it was Sunday; barefooted Ossetian boys with wallets on their backs, selling fresh honey, surrounded me and noisily offered their goods. I sent them about their business; my thoughts had a different direction.—I began to share the good Captain's uneasiness.

Digitized by Google

Ужъ было поздно и темно, когда я снова отворилъ окно и сталъ звать Максима Максимыча, говоря, что пора спать; онъ что-то пробормоталъ сквозь зубы; я повторилъ приглашеніе—но онъ ничего не отвѣчалъ.

Я лёгъ на диванъ, завернувшись въ шинель; и оставивъ свѣчу на лежанкѣ, скоро задремалъ и проспалъ бы спокойно, если бъ уже очень поздно Максимъ Максимычъ, войдя въ комнату, не разбудилъ меня. Онъ бросилъ трубку на столъ, сталъ ходить по комнатѣ шевырять въ печи, наконецъ лёгъ, но долго кашлялъ, плевалъ, ворочался...

— Не клопы ли васъ кусаютъ? спросилъ я.

— Да клопы... отвѣчалъ онъ, тяжело вздохнувъ.

На другой день утромъ я проснулся рано, но Максимъ Максимычъ предупредилъ меня. Я нашёлъ его у воротъ сидящаго на скамейкѣ. "Мнѣ надо сходить къ коменданту," сказалъ онъ: "такъ пожалуста, если Печоринъ придётъ, пришлите за мной."

Я обѣщался. Онъ побѣжалъ, какъ будто члены его получили вновь юношескую силу и гибкость.

Утро было свѣжее и прекрасное. Золотыя облака громоздились на горахъ, какъ новый рядъ воздушныхъ горъ; передъ воротами разстилалась широкая площадь; за нею базаръ кипѣлъ народомъ, потому что было воскресенье: босые мальчики-осетины, неся за плечами, котомки съ сотовымъ мёдомъ, вертѣлись вокругъ меня; я ихъ проклиналъ: мнѣ было не до нихъ—я начиналъ раздѣлять безпокойство добраго штабсъ-капитана.

Digitized by Google

Scarcely had ten minutes passed, when the man whom we had expected appeared at the end of the square. He came with Colonel N... who, after having seen him to the hotel, took leave of him and returned to the fort. I sent immediately one of the old soldiers for Maxim Maximitch.

Petchorin's lacquey came out and informed him that the horses would be put to immediately, handed him a box of cigars, and, having received his orders, returned to bestir himself about them. His master lit a cigar, yawned several times, and sat down on the bench on the other side of the gate. I must now draw you his portrait.

He was of middle height, his form muscular and slender, and his broad shoulders showed him to be endowed with a force to endure all the hardships of a nomad life, and all its climatic changes,—a force which had remained unimpaired even by the debauchery of the capital and the storms of passion; his dusty velvet jacket, fastened only on the two lowest buttons, gave a glimpse of the dazzling linen, white and fine, by which the habits of a gentleman are seen; his soiled gloves seemed to have been expressly sewn for his small aristocratic hand, and when he took one of them off, I was astonished at the thinness of his white fingers. His gait was careless and languid, and I remarked that he did not move his arms in walking, a sure sign of a certain closeness of character. But these are only observations of my own, founded on personal experience, and I do not wish you to trust in them blindly. When he sat down on the bench, his straight form was bent as if he had

Digitized by Google

Не прошло́ десяти́ мину́тъ, какъ на концѣ́ пло́щади показа́лся тотъ, кото́раго мы ожида́ли. Онъ шёлъ съ полко́вникомъ Н..., кото́рый, доведя́ его́ до гости́нницы, прости́лся съ нимъ и поворотилъ въ крѣ́пость. Я то́тчасъ же посла́лъ инвали́да за Макси́момъ Макси́мычемъ.

На встрѣ́чу Печо́рина вы́шелъ его́ лакей и доложи́лъ, что сейча́съ ста́нутъ закла́дывать, пода́лъ ему́ я́щикъ съ сига́рами, и получи́въ нѣсколько приказа́ній, отпра́вился хлопота́ть. Его́ господи́нъ, закури́въ сига́ру, зѣвну́лъ ра́за два и сѣлъ на скамью́ по другу́ю сто́рону воро́тъ. Тепе́рь я до́лженъ нарисова́ть вамъ его́ портре́тъ.

Онъ былъ сре́дняго ро́ста; стро́йный, то́нкій станъ его́ и широ́кія пле́чи дока́зывали крѣ́пкое сложе́ніе, спосо́бное переноси́ть всѣ тру́дности кочево́й жи́зни и перемѣ́ны кли́матовъ, непобѣ́ждённое ни развра́томъ столи́чной жи́зни, ни бу́рями душе́вными; пы́льный ба́рхатный сюртучёкъ его́, застёгнутый то́лько на двѣ ни́жнія пу́говицы, позволя́лъ разглядѣ́ть ослѣпи́тельно-чи́стое бѣлье́, изоблича́вшее привы́чки поря́дочнаго человѣ́ка; его́ запа́чканныя перча́тки каза́лись наро́чно сшитыми по его́ ма́ленькой аристократи́ческой рукѣ́, и когда́ онъ снялъ одну́ перча́тку, то я былъ удивлёнъ худобо́й его́ блѣ́дныхъ па́льцевъ. Его́ похо́дка была́ небре́жна и лѣни́ва, но я замѣ́тилъ, что онъ не разма́хивалъ рука́ми— вѣ́рный призна́къ нѣ́которой скры́тности хара́ктера. Впро́чемъ, э́то мои́ со́бственныя замѣча́нія, осно́ванныя на моихъ же наблюде́ніяхъ, и я во́все не хочу́ васъ заста́вить вѣ́ровать въ нихъ слѣ́по. Когда́ онъ опусти́лся на скамью́, то прямо́й станъ его́ согну́лся, какъ бу́дто у

Digitized by Google

no backbone; the whole formation of his body betrayed a certain nervous weakness; he sat just as a thirty-year-old coquette of Balzac sits in her luxurious arm-chair when she gets home after a fatiguing ball. At first sight of his face, I should not have given him more than three and twenty years; but afterwards I was ready to give him fully thirty. In his smile there was something child-like. His skin was soft as a woman's; fair and naturally curling hair encircled, in a picturesque way, his pale and noble brow, which on a closer observation might have disclosed the traces of wrinkles, crossing one another, which probably would become more visible in moments of anger and mental excitement. Though his hair was fair, his eye-brows and moustache were black, just as sure a sign of blood in a man, as a black mane and tail in a white horse. To complete his portrait, I must add that his nose was a little turned up, that his teeth were dazzling white and his eyes dark brown; as to his eyes, there is something more to say.

Firstly they never laughed when he laughed.—Perhaps you never chanced to observe this peculiarity with anyone you have met?... It is a characteristic sign either of a very bad disposition, or of deep and lasting melancholy. His eyes sparkled from under his half-opened lashes with a kind of phosphoric brilliancy, if I may so express myself. This was not the reflection of the intense glow of his soul, or of his active imagination, but a gleam like the gleam of polished steel; his glance was not steady, but piercing and obtrusive, leaving the unpleasant

Digitized by Google

него́ въ спинѣ́ не́ было ни одно́й ко́сточки; положе́ніе всего́ его́ тѣ́ла изобрази́ло каку́ю-то нерви́ческую сла́бость; онъ сидѣ́лъ, какъ сиди́тъ Бальза́кова тридцатилѣ́тняя коке́тка на свои́хъ пухо́выхъ кре́слахъ по́слѣ утоми́тельнаго ба́ла. Съ пе́рваго взгля́да на лицо́ его́, я бы не далъ ему́ бо́лѣе двадцатитрёхъ лѣтъ, хотя́ по́слѣ я гото́въ былъ дать ему́ три́дцать. Въ его́ улы́бкѣ бы́ло что́-то дѣ́тское. Его́ ко́жа имѣ́ла каку́ю-то же́нскую нѣ́жность; бѣлоку́рые во́лосы, вью́щіеся отъ приро́ды, такъ живопи́сно обрисо́вывали его́ блѣ́дный, благоро́дный лобъ, на кото́ромъ то́лько по до́лгомъ наблюде́ніи, мо́жно бы́ло замѣ́тить слѣды́ морщи́нъ, пересѣка́вшихъ одна́ другу́ю и, вѣроя́тно, обознача́вшихся гора́здо я́вственнѣе въ мину́ты гнѣ́ва, и́ли душе́внаго безпоко́йства. Не смотря́ на свѣ́тлый цвѣтъ его́ во́лосъ, усы́ его́ и бро́ви бы́ли чёрные—при́знакъ поро́ды въ человѣ́кѣ, такъ какъ чёрная гри́ва и чёрный хвостъ у бѣ́лой ло́шади. Чтобъ доко́нчить портре́тъ, я скажу́, что у него́ былъ немно́го вздёрнутый носъ, зу́бы ослѣпи́тельной бѣ́лизны́ и ка́ріе глаза́; о глаза́хъ я до́лженъ сказа́ть ещё нѣ́сколько словъ.

Во-пе́рвыхъ, они́ не смѣя́лись, когда́ онъ смѣя́лся.— Вамъ не случа́лось замѣча́ть тако́й стра́нности у нѣ́которыхъ люде́й?... Это при́знакъ и́ли зла́го нра́ва, и́ли глубо́кой, постоя́нной гру́сти. Изъ-за полу́опущенныхъ рѣсни́цъ они́ сія́ли каки́мъ-то фосфори́ческимъ бле́скомъ, е́сли мо́жно такъ вы́разиться. То не́ было отраже́ніе жа́ра душе́внаго, и́ли игра́ющаго воображе́нія: то былъ блескъ, подо́бный бле́ску гла́дкой ста́ли, ослѣпи́тельный, но холо́дный; взглядъ его́ — непродолжи́тельный, но проница́тельный и тяжёлый, оставля́лъ по себѣ́ непрія́тное

Digitized by Google

impression of an indiscreet question: it might have been called insolent had it not been so indifferently calm. It may be that all these details only came to my mind because I was acquainted with some circumstances of his life, and it is possible that his appearance would have made a totally different impression on others; but as I alone can give you any information about him, you must accept my picture of him, such as it is. On the whole I say, that his looks were by no means unattractive, and were of that original stamp which is apt to find especial favour with women.

The horses were already harnessed. The carriage bell rang from time to time on the arch attached to the shafts, and twice already the lacquey had announced that all was ready, but Maxim Maximitch had not yet appeared. Fortunately Petchorin immersed in thought looked at the blue mountain peaks of the Caucasus, and did not seem at all in a hurry. I went up to him. 'If you will have patience, only for a few minutes longer,' said I, 'you shall have the satisfaction of meeting an old friend again...'

'Ah, yes!' answered he hastily. 'I was told yesterday; but where is he?'—I turned to the square and perceived Maxim Maximitch coming in great haste... In a few minutes he had reached us; he had hardly any breath left, heavy drops of perspiration rolled down his face, and had stuck together some tufts of his grey hair which peeped out from his cap and adhered to his brow; his knees trembled... he was ready to throw himself on Petchorin's neck, but the latter, though proffering his hand with a smile of welcome, greeted him rather coldly.

Digitized by Google

впечатлѣніе нескромнаго вопроса и могъ бы казаться дерзкимъ, если бъ не былъ столь равнодушно-спокоенъ. Всѣ эти замѣчанія пришли мнѣ на умъ, можетъ быть, только потому, что я зналъ нѣкоторыя подробности его жизни, и, можетъ быть, на другаго видъ его произвелъ бы совершенно различное впечатлѣніе; но такъ какъ вы о нёмъ не услышете ни отъ кого, кромѣ меня, то по неволѣ должны довольствоваться этимъ изображеніемъ. Скажу въ заключеніе, что онъ былъ вообще очень недурёнъ и имѣлъ одну изъ тѣхъ оригинальныхъ физіономій, которыя особенно нравятся женщинамъ.

Лошади были уже заложены; колокольчикъ по временамъ звенѣлъ надъ дугою, и лакей уже два раза подходилъ къ Печорину съ докладомъ, что всё готово, а Максимъ Максимычъ ещё не являлся. Къ счастію, Печоринъ былъ погружёнъ въ задумчивость, глядя на синіе зубцы Кавказа, и кажется вовсе не торопился въ дорогу. Я подошёлъ къ нему. "Если вы захотите ещё немного подождать," сказалъ я, "то будете имѣть удовольствіе увидѣться съ старымъ пріятелемъ..."

— Ахъ, точно! быстро отвѣчалъ онъ: мнѣ вчера говорили; но гдѣ же онъ?—Я обернулся къ площади и увидѣлъ Максима Максимыча, бѣгущаго что было мочи... Черезъ нѣсколько минутъ онъ былъ уже возлѣ насъ; онъ едва могъ дышать; потъ градомъ катился съ лица его; мокрые клочки сѣдыхъ волосъ, вырвавшись изъ-подъ шапки, приклеились ко лбу его; колѣни его дрожали... онъ хотѣлъ кинуться на шею Печорина, но тотъ довольно холодно, хотя съ привѣтливой улыбкой, протянулъ ему руку.

Digitized by Google

The Captain seemed for a moment quite astounded, yet he shook the proffered hand with both of his, unable as yet to speak.

'How glad I am to see you, dear Maxim Maximitch! Well, how are you?' said Petchorin.

'And y-o-u? and you?' stammered the old man, with tears in his eyes: 'how many years... how many days... but where are you going?'

'To Persia—maybe further...'

'Surely not just yet?... No, stay for a little while, my dear friend!... We surely shall not part at once? How long it is since we met!...'

'I am in a hurry, Maxim Maximitch,' was the answer.

'Good gracious! but where are you hurrying so?... I have so much to say to you... so much to ask... Well, then, you have got your leave? Well?... what have you been doing?...'

'I have been bored!' replied Petchorin, smiling.

'And do you still remember our life in the fortress?... A grand place for shooting!... You were a passionate sportsman... And Bela?...'

Petchorin grew a shade paler and turned away...

'Yes, I remember!' said he, yawning almost in the very moment.

Maxim Maximitch now entreated him to stop at least for a couple of hours. 'We shall dine magnificently,' said he: 'I have two pheasants, and the Kaheta wine

Digitized by Google

Штабсъ-капитанъ на минуту остолбенѣлъ, но потомъ жадно схватилъ его руку обѣими руками: онъ ещё не могъ говорить.

— Какъ я радъ дорогой Максимъ Максимычъ! Ну, какъ вы поживаете? сказалъ Печоринъ.

— А... ты?... а вы?... пробормоталъ со слезами на глазахъ старикъ: сколько лѣтъ... сколько дней... да куда это?...

— Ѣду въ Персію—и дальше...

— Неужто сейчасъ?... Да подождите, дражайшій!... Неужто сейчасъ разстанемся?... Сколько времени не видались...

— Мнѣ пора, Максимъ Максимычъ—былъ отвѣтъ.

— Боже мой, Боже мой! да куда это такъ спѣшите?... Мнѣ столько бы хотѣлось вамъ сказать... столько разспросить... Ну, что? въ отставкѣ?... какъ?... что подѣлывали?...

— Скучалъ! отвѣчалъ Печоринъ, улыбаясь.

— А помните наше житьё-бытьё въ крѣпости?... Славная страна для охоты!... Вѣдь вы были страстный охотникъ стрѣлять... А Бэла?...

Печоринъ чуть-чуть поблѣднѣлъ и отвернулся...

— Да, помню! сказалъ онъ, почти тотчасъ принуждённо зѣвнувъ.

Максимъ Максимычъ сталъ его упрашивать остаться съ нимъ ещё часа два. "Мы славно пообѣдаемъ," говорилъ онъ: "у меня есть два фазана: а кахетинское

Digitized by Google

here is delicious... of course not so good as in Georgia, yet still of an excellent quality... We shall enjoy a little talk... You will tell me a little about your life at Petersburg... Will you not?...'

'Truly, I have nothing to tell, dear Maxim Maximitch... Good-bye, I must be off... I am in a hurry... Thank you for not forgetting me...' added he, taking his hand.

The old man knit his brows... He felt grieved and hurt, though he tried to hide it. 'Forgotten!' said he with a rough quarrelsome voice: 'I never have forgotten anything... Well, good-bye. I never should have thought that we were to meet in this way...'

'Well, well!' said Petchorin, affectionately embracing him, 'do you find me then so much changed?... What would you have?... every man goes his own way. Whether it will be our lot ever to meet again, God knows!' Whilst he spoke these words, he had already got into the carriage and the driver was gathering the reins.

'Stop, stop!' cried Maxim Maximitch, clinging to the carriage door:—'I had almost forgotten... I have your papers, Gregory Alexandrovitch... I am carrying them with me... I hoped to meet you again in Georgia, and now Providence brings us here together... What shall I do with them?'

'Whatever you like!' replied Petchorin.—'Good-bye...'

'Then you are going to Persia?... and when do you return?' called Maxim Maximitch after him.

Digitized by Google

здѣсь прекра́сное... разумѣ́ется не то, что въ Гру́зіи, одна́ко лу́чшаго со́рта... Мы поговори́мъ... Вы мнѣ разска́жете про своё житьё въ Петербу́ргѣ... А?..”

— Пра́во, мнѣ не́чего разска́зывать, дорого́й Макси́мъ Макси́мычъ... Одна́ко проща́йте, мнѣ пора́... я спѣшу́... Благодарю́, что не забы́ли... приба́вилъ онъ, взявъ его́ за́ руку.

Стари́къ нахму́рилъ бро́ви... Онъ былъ печа́ленъ и серди́тъ, хотя́ стара́лся скрыть э́то. “Забы́ть!” проворча́лъ онъ: “я-то не забы́лъ ничего́... Ну, да Богъ съ ва́ми. Не такъ я ду́малъ съ ва́ми встрѣ́титься...”

— Ну, по́лно, по́лно! сказа́лъ Печо́ринъ, обня́въ его́ дру́жски, неуже́ли я не тотъ же?... Что дѣ́лать?... вся́кому своя́ доро́га... Уда́стся ли ещё встрѣ́титься—Богъ зна́етъ!... Говоря́ э́то, онъ уже́ сидѣ́лъ въ коля́скѣ и ямщи́къ ужъ на́чалъ подбира́ть во́зжи.

— Посто́й, посто́й! закрича́лъ вдругъ Макси́мъ Макси́мычъ, ухватя́сь за две́рцы коля́ски:—совсѣ́мъ бы́ло забы́лъ... У меня́ оста́лись ва́ши бума́ги, Григо́рій Алекса́ндровичъ... я ихъ таска́ю съ собо́й... ду́малъ найти́ васъ въ Гру́зіи, а вотъ гдѣ Богъ далъ свидѣ́ться... Что́ мнѣ съ ни́ми дѣ́лать?...

— Что хоти́те! отвѣча́лъ Печо́ринъ.—Проща́йте...

— Такъ вы въ Пе́рсію?... а когда́ вернётесь?... кричалъ въ слѣдъ Макси́мъ Макси́мычъ.

Digitized by Google

The carriage was already at some distance, but Petchorin made a sign with his hand, which might have been translated into the following words: 'probably never! and why should I return?'

The sound of the little bell and the rattling of the wheels over the stony road had long ceased, but the poor old man stood still on the same spot immersed in deep thought.

'Yes,' began he at last, trying to appear indifferent, though tears of disappointment glistened now and again on his eye-lashes: 'no doubt we were friends—but what are friends now-a-days!... What am I to him? I am neither rich, nor high in rank; even in age I am not like him. See what a dandy he has grown since he visited Petersburg again!... What a carriage!... what luggage!... and that proud flunkey!...' These words were said with an ironical smile. 'Tell me,' continued he, turning to me, 'now, what do you think of him?... Ah, and what devil takes him to Persia now? It is ridiculous, by Heaven! ridiculous!... I always have known him to be an unreliable man... Well, it is a pity that he should come to a bad end... but it cannot be otherwise!... I have always said, that there is no luck for him who forgets his old friends!...' Here he turned away to hide his agitation, and went into the yard about his carriage, pretending to examine the wheels, whilst his eyes filled with tears every moment.

'Maxim Maximitch,' said I, approaching him, 'what are those papers which Petchorin left in your hands?'

'God knows! some diaries...'

'What are you going to do with them?'

'What? I shall have them used for cartridges.'

Digitized by Google

Коля́ска была́ ужё далеко́, но Печо́ринъ сдѣлалъ знакъ руко́й, кото́рый мо́жно бы́ло перевести́ слѣ́дующимъ о́бразомъ: врядъ ли! да и не́ зачѣмъ!

Давно́ уже́ не слы́шно бы́ло ни зво́на колоко́льчика, ни сту́ка колёсъ по кремни́стой доро́гѣ, а бѣ́дный стари́къ ещё стоя́лъ на томъ же мѣ́стѣ въ глубо́кой заду́мчивости.

"Да," сказа́лъ онъ наконе́цъ, стара́ясь приня́ть равноду́шный видъ, хотя́ слеза́ доса́ды по времена́мъ сверка́ла на его́ рѣсни́цахъ: "коне́чно мы бы́ли пріятели—ну, да что пріятели въ ны́нѣшнемъ вѣ́кѣ!... Что ему́ во мнѣ? Я не бога́тъ, не чино́венъ, да и по лѣта́мъ совсѣ́мъ ему́ не па́ра... Вишь каки́мъ онъ фра́нтомъ сдѣлался, какъ побыва́лъ опя́ть въ Петербу́ргѣ... Что за коля́ска!... ско́лько покла́жи!... и лакéй тако́й го́рды!..." Эти слова́ бы́ли произнесены́ съ ироническо́й улы́бкой. "Скажи́те, продолжа́лъ онъ, обраща́ясь ко мнѣ; ну что вы объ э́томъ ду́маете?... ну, како́й бѣсъ несётъ его́ тепе́рь въ Пе́рсію?... Смѣшно́, ей-Бо́гу, смѣшно́!... Да я всегда́ зналъ, что онъ вѣ́тренный человѣ́къ, на кото́раго нельзя́ надѣ́яться... А пра́во жаль, что онъ ду́рно ко́нчитъ... да и нельзя́ ина́че!... Ужъ я всегда́ говори́лъ, что нѣтъ про́ку, въ томъ, кто ста́рыхъ друзе́й забыва́етъ!..." Тутъ онъ отверну́лся, чтобъ скрыть своё волне́ніе, и пошёлъ ходи́ть по́ двору о́коло свое́й пово́зки, пока́зывая, бу́дто осма́триваетъ колёса, тогда́ какъ глаза́ его́ поминутно наполня́лись слеза́ми.

— Макси́мъ Макси́мычъ, сказа́лъ я, подоше́дши къ нему́, а что э́то за бума́ги вамъ оста́вилъ Печо́ринъ?

— А Богъ его́ зна́етъ! какія-то запи́ски...

— Что вы изъ нихъ сдѣлаете?

— Что? Я велю́ надѣ́лать патро́новъ.

Digitized by Google

'Let me have them instead.'

He looked at me with astonishment, muttered something between his teeth and began to rout about in his trunk; at last he drew forth a manuscript book, and threw it on the floor with contempt, then a second, and a third, and so on, until the tenth shared the same fate; there was something childish in his anger; it seemed to me absurd, but pitiable.

'There, you have them all,' said he; 'I congratulate you on your treasure...'

'And I may do with them whatever I like?'

'Publish them in the papers if you like: what does it matter to me? do you think I'm his brother or cousin? It is true, we have lived a long time together under the same roof; but there are many people I have lived with.'

I seized the manuscripts and carried them quickly off, for fear the Captain might repent. Not long after it was announced that the convoy would depart in an hour. I gave orders to put the horses to. The Captain entered the room just as I was putting on my cap; he did not seem ready for the journey, and there was a certain stiffness and coldness in his manner.

'Well, Maxim Maximitch, are you not going to travel with me?'

'No, Sir.'

'Why not?'

'I have not yet seen the Commandant, and I have some things to deliver to him officially...'

'But you have seen him already?'

'I have been there, of course,' said he evasively; 'but I did not find him at home... I did not wait.'

Digitized by Google

— Отда́йте ихъ лу́чше мнѣ.

Онъ посмотрѣ́лъ на меня́ съ удивле́ніемъ, проворча́лъ что́-то сквозь зу́бы и на́чалъ ры́ться въ чемода́нѣ; вотъ онъ вы́нулъ одну́ тетра́дку и бро́силъ её съ презрѣ́ніемъ на́ землю; пото́мъ друга́я, тре́тья и деся́тая имѣ́ли ту́ же у́часть: въ его́ доса́дѣ бы́ло что́-то дѣ́тское; мнѣ ста́ло смѣшно́ и жа́лко...

— Вотъ онѣ́ всѣ, сказа́лъ онъ; поздравля́ю васъ съ нахо́дкою...

— И я могу́ дѣ́лать съ ни́ми всё, что хочу́?

— Хоть въ газе́тахъ печа́тайте. Како́е мнѣ дѣ́ло?... Что я, ра́звѣ другъ его́ како́й, и́ли ро́дственникъ?... Пра́вда, мы жи́ли до́лго подъ одно́й кро́влей... Да ма́ло ли съ кѣ́мъ я не жилъ?...

Я схвати́лъ бума́ги и поскорѣ́е унёсъ ихъ, боя́сь, чтобъ штабсъ-капита́нъ не раска́ялся. Ско́ро пришли́ намъ объяви́ть, что че́резъ часъ тро́нется ока́зія; я велѣ́лъ закла́дывать. Штабсъ-капита́нъ вошёлъ въ ко́мнату въ то вре́мя, когда́ я уже́ надѣва́лъ ша́пку; онъ, каза́лось, не гото́вился къ отъѣ́зду; у него́ былъ како́й-то принуждённый, холо́дный видъ.

— А вы, Макси́мъ Макси́мычъ, ра́звѣ не е́дете?

— Нѣ́тъ-съ.

— А что такъ?

— Да я ещё комендáнта не видáлъ, а мнѣ нáдо сдать кой какія казённыя ве́щи...

— Да вѣ́дь вы же бы́ли у него́?

— Былъ, коне́чно, сказа́лъ онъ, замина́ясь; да его́ до́ма не́ было... а я не дожда́лся.

Digitized by Google

I understood him: the poor old man, perhaps for the first time in his life, neglected official duties for his own private affairs, to use the literary jargon; and how had he been rewarded for it!

'I am very sorry, Maxim Maximitch,' said I, 'that we are to part just now.'

'What have we uneducated old men to do with such as you!... You young men are fashionable and proud, sociable enough among Circassian bullets, may be, but then you turn from us, and, no doubt, feel ashamed of shaking hands with a friend.'

'I have not deserved such reproaches, Maxim Maximitch.'

'Well, do you know it is my habit to speak out my mind; however, I wish you every happiness and a pleasant journey.'

We parted rather coolly. Worthy Maxim Maximitch became all at once a headstrong, quarrelsome Captain. And why? Because Petchorin either through absent-mindedness, or for some other cause, only offered his hand, when the other wanted to throw himself on his neck. It is sad to see, when a youth squanders his best hopes and prospects; when suddenly the rose-coloured veil is rent asunder, through which he looked on the actions and inclinations of mankind: although there is yet hope of his changing his former errors for new and better ones, none the less transient, but sweet nevertheless. But how can one change at the age of Maxim Maximitch? Against his will the heart grows hard, the mind is suspicious.

I set out on my journey alone.

Digitized by Google

Я понялъ его: бѣдный старикъ въ первый разъ отъ роду, можетъ быть, бросилъ дѣла службы для собственной надобности, говоря языкомъ бумажнымъ,—и какъ же онъ былъ награжденъ!

— Очень жаль, сказалъ я ему, очень жаль, Максимъ Максимычъ, что намъ до срока надо разстаться.

— Гдѣ намъ, необразованнымъ старикамъ, за вами гоняться!... Вы молодёжъ свѣтская, гордая; ещё покамѣсть подъ черкесскими пулями, такъ вы туда-сюда... а послѣ встрѣтитесь, такъ стыдитесь и руку протянуть нашему брату.

— Я не заслужилъ этихъ упрёковъ, Максимъ Максимычъ.

— Да я, знаете, такъ къ слову говорю; а впрочемъ, желаю вамъ всякаго счастія и весёлой дороги.

Мы простились довольно сухо. Добрый Максимъ Максимычъ сдѣлался упрямымъ, сварливымъ штабсъ-капитаномъ! И отчего? Оттого, что Печоринъ, въ разсѣянности, или отъ другой причины, протянулъ ему руку, когда тотъ хотѣлъ кинуться ему на шею. Грустно видѣть, когда юноша теряетъ лучшія свои надежды и мечты, когда предъ нимъ отдёргивается розовый флёръ, сквозь который онъ смотрѣлъ на дѣла и чувства человѣческія, хотя есть надежда, что онъ замѣнитъ старыя заблужденія новыми, не менѣе преходящими, но за то не менѣе сладкими... Но чѣмъ ихъ замѣнить въ лѣта Максима Максимыча? По неволѣ сердце очерствѣетъ и душа закроется...

Я уѣхалъ одинъ.

Digitized by Google

PETCHORIN'S DIARY

PREFACE.

A short time ago, I learnt that Petchorin had died on his return from Persia. I was highly delighted with the news, for it gave me the right to publish these memoirs, and I gladly availed myself of the opportunity to prefix my name to the work of another. I hope to Heaven that my readers may not condemn me for such an innocent fraud.

Now I must explain the reasons which led me to submit to the public the greatest secrets of a man whom I have never known. Had I been but his friend, it would have been all right: the cowardly indiscretion of true friends is sufficiently known to all the world. But I have only seen him once in my life, and that on the high road; it is therefore obvious that I cannot have for him that inexplicable hatred which hides itself under the mask of friendship, and waits for the moment of death or of great misfortunes to shower reproaches, advice, pity, and scorn on the head of the friend.

Perusing these memoirs, I became convinced of the sincerity of him who so mercilessly exposes his own weaknesses and wrongs. The history of the human soul, even were it of the humblest, is more interesting and

Digitized by Google

ЖУРНАЛЪ ПЕЧОРИНА

ПРЕДИСЛОВІЕ.

Недавно я узналъ, что Печоринъ, возвращаясь изъ Персіи, умеръ. Это извѣстіе меня очень обрадовало: оно давало мнѣ право печатать эти записки, и я воспользовался случаемъ поставить свое имя надъ чужимъ произведеніемъ. Дай Богъ, чтобъ читатели меня не наказали за такой невинный подлогъ!

Теперь я долженъ нѣсколько объяснить причины, побудившія меня предать публикѣ сердечныя тайны человѣка, котораго я никогда не зналъ. Добро бы я былъ ещё его другомъ: коварная нескромность истиннаго друга понятна каждому; но я видѣлъ его только разъ въ моей жизни на большой дорогѣ, слѣдовательно, не могу питать къ нему той неизъяснимой ненависти, которая, таясь подъ личиною дружбы, ожидаетъ только смерти или несчастія любимаго предмета, чтобъ разразиться надъ его головою градомъ упрёковъ, совѣтовъ, насмѣшекъ и сожалѣній.

Перечитывая эти записки, я убѣдился въ искренности того, кто такъ безпощадно выставлялъ наружу собственныя слабости и пороки. Исторія души человѣческой, хотя бы самой мелкой души, едва ли не любопытнѣе и

Digitized by Google

useful than the history of a whole nation, especially if it is the result of the observation of a mature mind upon itself, and if it has been written without the vain desire of arousing sympathy or admiration. The Confessions of Rousseau have this disadvantage, that he read them to his friends.

Thus I have simply been led by the desire to prove useful in publishing this diary, which by chance fell into my hands. Though I have altered all the names, yet those who are here depicted will have no difficulty in recognising themselves, and they will perhaps find here the justification of the behaviour of a man who has no longer anything to do with this world; for we almost always forgive an offence when the reason for it has been explained.

I have put in this book only that part which relates to Petchorin's stay in the Caucasus. In my hands is another thick book of manuscript, in which he describes his whole life. Sooner or later this too shall be laid before the public, but now for many weighty reasons, I do not yet venture to take upon myself the responsibility.

It may be, some readers wish to know my estimate of Petchorin's character. My answer is in the title of this book.—'But this is bitter irony!' they will say. I do not know.

Digitized by Google

не полезнѣе исторіи цѣлаго народа, особенно когда она— слѣдствіе наблюденій ума зрѣлаго надъ самимъ собою, и когда она писана безъ тщеславнаго желанія возбудить участіе или удивленіе. Исповѣдь Руссо имѣетъ уже тотъ недостатокъ, что онъ читалъ её своимъ друзьямъ.

Итакъ, одно желаніе пользы заставило меня напечатать отрывки изъ журнала, доставшагося мнѣ случайно. Хотя я перемѣнилъ всѣ собственныя имена, но тѣ, о которыхъ въ нёмъ говорится, вѣроятно, себя узнаютъ и, можетъ быть, они найдутъ оправданіе поступкамъ, въ которыхъ до сей поры обвиняли человѣка, уже не имѣющаго отнынѣ ничего общаго съ здѣшнимъ міромъ: мы почти всегда извиняемъ то, что понимаемъ.

Я помѣстилъ въ этой книгѣ только то, что относилось къ пребыванію Печорина на Кавказѣ. Въ моихъ рукахъ осталась ещё толстая тетрадь, гдѣ онъ разсказываетъ всю жизнь свою. Когда нибудь и она явится на судъ свѣта; но теперь я не смѣю взять на себя эту отвѣтственность по многимъ важнымъ причинамъ.

Можетъ быть, нѣкоторые читатели захотятъ узнать моё мнѣніе о характерѣ Печорина. Мой отвѣтъ—заглавіе этой книги. "Да это злая иронія!" скажутъ они.—Не знаю.

Digitized by Google

TAMAN

Taman is the most miserable little hole of all the sea-side towns of Russia. There I was nearly starved to death, and all but drowned into the bargain. I arrived by post-chaise late at night. The postillion drew up his tired team in front of the gate of the only stone house in the place, which was situated near the entrance to the town. The sentinel, a Black-sea Cossack, when he heard the sound of our little carriage bell, muttered, half asleep, and in a husky voice, 'Who goes there?' An orderly and a non-commissioned officer came out. I explained to them that I was an officer on my way to the Acting Corps on government affairs, and that I wanted official lodgings. The non-commissioned officer led us about the town, but whatever quarters we applied at, it was the same tale—all full. It was cold, I had not slept for three nights, I was tired to death and I began to get cross.—'Take me anywhere, you rascal!' cried I; 'somewhere, if it be to the devil!' 'There is another barrack left,' replied the non-commissioned officer, scratching the nape of his neck: 'only your Honour will not like it—it is not clean there!' Not understanding the exact meaning of his last words, I ordered him to proceed. At length after wandering for a long time through muddy by-lanes, on both sides of which nothing could be seen but old wooden enclosures, we reached a small hut situated on the very brink of the sea.

Digitized by Google

ТАМАНЬ

Тама́нь—са́мы скве́рный городи́шка изъ всѣхъ примо́рскихъ городо́въ Россіи. Я тамъ чуть-чуть не у́меръ съ го́лода, да ещё въ доба́вокъ меня́ хотѣ́ли утопи́ть. Я пріѣ́халъ на перекладно́й теле́жкѣ по́здно но́чью. Ямщи́къ останови́лъ уста́лую тро́йку у воро́тъ еди́ственнаго ка́меннаго до́ма что при въѣ́здѣ. Часово́й, черномо́рскій каза́къ, услы́шавъ звонъ колоко́льчика, закрича́лъ съ просо́нья ди́кимъ го́лосомъ: "кто идётъ?" Вы́шелъ уря́дникъ и деся́тникъ. Я имъ объясни́лъ, что я офице́ръ, е́ду въ де́йствующій отря́дъ по казённой на́добности, и сталъ тре́бовать казённую кварти́ру. Деся́тникъ насъ повёлъ по го́роду. Къ кото́рой избѣ́ ни подъѣ́демъ—за́нята. Бы́ло хо́лодно; я три но́чи не спалъ, изму́чился и на́чалъ серди́ться.—"Веди́ меня́ куда́-нибу́дь, разбо́йникъ! хоть къ чо́рту, то́лько къ мѣ́сту!" закрича́лъ я.—"Есть ещё одна́ фате́ра," отвѣча́лъ деся́тникъ, почёсывая заты́локъ: "то́лько ва́шему благоро́дію не понра́вится: тамъ нечи́сто!" Не поня́въ то́чнаго значе́нія послѣ́дняго сло́ва, я велѣ́лъ ему́ идти́ впередъ, и по́слѣ до́лгаго стра́нствованія по гря́знымъ переу́лкамъ, гдѣ по сторона́мъ я ви́дѣлъ одни́ то́лько ве́тхіе забо́ры, мы подъѣ́хали къ небольшо́й ха́тѣ на са́момъ берегу́ мо́ря.

Digitized by Google

The full moon shone upon the little thatched roof and the white walls of my new lodgings; in the court-yard, which was surrounded by a wall of flint-stones, stood another miserable hovel, all awry, which was smaller and older than the first. The cliff descended precipitously into the sea from the very walls of the hut, and below, with incessant murmur, rolled the dark blue waves. The moon looked silently down upon the restless element so obedient to her, and I could see by her light, far from the shore, two ships, whose black riggings like a spider's web stood out immovable against the pale horizon. 'There are ships in the harbour,' thought I, 'and to-morrow I shall set out for Helendjick.'

I had a Cossack of the line who performed for me the duties of a servant. After having told him to unpack my portmanteau, and to dismiss the driver, I began to call for the host—all was quiet; I knocked—still no answer.—What was the meaning of this? At last there crawled out from the passage a boy of about fourteen years of age.

'Where is the master of the house?'—'There is none.'—'What, none at all?'—'None.'—'Well, the mistress, then?'—'She has gone into the village.'—'Who will open the door then for me?' I cried, at the same time kicking it with my foot. Upon this the door flew open of itself; a gust of foul air rushed out upon me. I struck a lucifer match, and held it up to the boy's nose: it illumined two white eyes. He was perfectly blind, and had been so from his birth. He stood immovable before me, and I began to examine the lines of his face.

Digitized by Google

Полный месяцъ свѣтилъ на камышевую крышку и бѣлыя стѣны моего новаго жилища; на дворѣ обведённомъ оградой изъ булыжника, стояла, избочась, другая лачужка, менѣе и древнѣе первой. Берегъ обрывомъ спускался къ морю почти у самыхъ стѣнъ ея, и внизу съ безпрерывнымъ ропотомъ плескались темносинія волны. Луна тихо смотрѣла на безпокойную, но покорную ей стихію, и я могъ различить при свѣтѣ ея, далеко отъ берега, два корабля, которыхъ чёрныя снасти, подобно паутинѣ, неподвижно рисовались на блѣдной чертѣ небосклона. "Суда въ пристани есть, подумалъ я: завтра отправлюсь въ Геленджикъ."

При мнѣ исправлялъ должность деньщика линейскій казакъ. Велѣвъ ему выложить чемоданъ и отпустить извощика, я сталъ звать хозяина—молчатъ; стучу—молчатъ... что это? Наконецъ изъ сѣней выползъ мальчикъ лѣтъ четырнадцати.

—"Гдѣ хозяинъ?"—Не-ма.—"Какъ совсѣмъ нѣту?"—Совсимъ.—"А хозяйка?"—Побигла въ слободку.—"Кто-же мнѣ отопрётъ дверь?" сказалъ я, ударивъ въ неё ногою. Дверь сама отворилась: изъ хаты повѣяло сыростью. Я засвѣтилъ сѣрную спичку и поднёсъ её къ носу мальчика: она озарила два бѣлые глаза. Онъ былъ слѣпой, совершенно слѣпой отъ природы. Онъ стоялъ передо мною неподвижно и я началъ разсматривать черты его лица.

Digitized by Google

I must confess that I have a strong prejudice against all who are blind, crooked, deaf, dumb, footless, handless, hunchbacked, &c. I have observed that there always exists a certain strange affinity between the external appearance of a man and his soul, as though the loss of a limb could deprive the spiritual part also of something of its quality.

And thus I began to examine the blind boy's face; but what can you expect to read in a countenance that has no eyes?...Long did I look at the lad's face with an involuntary feeling of pity; all at once there passed over the boy's thin lips a smile which was scarcely perceptible, but which made—I know not why—a most unpleasant impression upon me. This caused a suspicion to arise in my mind that this blind boy was not so blind as he appeared. I tried in vain to reason with myself that it was impossible to imitate the cataract in the eye: and if it were possible, what would be the use? But what could I do? I am easily inclined to prejudice.

'Are you the landlord's son?' I asked him at last.—'Naw.'—'Who are you, then?'—'A poor orphan.'—'But has the hostess any children?'—'Naw; she had a daughter, but she ran away with a Tartar across the sea.'—'With what kind of a Tartar?'—'God knows! a Crimean Tartar, a boatman from Kertch.'

I entered the hut: its whole furniture consisted of two benches, a table, and an immense box standing close to the stove. On the wall there was not a single picture of any saint—a bad sign! The wind from the sea blew through the broken window. I took from my portmanteau

Digitized by Google

Признаюсь, я имѣю сильное предубѣжденіе противъ всѣхъ слѣпыхъ, кривыхъ, глухихъ, нѣмыхъ, безногихъ, безрукихъ, горбатыхъ и проч. Я замѣчалъ, что всегда есть какое-то странное отношеніе между наружностью человѣка и его душою; какъ будто, съ потерею члена душа теряетъ какое-нибудь чувство.

Итакъ, я началъ разсматривать лицо слѣпаго; но что прикажете прочитать на лицѣ, у котораго нѣтъ глазъ?... Долго я глядѣлъ на него съ невольнымъ сожалѣніемъ, какъ вдругъ едва примѣтная улыбка пробѣжала по тонкимъ губамъ его и, не знаю отчего, она произвела на меня самое непріятное впечатлѣніе. Въ головѣ моей родилось подозрѣніе, что этотъ слѣпой не такъ слѣпъ, какъ оно кажется; напрасно я старался увѣрить себя, что бѣльмы поддѣлать невозможно, да и съ какой цѣлью? Но что дѣлать?—я часто склоненъ къ предубѣжденіямъ...

—"Ты хозяйскій сынъ?" спросилъ я его наконецъ.—Ни.—"Кто-же ты?"—Сирота, убогій.—"А у хозяйки есть дѣти?"—Ни; была дочь, да утикла за море съ татариномъ.—"Съ какимъ татариномъ?"—А Богъ его знаетъ! крымскій татаринъ, лодочникъ изъ Керчи.

Я вошёлъ въ хату: двѣ лавки и столъ, да огромный сундукъ возлѣ печи составляли всю ея мебель. На стѣнѣ ни одного образа—дурной знакъ! Въ разбитое стекло врывался морской вѣтеръ. Я вытащилъ изъ чемодана

Digitized by Google

a piece of wax candle, and having lighted it, began to unpack my things. I put my sword and gun in the corner, and my pistols on the table, spread my cloak on one bench, and the Cossack spread his on the other. In about ten minutes' time he began to snore, but no sleep could I get. Always before me in the dark hovered the boy with white eyes.

About an hour passed in this manner. The moon shone in at the window, and her rays played on the clay floor of the hut. Suddenly a shadow obscured the streak of light which the moon was throwing upon the floor. I sat up and looked out of the window. Somebody passed quickly by and hid himself Heaven only knows where! I could not for the life of me imagine how the creature could run along the precipitous face of the cliff, and still I knew that there was nowhere else he could get to. I got up, wrapped myself in my cloak, buckled on my dagger, and very quietly left the hut; opposite me was the blind boy. I crouched under the fence, and he passed me with steady but cautious step. He was carrying under his arm something like a bundle, and, having turned towards the harbour, he began to descend a steep and narrow foot-path. The thought came to me: 'On that day the dumb shall speak again, and the blind shall see.' I followed him at such a distance as not to lose sight of him.

In the meantime the moon was beginning to envelop herself in clouds, and a fog spread from the sea, so that the light on the deck of the guardship lying close in could scarcely be seen; but on the beach sparkled the foam of the billows, which threatened at every moment to swallow up the boy.

Digitized by Google

восковой огарокъ и, засвѣтивъ его, сталъ раскладывать вещи, поставилъ въ уголъ шашку и ружьё, пистолеты положилъ на столъ, разостлалъ бурку на лавкѣ, казакъ свою на другой; черезъ десять минутъ онъ захрапѣлъ, но я не могъ заснуть: передо мной во мракѣ всё вертѣлся мальчикъ съ бѣлыми глазами.

Такъ прошло около часа. Мѣсяцъ свѣтилъ въ окно и лучъ его игралъ по земляному полу хаты. Вдругъ на яркой полосѣ, пересѣкающей полъ, промелькнула тѣнь. Я привсталъ и взглянулъ въ окно: кто-то вторично пробѣжалъ мимо его и скрылся Богъ знаетъ куда. Я не могъ полагать, чтобъ это существо сбѣжало по отвѣсу берега; однако иначе ему некуда было дѣваться. Я всталъ, накинулъ бешметъ, опоясалъ кинжалъ и тихо-тихо вышелъ изъ хаты; на встрѣчу мнѣ слѣпой мальчикъ. Я притаился у забора, и онъ вѣрной, но осторожной поступью прошёлъ мимо меня. Подъ мышкой онъ нёсъ какой-то узелъ и, повернувъ къ пристани, сталъ спускаться по узкой и крутой тропинкѣ. "Въ тотъ день нѣмые возопіютъ и слѣпые прозрятъ," подумалъ я, слѣдуя за нимъ въ такомъ разстояніи, чтобъ не терять его изъ вида.

Между тѣмъ луна начинала одѣваться тучами и на морѣ поднялся туманъ; едва сквозь него свѣтился фонарь на кормѣ ближняго корабля; у берега сверкала пѣна валуновъ, ежеминутно грозящихъ его потопить.

Digitized by Google

With great trouble I managed to scramble down the rocky cliff, and this is what I saw: my blind boy halted below for a moment, and then turned to the right; he went so near to the water's edge, that it appeared as if the billows would at every moment seize and carry him away; but it was clear that was not his first walk, to judge from the steadiness with which he jumped from stone to stone, and the way in which he avoided every gully. At last he stopped, as if in the act of listening to something, sat down on the ground and laid his bundle beside him. I observed all his motions, hiding myself behind a rock which projected from the shore. After the lapse of a few minutes a white figure became visible on the opposite side; it approached the blind boy and sat down beside him. The wind from time to time brought their words to me.

'Well, blind one?' said a woman's voice; 'the storm is violent, Yanko won't come.' 'Yanko is not afraid of the storm,' replied the other. 'The fog thickens,' began the woman's voice again, with a tone of anxiety.

'In a fog it is all the easier to steal past the guardships,' was the reply. 'But if he should be drowned?' 'What of that? then next Sunday you would have to go to church without a new ribbon.'

A silence ensued. However, one thing struck me as remarkable: the blind boy had spoken to me in the 'little Russian' dialect, whilst now he expressed himself in pure Russian.

Digitized by Google

Я, съ трудомъ спускаясь, пробирался по крутизнѣ, и вотъ вижу: слѣпой пріостановился, потомъ повернулъ низомъ направо; онъ шёлъ такъ близко отъ воды, что, казалось, сейчасъ волна его схватитъ и унесётъ; но, видно, это была не первая его прогулка, судя по увѣренности, съ которой онъ ступалъ съ камня на камень и избѣгалъ рытвинъ. Наконецъ онъ остановился, будто прислушиваясь къ чему-то, присѣлъ на землю и положилъ возлѣ себя узелъ. Я наблюдалъ за его движеніями, спрятавшись за выдавшеюся скалою берега. Спустя нѣсколько минутъ, съ противоположной стороны показалась бѣлая фигура; она подошла къ слѣпому и сѣла возлѣ него. Вѣтеръ по временамъ приносилъ мнѣ ихъ разговоръ.

— Что, слѣпой? сказалъ женскій голосъ:—буря сильна; Янко не будетъ.—Янко не боится бури, отвѣчалъ тотъ.— Туманъ густѣетъ, возразилъ опять женскій голосъ, съ выраженіемъ печали.

— Въ туманѣ лучше пробраться мимо сторожевыхъ судовъ, былъ отвѣтъ.—А если онъ утонетъ?—Ну, что жъ? въ воскресенье ты пойдёшь въ церковь безъ новой ленты.

Послѣдовало молчаніе; меня, однако, поразило одно: слѣпой говорилъ со мною малороссійскимъ нарѣчіемъ, а теперь изъяснялся чисто по-русски.

Digitized by Google

'You see, I am right,' exclaimed the blind boy again, clapping his hands: 'Yanko fears neither seas, nor winds, nor fogs, nor coastguards; just you listen: that does not sound like the splashing of the water, you won't deceive me—those are his long oars.'

The woman jumped up with signs of perturbation and began to look into the offing.

'You are talking nonsense, blind boy!' said she: 'I see nothing.'

I must confess that try as I would to make out anything like a boat in the distance, I could see nothing. In this manner about ten minutes passed. All at once a black spot became visible among the billows, which seemed alternately to increase and to decrease in size. It neared the shore, appearing sometimes as if it were rising to the top of the waves, and again sinking swiftly into the trough of the sea. 'Bold was the sailor who ventured to traverse the Straits, twenty versts across, on such a night; and weighty must have been the reason that made him do it.' Thus musing, and with an involuntary beating of the heart, I looked on the poor boat, which, like a duck, dived down, and then the oars, looking like wings, fluttered up from the deeps, through clouds of foam; and I certainly expected that the boat would strike against the shore and be dashed to pieces by the shock; but she turned skilfully aside and glided unhurt into a small creek. Out of her sprang a man of middle size, with a Tartar fur cap on his head; he beckoned with his finger—and all three began to drag something out of the boat; the weight was so great that

Digitized by Google

— Ви́дишь, я правъ, сказа́лъ опя́ть слѣпо́й, уда́ривъ въ ладо́ши:—Янко не бои́тся ни мо́ря, ни вѣ́тровъ, ни тума́на, ни береговы́хъ сторожей; прислу́шайся-ка: э́то не вода́ пле́щетъ, меня́ не обма́нешь—э́то его́ дли́нныя вёсла.

Же́нщина вскочи́ла и ста́ла всма́триваться въ даль съ ви́домъ безпокойства.

— Ты бреди́шь, слѣпо́й! сказа́ла она́: я ничего́ не ви́жу.

Признаю́сь, ско́лько я ни стара́лся различи́ть вдалекѣ́ что-нибу́дь на подо́біе ло́дки, но безуспѣ́шно. Такъ прошло́ минутъ де́сять; и вотъ показа́лась ме́жду гора́ми волнъ чёрная то́чка: она́ то увели́чивалась, то уменьша́лась. Ме́дленно поднима́ясь на хребты́ волнъ, бы́стро спуска́ясь съ нихъ, приближа́лась къ бе́регу ло́дка. "Отва́женъ былъ пловецъ, рѣши́вшійся въ таку́ю ночь пусти́ться чрезъ проли́въ на разстоя́ніе двадцати́ вёрстъ, и ва́жная должна́ быть причи́на, его́ къ тому́ побуди́вшая." Ду́мая такъ, я, съ невольнымъ біе́ніемъ се́рдца глядѣ́лъ на бѣ́дную ло́дку; но она́, какъ у́тка, ныря́ла, и пото́мъ, бы́стро взмахну́въ вёслами, бу́дто кры́льями, выска́кивала изъ про́пасти среди́ бры́зговъ пѣ́ны; и вотъ, я ду́малъ, она́ уда́рится съ разма́ха объ бе́регъ и разлети́тся въ дре́безги; но она́ ло́вко повернулась бо́комъ и вскочи́ла въ ма́ленькую бу́хту невреди́ма. Изъ нея́ вы́шелъ челове́къ сре́дняго ро́ста, въ тата́рской бара́ньей ша́пкѣ; онъ махну́лъ руко́ю — и всѣ́ тро́е приняли́сь выта́скивать что́-то изъ ло́дки; грузъ былъ такъ вели́къ, что

Digitized by Google

to this day I cannot understand why she did not sink. Hoisting upon their backs a bundle each, they took their way along the shore, until at length I lost sight of them. Nothing remained now for me to do but to return home; yet I confess that these mysteries excited me so much that I longed for the morning with impatience.

My Cossack, on awakening, was not a little astonished to see me up and dressed, but I gave him no explanation. After having gazed through the window for some time, with admiration of the blue sky, covered with ragged cloudlets, on the distant coast of the Crimea which ran out in long lily-white stripes, ending in a rock, on whose summit a lighthouse shone, I now went to the fortress of Fanagoria, in order to learn from the Commandant the time when I could proceed to Helendjick.

But, alas! the Commandant could not tell me anything definite. The vessels that were in the harbour were either guardships, or merchant-vessels; besides they had not even begun to load. 'Perhaps the mail-boat may arrive in three or four days,' said the Commandant, 'and then we shall see.' I returned home gloomy and vexed. My Cossack met me at the door with a frightened expression.

'Things look bad, your honour!' said he to me.

'Yes, my friend, they do. God knows when we shall get away from here.'

At these words he became more frightened and, turning to me, whispered: 'There's ill luck here! I met to-day a Black Sea orderly—he is an acquaintance of mine—who was in the Active Corps last year; when I told him where

Digitized by Google

я до сихъ поръ не понимаю, какъ она не потонула. Взявъ на плечи каждый по узлу, они пустились вдоль по берегу, и скоро я потерялъ ихъ изъ вида. Надо было вернуться домой; но, признаюсь, всѣ эти странности меня тревожили, и я насилу дождался утра.

Казакъ мой былъ очень удивлёнъ, когда проснувшись, увидѣлъ меня совсѣмъ одѣтаго; я ему, однако жъ, не сказалъ причины. Полюбовавшись нѣсколько времени изъ окна на голубое небо, усѣянное разорванными облачками, на дальный берегъ Крыма, который тянется лиловой полосой и кончается утёсомъ, на вершинѣ коего бѣлѣется маячная башня, я отправился въ крѣпость Фанагорію, чтобъ узнать отъ коменданта о часѣ моего отъѣзда въ Геленджикъ.

Но—увы! комендантъ ничего не могъ сказать рѣшительнаго. Суда, стоявшія въ пристани, были всѣ или сторожевыя, или купеческія, которыя ещё даже не начинали нагружаться.—"Можетъ быть, дня черезъ три, четыре прндётъ почтовое судно, сказалъ комендантъ:—и тогда мы увидимъ." Я вернулся домой угрюмъ и сердитъ. Меня въ дверяхъ встрѣтилъ казакъ мой съ испуганнымъ лицомъ.

— Плохо, ваше благородіе! сказалъ онъ мнѣ.

— Да, братъ, Богъ знаетъ, когда мы отсюда уѣдемъ!

Тутъ онъ ещё больше встревожился и, наклоняясь ко мнѣ, сказалъ шопотомъ:—Здѣсь нечисто! Я встрѣтилъ сегодня черноморскаго урядника; онъ мнѣ знакомъ—былъ прошлаго года въ отрядѣ; какъ я ему сказалъ, гдѣ

Digitized by Google

we were staying, said he to me, "Brother, there's ill luck in that place; the people are not good!..." Aye, and what kind of a blind boy is this?...he goes everywhere alone, to the bazaar, to fetch bread, and water...but here the people seem to be quite used to it.'

'Well? has the mistress of the house appeared yet, anyhow?'

'Whilst you were away to-day the old woman and her daughter came.'

'What daughter? Why, she has no daughter.'

'Then God knows who she is, if she is not her daughter; why, yonder is the old woman just sitting in her hut.'

I went into the miserable hut. The stove was well heated, and a meal was cooking, tolerably good for such poor people. To all my inquiries the old woman replied that she was deaf, could not hear. What was to be done with her? I turned to the blind boy, who was sitting before the stove and throwing faggots into the fire. 'Well, you little blind imp,' said I, taking hold of his ear,—'just tell me where you went last night with a bundle, eh?' Hereupon the blind boy began to cry, to whine, and to howl: 'Where was I a-goin'?...I wasn't a-goin' nowhere...With a bundle...what bundle?' The old woman now seemed to regain her hearing and began to scream: 'Hear what they are saying, all made up, and against a poor unfortunate! What do you take him for? What has he done to you?' I grew annoyed at this, and so I left the hut firmly resolved to find the key to this riddle.

Digitized by Google

мы остановились, а онъ мнѣ: здѣсь, братъ, нечисто, люди недобрые!... Да и въ самомъ дѣлѣ, что это за слѣпой!... ходитъ вездѣ одинъ, и на базаръ, за хлѣбомъ, и за водой... ужъ, видно, здѣсь къ этому привыкли.

— Да что жъ? по крайней мѣрѣ, показалась ли хозяйка?...

— Сегодня безъ васъ пришла старуха и съ ней дочь.

— Какая дочь? у нея нѣтъ дочери.

— А Богъ её знаетъ, кто она, коли не дочь; да вонъ старуха сидитъ теперь въ своей хатѣ.

Я вошёлъ въ лачужку. Печь была жарко натоплена, и въ ней варился обѣдъ довольно роскошный для бѣдняковъ. Старуха на всѣ мои вопросы отвѣчала, что она глуха, не слышитъ. Что было съ ней дѣлать? Я обратился къ слѣпому, который сидѣлъ передъ печью и подкладывалъ въ огонь хворостъ. "Ну-ка, слѣпой чертёнокъ, сказалъ я, взявъ его за ухо:—говори, куда ты ночью таскался съ узломъ—а?" Вдругъ мой слѣпой заплакалъ, закричалъ, заохалъ: Куды я ходивъ?... никуды не ходивъ... съ узломъ... якимъ узломъ?—Старуха на этотъ разъ услышала и стала ворчать: "Вотъ выдумываютъ, да ещё на убогаго! За что вы его? что онъ вамъ сдѣлалъ?" Мнѣ это надоѣло и я вышелъ, твёрдо рѣшившись достать ключъ этой загадки.

Digitized by Google

I wrapped myself up in my cloak, and sat down near the fence upon a stone and looked into the far distance. Before me the sea, agitated by the storm of last night, stretched far away: and its monotonous roar, like the hum of a sleeping city, reminded me of old times, and led my thoughts to our icy capital in the north. Moved by recollections I fell into musing. So passed about an hour, and perhaps more... All at once something like a song caught my ear. It was indeed a song, and sung by the fresh voice of a girl. But whence did it come?... I listened: it was a beautiful melody, now long drawn out and sad, and again quick and lively. I looked around —there was no one. I listened again—the sounds seemed to fall from the sky. I looked up: and lo! on the roof of the hut stood a girl, in a striped dress, with loose hair,— she looked a very water-nymph. Shading her eyes with the palm of her hand, she stared into the distance, now laughing and bridling to herself, and now recommencing her song.

I remember that song word for word:

How on the crested waves,
And on the greeny sea
The ships go up and down
A-tossing ceaselessly!

Amid the crowd of craft
Lo, my own dear boat:
Without or sail or helm,
All bird-like see her float!

Digitized by Google

Я завернулся въ бурку и сѣлъ у забора на камень, поглядывая въ даль; передо мной тянулось ночною бурею взволнованное море, и однообразный шумъ его, подобный ропоту засыпающаго города, напомнилъ мнѣ старые годы, перенёсъ мои мысли на сѣверъ, въ нашу холодную столицу. Волнуемый воспоминаніями, я забылся... Такъ прошло около часа; можетъ быть и болѣе... Вдругъ что-то похожее на пѣсню поразило мой слухъ. Точно это была пѣсня, и женскій свѣжій голосокъ—но откуда?... Прислушиваюсь: напѣвъ стройный —то протяжный и печальный, то быстрый и живой. Оглядываюсь — никого нѣтъ кругомъ; прислушиваюсь снова—звуки какъ будто падаютъ съ неба. Я поднялъ глаза: на крышѣ хаты моей стояла дѣвушка въ полосатомъ платьѣ, съ распущенными косами, настоящая русалка. Защитивъ глаза ладонью отъ лучей солнца, она пристально всматривалась въ даль, то смѣялась и разсуждала сама съ собой, то запѣвала снова пѣсню.

Я запомнилъ эту пѣсню отъ слова до слова:

Какъ по вольной волюшкѣ—
По зелёну морю,
Ходятъ всё кораблики
Бѣлопарусники.

Промежъ тѣхъ корабликовъ
Моя лодочка,
Лодка не снащёная
Двухвесельная.

Digitized by Google

When hurricanes arise
And sport in stormy glee,
The ancient vessels fly
Like birds across the sea.

All humble to the sea
My homage due I pay;
Oh, cruel, angry sea!
Touch not my boat, I pray.

For this my little boat
Bears costly merchandise;
A brave heart brings her o'er
When darkling are the skies.

At once I remembered that it was the same voice I had heard last night; I still sat for a minute in deep thought, and on looking again on the roof saw that the girl had disappeared. Suddenly she passed me, singing another song, and snapping her fingers to keep time, and went up to the old woman; then they began to quarrel. The old woman grew angry; but the girl laughed loudly. My Undine came at last skipping towards me; when she was near, she stopped and stared into my eyes, as if she were astonished at my presence; she then turned carelessly away, and proceeded slowly to the harbour. But this was not all. All day long she was about my lodgings; her singing and frisking ceased not for a moment. A strange creature! On her face there was no sign of any absence of mind; on the contrary, her eyes were fixed on me with great keenness, and those eyes seemed to have a magnetic

Digitized by Google

Бу́ря ль разыгра́ется—
Ста́рые кора́блики
Приподы́мутъ кры́лышки,
По́ морю разме́чутся.

Ста́ну мо́рю кла́няться
Я низёхонько:
"Ужъ не тронь ты, зло́е мо́ре,
Мою́ ло́дочку:

Везётъ моя́ ло́дочка
Ве́щи драгоцѣ́нныя,
Пра́витъ ею́ въ тёмну ночь
Бу́йная голо́вушка."

Мнѣ невóльно пришлó на мысль, что нóчью я слы́шалъ тотъ же гóлосъ; я на минýту задýмался, и когдá сиóва посмотрѣ́лъ на кры́шу, дѣ́вушки тамъ нé было. Вдругъ онá пробѣжáла ми́мо меня́, напѣвáя чтó-то другóе, и, прищёлкивая пáльцами, вбѣжáла къ старýхѣ, и тутъ начался́ мéжду ни́ми споръ. Старýха серди́лась; онá грóмко хохотáла. И вотъ ви́жу, бѣжи́тъ опя́ть въ припры́жку моя́ унди́на; поровня́вшись со мной, останови́лась и при́стально посмотрѣ́ла мнѣ въ глазá, какъ бýдто удивлённая моимъ присýтствіемъ; потóмъ небрéжно обернýлась и ти́хо пошлá къ при́стани. Этимъ не кóнчилось: цѣ́лый день онá вертѣ́лась óколо моéй кварти́ры; пѣ́нье и пры́ганье не прекращáлись ни па минýту. Стрáнное существó! На лицѣ́ ея́ нé было никаки́хъ при́знаковъ безýмія; напрóтивъ, глазá ея́ съ бóйкою проницáтельностью останáвливались на мнѣ, и э́ти глазá, казáлось, бы́ли одарены́ какóю-то магнити́ческою

Digitized by Google

power, as though they expected an answer. But as soon as I opened my mouth she ran away, laughing roguishly.

Truly, a like woman I had never before seen. She was by no means a beauty, but with regard to beauty I have my little prejudices. There was much breeding about her; and with females and horses breeding is a great thing: that is a discovery of young France. It is recognised—that is to say breeding, and not the discovery of young France—in the gait, in the hands and feet; the nose in particular tells a great deal. A regular nose is, in Russia, even more rare than a small foot. My siren seemed to be not more than eighteen. The uncommon slenderness of her figure, and a turn of the head peculiar to herself, her long blonde hair, a certain golden sheen on the skin of her slightly sun-burnt neck and shoulders, and above all her regular nose—all this had a bewitching charm for me. Although in her furtive looks I read something wild and suspicious—though in her smile was something undecided, yet such is the force of prejudice; for her regular nose turned my head; I fancied I had found Goethe's Mignon—that most marvellous creation of his Teutonic imagination; and assuredly there was great similarity between them: the same sudden transitions from the highest excitement to the most apathetic immobility, enigmatic words, strange songs and movements...

Towards evening, I stopped her at the door and had the following conversation with her.

Digitized by Google

вла́стью, и вся́кій разъ они́ какъ бу́дто бы жда́ли вопро́са. Но то́лько я начина́лъ говори́ть, она́ убѣга́ла, кова́рно улыба́ясь.

Рѣши́тельно, я никогда́ подо́бной же́нщины не ви́дывалъ. Она́ была́ далеко́ не краса́вица, но я имѣ́ю свои́ предубѣжде́нія та́кже и насчётъ красоты́. Въ ней бы́ло мно́го поро́ды... поро́да въ же́нщинахъ, какъ и въ лошадя́хъ, вели́кое дѣ́ло: э́то откры́тіе принадлежи́тъ ю́ной Фра́нціи. Она́, т. е. поро́да, а не ю́ная Фра́нція, бо́льшею ча́стью изоблича́ется въ по́ступи, въ рука́хъ и нога́хъ; осо́бенно носъ о́чень мно́го зна́читъ. Пра́вильный носъ въ Россіи рѣ́же ма́ленькой но́жки. Моей пѣву́ньѣ каза́лось не бо́лѣе 18 лѣтъ. Необыкнове́нная ги́бкость ея́ ста́на, осо́бенное, ей то́лько сво́йственное, наклоне́ніе головы́, дли́нные ру́сые во́лосы, како́й-то золоти́стый отли́въ ея́ слегка́ загорѣ́лой ко́жи на шеѣ́ и плеча́хъ, и осо́бенно пра́вильный носъ—всё э́то бы́ло для меня́ обворожи́тельно. Хотя́ въ ея́ ко́свенныхъ взгля́дахъ я чита́лъ что́-то ди́кое и подозри́тельное, хотя́ въ ея́ улы́бкѣ бы́ло что́-то неопредѣлённое, но такова́ си́ла предубѣжде́ній: пра́вильный носъ свёлъ меня́ съ ума́; я вообрази́лъ, что нашёлъ Гётеву Миньо́ну—э́то причу́дливое созда́ніе его́ нѣме́цкаго воображе́нія; и то́чно, ме́жду ни́ми бы́ло мно́го схо́дства: тѣ́ же бы́стрые перехо́ды отъ велича́йшаго безпоко́йства къ по́лной неподви́жности, тѣ́ же зага́дочныя рѣ́чи, тѣ́ же прыжки́, стра́нныя пѣ́сни...

По́дъ ве́черъ, останови́въ её въ двера́хъ, я завёлъ съ не́ю слѣ́дующій разгово́ръ:

Digitized by Google

'Tell me, my beauty,' I asked, 'what you were doing to-day on the roof.'—'Why, I was looking to see whence the wind blew.'—'What have you to do with the wind?'—'Along with the wind my luck I find.'—'Oh, so you sang to bring luck?'—'Wherever there is song, comes happiness along.'—'But suppose you sing sorrow to yourself?'—'What matter? Where things don't get better they get worse; and from bad to good is not a far cry.'—'Who taught you that song?'—'Nobody taught me—a thought comes into my head,—and I sing; he who is to hear it understands it, and he who is not to hear it cannot understand it.'—'And what is your name, dear Siren?'—'Who christened me knows it.'—'And who christened you?'—'How should I know?'—'Ah! you sly girl. I have discovered something about you, though' (no alteration in her features or quivering of her lips betrayed that she was concerned). 'I have discovered that you were on the beach last night.'—And now I told her with considerable stress, all I had seen, thinking to overawe her; not in the least! She began to laugh heartily.—'You have seen much, but you know little, and what you know, keep it under lock and key.'—'But what if I should report it to the Commandant?' said I, assuming a very important and serious air. She suddenly started up, began to sing, and hid herself like a bird which has been scared away from its bush. My last words were by no means well chosen, but at that time I had no notion of their importance; however, I had cause to rue them afterwards.

As soon as it grew dusk, I ordered my Cossack to make tea as we do on the march, lit a candle, sat down at the table,

Digitized by Google

— Скажи́-ка мнѣ, краса́вица, спроси́лъ я:—что́ ты дѣ́лала сего́дня на кро́влѣ?—А смотрѣ́ла, отку́да вѣ́теръ дуетъ.—Зачѣ́мъ тебѣ́?—Отку́да вѣ́теръ дуетъ, о́тту́да и сча́стье.—Что́ же? ра́звѣ ты пѣ́снею зазыва́ла сча́стье? —Гдѣ поётся, тамъ и счастли́вится.—А какъ неравно́ напоёшь себѣ́ го́ре?—Ну что́ жъ? гдѣ не бу́детъ лу́чше, тамъ бу́детъ ху́же, а отъ ху́да до добра́ опя́ть не далеко́.— Кто жъ тебя́ вы́училъ э́ту пѣ́сню?—Никто́ не вы́училъ; взду́мается—запою́; кому́ услыха́ть, тотъ услы́шитъ; а кому́ не до́лжно слы́шать, тотъ не поймётъ.—А какъ тебя́ зову́тъ, моя́ пѣву́нья?—Кто крести́лъ, тотъ зна́етъ.—А кто крести́лъ?—Почему́ я зна́ю.—Экая скры́тная! А вотъ я ко́е-что про тебя́ узна́лъ (она́ не измѣни́лась въ лицѣ́, не пошевельну́ла губа́ми, какъ бу́дто не объ ней дѣ́ло). Я узна́лъ, что ты вчера́ но́чью ходи́ла на́ берегъ. —И тутъ я о́чень ва́жно пересказа́лъ ей всё, что ви́дѣлъ, ду́мая смути́ть её; ни́ма́ло! Она́ захохота́ла во всё го́рло. —Мно́го ви́дѣли, да ма́ло зна́ете; а что зна́ете, такъ держи́те подъ замо́чкомъ.—А е́сли бъ я, напримѣ́ръ, взду́малъ донести́ коменда́нту?—и тутъ я сдѣ́лалъ о́чень серьёзную, да́же стро́гую ми́ну. Она́ вдругъ прыгнула, запѣ́ла и скры́лась, какъ пти́чка, вы́пугнутая изъ куста́рника. Послѣ́днія слова́ мои́ бы́ли во́все не умѣ́ста; я тогда́ не подозрѣва́лъ ихъ ва́жности, но впослѣ́дствіи имѣ́лъ слу́чай въ нихъ раска́яться.

То́лько что сме́рклось, я велѣ́лъ казаку́ нагрѣ́ть ча́йникъ по похо́дному, засвѣти́лъ свѣчку́ и сѣлъ у стола́,

Digitized by Google

and lit my travelling pipe. I had already finished my second glass of tea, when suddenly the door creaked, and a sound of feet and rustling like that of a dress was audible behind me. I started and turned round—she it was, my Undine. Silently and without uttering a syllable, she sat down opposite to me with her eyes riveted upon me; and I do not know why—her look appeared to me marvellously tender, and recalled to me one of those looks which in former years played so imperiously with my life. She appeared to expect a question from me, but I remained silent, being mastered by some inexplicable feeling. Her face was covered with a deathly pallor, which betrayed her inward emotion, her hand moved aimlessly about the table, and I remarked a slight trembling in it; and her bosom heaved tumultuously, or again she appeared to hold her breath. This comedy began to weary me, and I was just about to put an end to the silence in the most prosaical manner by offering her a cup of tea, when on a sudden she jumped up, threw her arms round my neck, and impressed a damp, passionate kiss on my lips. My eyes grew dim, my head turned, and I embraced her with all the ardour of youthful passion, but she like a snake glided out of my arms, and whispered in my ear: 'To-night, when all are asleep, come to the beach,' and rushed like lightning out of the room, upsetting in her flight the tea-urn and the candle, which were both standing on the floor. 'What a devil of a girl,' exclaimed the Cossack, who had calculated upon enjoying the remains of my tea, and now stretched himself disappointedly on the straw. Now at last I recovered myself.

Digitized by Google

покуривая изъ дорожной трубки. Ужъ я докончивалъ второй стаканъ чая, какъ вдругъ дверь скрипнула, легкій шорохъ платья и шаговъ послышался за мной; я вздрогнулъ и обернулся—то была она, моя ундина. Она сѣла противъ меня тихо и безмолвно, и устремила на меня глаза свои; и не знаю почему, но этотъ взоръ показался мнѣ чудно нѣженъ; онъ мнѣ напомнилъ одинъ изъ тѣхъ взглядовъ, которые въ старые годы такъ самовластно играли моею жизнью. Она, казалось, ждала вопроса, но я молчалъ, полный неизъяснимаго смущенія. Лицо ея было покрыто тусклой блѣдностью, изобличавшей волненіе душевное; рука ея безъ цѣли бродила по столу, и я замѣтилъ въ ней легкій трепетъ; грудь ея то высоко подымалась, то, казалось, она удерживала дыханіе. Эта комедія начинала мнѣ надоѣдать, и я готовъ былъ прервать молчаніе самымъ прозаическимъ образомъ, то есть предложить ей стаканъ чая, какъ вдругъ она вскочила, обвила руками мою шею, и влажный, огненный поцѣлуй прозвучалъ на губахъ моихъ. Въ глазахъ у меня потемнѣло, голова закружилась, я сжалъ её въ моихъ объятіяхъ со всею силою юношеской страсти, но она, какъ змѣя, скользнула между моими руками, шепнувъ мнѣ на ухо: "нынче ночью, какъ всѣ уснутъ, выходи на берегъ," и стрѣлою выскочила изъ комнаты. Въ сѣняхъ она опрокинула чайникъ и свѣчу, стоявшую на полу. "Экой бѣсъ-дѣвка!" закричалъ казакъ, расположившійся на соломѣ и мечтавшій согрѣться остатками чая. Только тутъ я опомнился.

Digitized by Google

In about two hours' time, when everything had grown quiet in the harbour, I awoke my Cossack. 'If you should hear the report of a pistol,' said I to him, 'hasten to the beach.' He stared at me, and answered mechanically: 'All right, your Honour!' I put my pistol in my belt and went out. She was already waiting for me on the brink of the descent; her dress was extremely light; a small handkerchief encircled her slender waist.

'Follow me!' said she, taking hold of my hand, and we began to descend. I do not understand how it was that I did not break my neck. On arriving at the foot we turned to the right, and took the same road along which I had followed the blind boy last night. The moon had not yet risen; only two little stars glittered like two saving beacons in the dark sky. A swell rolled heavily, one billow after another, as if in measured cadence, scarcely lifting the solitary boat which was moored to the shore. 'Let us go into the boat,' said my companion. I hesitated—I am not fond of sentimental trips on the sea; but it was too late to object. She jumped into the boat, I followed her: and before knowing where I was, I saw that we were afloat. 'What does this mean?' said I, angrily.—'It means,' said she, pressing me down on the seat and embracing me with both her arms,—'it means that I love you...' And her cheeks pressed mine, and I felt her hot breath upon my face. Suddenly something fell with a splash into the water; I mechanically put my hand to my belt—my pistol was gone! O! then a dreadful suspicion crossed my mind, the blood rushed to my head! I looked about—we were about fifty yards distant from the shore, and I could not swim! I tried

Digitized by Google

Часа́ че́резъ два, когда́ всё на при́стани умо́лкло, я разбуди́лъ своего́ казака́. "Если я вы́стрѣлю изъ пистоле́та, сказа́лъ я ему́, то бѣги́ на́ берегъ." Онъ вы́пучилъ глаза́ и машина́льно отвѣча́лъ: "слу́шаю ва́ше благоро́діе." Я заткну́лъ за́ поясъ пистоле́тъ и вы́шелъ. Она́ дожида́лась меня́ на краю́ спу́ска; ея́ оде́жда была́ бо́лѣе не́жели лёгкая, небольшо́й плато́къ опоя́сывалъ ея ги́бкій станъ.

— Иди́те за мной! сказа́ла она́, взявъ меня́ за́ руку, и мы ста́ли спуска́ться. Не понима́ю, какъ я не сломи́лъ себѣ́ ше́и; внизу́ мы поверну́ли напра́во и пошли́ по то́й же доро́гѣ, гдѣ наканунѣ́ я слѣ́довалъ за слѣпы́мъ. Мѣ́сяцъ ещё не встава́лъ и то́лько двѣ звѣ́здочки, какъ два спаси́тельные маяка́, сверка́ли на тёмноси́немъ сво́дѣ. Тяжёлыя во́лны мѣ́рно и ро́вно кати́лись одна́ за друго́ю, едва́ приподнима́я одино́кую ло́дку, прича́ленную къ бе́регу. "Войдёмъ въ ло́дку," сказа́ла моя́ спу́тница. Я колеба́лся —я не охо́тникъ до сантимента́льныхъ прогу́локъ по́ морю; но отступа́ть бы́ло не вре́мя. Она́ пры́гнула въ ло́дку, я за ней, и не успѣ́лъ ещё опо́мниться, какъ замѣ́тилъ что мы плывёмъ. "Что э́то зна́читъ? сказа́лъ я серди́то.—"Это зна́читъ, отвѣча́ла она́, сажа́я меня́ на ска́мью и обви́въ мой станъ рука́ми:—э́то зна́читъ, что я тебя́ люблю..." И щека́ ея́ прижа́лась къ моей́, и я почу́вствовалъ на лицѣ́ моёмъ ея пла́менное дыха́ніе. Вдругъ что́-то шу́мно упа́ло въ во́ду; я хвать за по́ясъ—пистоле́та нѣтъ. О! тутъ ужа́сное подозрѣ́ніе закра́лось мнѣ въ ду́шу, кровь хлы́нула мнѣ въ го́лову! Огля́дываюсь—мы отъ бе́рега о́коло пяти́десяти са́женъ, а я не умѣ́ю пла́вать! Хочу́

Digitized by Google

to push her from me,—but like a cat she clung to my clothes, and a sudden violent push threw me nearly overboard. The boat began to toss, but I steadied it, and now a desperate struggle began between us; indignation lent me strength, but I soon perceived that I was far inferior in skill to my antagonist... 'What do you want from me?' cried I, squeezing her little hand with all my might; her fingers cracked, but she uttered no sound; her snake-like nature stood the strain.

'You have seen,' she replied: 'you will tell!' and with supernatural exertion she threw me upon the gunwale; we were both half out of the boat; her hair touched the water. The moment was decisive, I pressed my knees firmly to the bottom of the boat, seized her hair with one hand, with the other her throat, upon which she let go her hold of my clothes, and at the same moment I threw her into the sea.

It was fairly dark by this time; her head reappeared several times from the foaming waves, then I saw no more...

On the bottom of the boat I found the half of an old oar, by means of which, and after long struggles, I succeeded in paddling myself into the harbour. On my way along the beach towards my hut, I involuntarily looked to the spot where the blind boy had last night waited for the nocturnal sailor. The moon had already begun to rise in the heavens, and it appeared to me as if someone dressed in white was sitting on the shore; impelled by curiosity I crept nearer, and lay down on the grass, behind a rock on the shore; stretching my neck a little, I could easily see from my height everything that was going on below,

Digitized by Google

оттолкну́ть её отъ себя́—она́, какъ ко́шка, вцѣпи́лась въ мою́ оде́жду, и вуругъ си́льный толчо́къ едва́ не сбро́силъ меня́ въ мо́ре. Ло́дка закача́лась, но я спра́вился, и ме́жду на́ми нача́лась отча́янная борьба́; бѣшенство придава́ло мнѣ си́лы, но я ско́ро замѣ́тилъ, что уступа́ю моему́ проти́внику въ ло́вкости... "Что хо́чешь!" закрича́лъ я, крѣ́пко сжавъ ея́ ма́ленькія ру́ки; па́льцы ея́ хрустѣ́ли, но она́ не вскри́кнула: ея́ змѣи́ная натура выде́ржала э́ту пы́тку.

Ты ви́дѣлъ, отвѣча́ла она́: ты донесёшь! и сверхъесте́ственнымъ уси́ліемъ повали́ла меня́ на бортъ; мы о́ба по по́ясъ свѣ́сились изъ ло́дки; ея́ во́лосы каса́лись воды́; мину́та была́ рѣши́тельная. Я упе́рся колѣ́нкою во дно, схвати́лъ её одно́й руко́й за́ косу, друго́й за го́рло, она́ выпусти́ла мою́ оде́жду, и я мгнове́нно сбро́силъ её въ во́лны.

Бы́ло уже́ дово́льно темно́; голова́ ея́ мелькну́ла ра́за два среди́ морско́й пѣ́ны, и бо́льше я ничего́ не вида́лъ...

На днѣ ло́дки я нашёлъ полови́ну ста́раго весла́, и ко́е-какъ, по́слѣ до́лгихъ уси́лій, прича́лилъ къ при́стани. Пробира́ясь бе́регомъ къ свое́й ха́тѣ, я нево́льно всма́тривался въ ту сто́рону, гдѣ наканунѣ слѣпо́й дожида́лся ночна́го пловца́. Луна́ уже́ кати́лась по́ небу и мнѣ показа́лось, что кто́-то въ бѣ́ломъ сидѣ́лъ на берегу́; я подкра́лся подстрека́емый любопы́тствомъ, и прилёгъ въ траве́ надъ обры́вомъ бе́рега; вы́сунувъ немно́го го́лову, я могъ хорошо́ ви́дѣть съ утёса всё, что внизу́ дѣ́лалось,

Digitized by Google

and I was not much surprised—nay, I was almost glad to recognise my water-nymph. She was squeezing out the sea-water from her long hair; the wet dress displaying her dainty figure and her fine bosom to perfection. Soon after a boat appeared in the distance, which quickly approached the shore; again, as last night, a man jumped out wearing a Tartar cap, but his hair was cut Cossack-fashion, and in his leathern belt glittered a large knife. 'Yanko,' she cried: 'all is lost!' Then a conversation ensued, but in so low a tone that I could not overhear anything.—'But where is the blind boy?' asked Yanko with raised voice. 'I have sent him away,' was the reply. It was not long ere the blind boy made his appearance, carrying on his shoulders a sack, which they threw into the boat.

'Listen, blind one!' said Yanko:—'you take care of that place... you understand? valuable goods are there... Tell (the name I could not catch) that I cannot serve him any longer, matters have taken a bad turn; he won't see me any more; there's danger now. I will seek employment elsewhere, but he will not soon find such another daredevil. You can also tell him that if he had paid him better for his trouble Yanko would not have left him in the lurch; but there is a way for me wherever the wind blows and the sea roars.' After a short silence Yanko continued; 'She must go along with me, she cannot remain behind: and tell the old woman to be sure to guard our honour if it should be now her lot to perish. Us she will never see again.'—'And me!' said the blind boy, in a dolorous voice. 'What use are you to me?' was the reply.

Digitized by Google

и не очень удивился; а почти обрадовался, узнавъ мою русалку. Она выжимала морскую пѣну изъ длинныхъ волосъ своихъ; мокрая рубашка обрисовывала гибкій станъ ея и высокую грудь. Скоро показалась вдали лодка; быстро приблизилась она; изъ нея, какъ наканунѣ, вышелъ человѣкъ въ татарской шапкѣ, но остриженъ онъ былъ по-казацки, и за ременнымъ поясомъ его торчалъ большой ножъ. "Янко, сказала она: всё пропало!" Потомъ разговоръ ихъ продолжался, но такъ тихо, что я ничего не могъ разслушать.—А гдѣ же слѣпой? сказалъ наконецъ Янко, возвысся голосъ. "Я его послала," былъ отвѣтъ. Черезъ нѣсколько минутъ явился слѣпой, таща на спинѣ мѣшокъ, который положили въ лодку.

Послушай, слѣпой! сказалъ Янко:—ты берегись то мѣсто... знаешь? тамъ богатые товары... скажи (имени я не разслушалъ), что я ему больше не слуга; дѣла пошли худо, онъ меня больше не увидитъ; теперь опасно; поѣду искать работы въ другомъ мѣстѣ, а ему ужъ такаго удальца не найти. Да скажи, кабы онъ получше платилъ за труды, такъ и Янко бы его не покинулъ; а мнѣ вездѣ дорога, гдѣ только вѣтеръ дуетъ и море шумитъ!—Послѣ нѣкотораго молчанія Янко продолжалъ; она поѣдетъ со мною; ей нельзя здѣсь оставаться; а старухѣ скажи, что, дескать, пора умирать, зажилась, надо знать и честь. Насъ же больше не увидитъ. А я! сказалъ слѣпой жалобнымъ голосомъ.—На что мнѣ тебя? былъ отвѣтъ.

Digitized by Google

In the meanwhile my Undine had jumped into the boat, and was beckoning with her hand to her companion; the latter put something into the blind boy's hand, saying: 'There, buy some cakes for yourself.'—'Is that all?' said the blind boy. 'Well, then, there is more'—a falling coin chinked on the stones. The blind boy did not pick it up. Yanko sat in the boat, the wind blew from the shore, they hoisted a small sail, and were quickly borne away. By the light of the moon I could see for a long time the white sail amidst the dark waves; the blind boy was still sitting on the shore, and I seemed to hear something like a sob; and weep he did, that blind boy, for a long, long time... I was sad. Why, mused I, had fate thrown me into the tranquil circle of honest smugglers, and caused me to disturb their peace like a stone which has been thrown into the smooth surface of the water, and like a stone I myself nearly went down to the bottom!

I returned home. The end of the candle flickered still in a wooden plate on the floor, and my Cossack slept soundly notwithstanding my orders, but held his musket in both hands. I let him alone, took the candle, and went into my room. Oh, dear! my strong box, my sword inlaid with silver, my Daghestan dagger—the gift of a friend—they had all disappeared. Now I guessed what articles that damned blind boy was carrying. I woke my Cossack with a violent kick, and scolded him—there was nothing more to be done! Would it not have been ludicrous to

Digitized by Google

Ме́жду тѣмъ моя́ ундина вскочи́ла въ ло́дку и махну́ла товарищу рукой; онъ что́-то положи́лъ слѣпо́му въ ру́ку, примо́лвивъ: "На, купи́ себѣ́ пря́никовъ."—То́лько? сказа́лъ слѣпо́й. "Ну, вотъ тебѣ́ ещё"—и упа́вшая моне́та зазвенѣ́ла, уда́рясь о ка́мень. Слѣпо́й её не по́днялъ. Янко сѣлъ въ ло́дку; вѣ́теръ дулъ отъ бе́рега; они́ по́дняли ма́ленькій па́русъ и бы́стро понесли́сь. До́лго при свѣтѣ мѣ́сяца мелька́лъ бѣ́лый па́русъ ме́жду тёмныхъ волнъ; слѣпо́й всё сидѣ́лъ на берегу́, и вотъ мнѣ́ послы́шалось что́-то похо́жее на рыда́ніе; слѣпо́й ма́льчикъ то́чно пла́калъ, и до́лго, до́лго... Мнѣ́ ста́ло гру́стно. И зачѣ́мъ бы́ло судьбѣ́ уго́дно ки́нуть меня́ въ ми́рный кругъ че́стныхъ контрабанди́стовъ? Какъ ка́мень, бро́шенный въ гла́дкій исто́чникъ, я встрево́жилъ ихъ споко́йствіе, и какъ ка́мень едва́ самъ не пошёлъ ко дну!

Я возврати́лся домо́й. Въ сѣ́няхъ треща́ла догорѣ́вшая свѣча́ въ деревя́нной таре́лкѣ, и каза́къ мой, вопреки́ прика́занію, спалъ крѣ́пкимъ сномъ, держа́ ружьё обѣ́ими рука́ми. Я его́ оста́вилъ въ поко́ѣ, взялъ свѣчу́ и вошёлъ въ ха́ту. Увы́! моя́ шкату́лка, ша́шка съ сере́брянной опра́вой, дагеста́нскій кинжа́лъ—пода́рокъ пріятеля, всё исче́зло. Тутъ-то я догада́лся, какія ве́щи тащи́лъ проклятый слѣпо́й. Разбуди́въ казака́ дово́льно невѣ́жливымъ толчко́мъ, я побрани́лъ его́, посерди́лся, а дѣ́лать бы́ло не́чего! И не смѣшно́ ли бы́ло бы жа́ловаться нача́льству,

Digitized by Google

have complained to the authorities, that a blind boy had robbed me, and that a girl eighteen years of age had nearly drowned me? Thank Heaven, I had an opportunity the following morning to leave Taman. What became of the old woman and the blind boy, I do not know. Besides, what business of mine are the cares or the joys of humanity, and I a wandering officer, travelling on government affairs!...

Digitized by Google

что слѣпо́й ма́льчикъ меня́ обокра́лъ, а восемьнадцатилѣ́тняя дѣ́вушка чуть-чуть не утопи́ла? Сла́ва Бо́гу, поутру́ яви́лась возмо́жность е́хать, и я оста́вилъ Тама́нь. Что ста́лось съ стару́хой и съ бѣ́днымъ слѣпы́мъ—не зна́ю. Да и како́е дѣ́ло мнѣ до ра́достей и бѣ́дствій человѣ́ческихъ, мнѣ стра́нствующему офицеру, да ещё съ подоро́жной по казённой на́добности!...

Digitized by Google

PRINCESS MARY.

11TH MAY.

Yesterday I arrived at Pyatigorsk, engaged lodgings on the outskirts of the town as high up as I could, at the foot of Mount Máshook: in stormy weather the clouds probably will descend upon the roof of my abode. This morning, when at five I opened the window, my room was filled with the sweet fragrance of the flowers growing in the small front garden. The boughs of a wild cherry-tree in blossom look in at my window, and sometimes the wind scatters its white petals all over my desk. I have three magnificent views from my window. On the west the five-peaked Beshtoo mountain glittering in azure splendour like the 'last cloud of a passing tempest.' On the north towers the Máshook like a Persian fur cap, and covers a large portion of my horizon. On the east the prospect is more lively: below, a pretty little town, quite new, extends before me; murmur the mineral springs, murmurs a motley crowd; and beyond, in the distance, mountain ranges form a vast amphitheatre, growing ever dimmer and more blue, whilst on the horizon stretches the silvery chain of the snow-capped summits of the Caucasus, beginning with Mount Kasbek, and ending with the double peak of Elboruz...

Digitized by Google

КНЯЖНА МЕРИ

11-го мая.

Вчера́ я прі́ѣхалъ въ Пятиго́рскъ, на́нялъ кварти́ру на краю́ го́рода, на са́момъ высо́комъ мѣ́стѣ, у подо́швы Машука́: во вре́мя грозы́ облака́ бу́дутъ спуска́ться до моéй кро́вли. Ны́ньче въ пять часо́въ утра́, когда́ я откры́лъ окно́, моя́ ко́мната напо́лнилась за́пахомъ цвѣто́въ, расту́щихъ въ скро́мномъ полиса́дникѣ. Вѣ́тви цвѣту́щихъ чере́шень смо́трятъ мнѣ въ окно́ и вѣ́теръ иногда́ усыпа́етъ мой пи́сьменный столъ ихъ бѣ́лыми лепестка́ми. Видъ съ трёхъ сторо́нъ у меня́ чуде́сный: на за́падъ пятигла́вый Бэшту́ синѣ́етъ, какъ "послѣ́дняя ту́ча разсѣ́янной бу́ри"; на сѣ́веръ поднима́ется Машу́къ, какъ мохна́тая персидская ша́пка, и закрыва́етъ всю э́ту часть небоскло́на; на восто́къ смотрѣ́ть веселѣ́е: внизу́ пе́редо мно́ю пестрѣ́етъ чи́стенькій, но́венькій городо́къ, шумя́тъ цѣле́бные ключи́, шуми́тъ разноязы́чная толпа́,—а тамъ, да́льше, амфитеа́тромъ громозда́тся го́ры всё синѣ́е и тума́ннѣе, а на краю́ горизо́нта тя́нется сере́бряная цѣпь снѣговы́хъ верши́нъ, начина́ясь Казбе́комъ и ока́нчиваясь двугла́вымъ Эльбору́сомъ...

Digitized by Google

'Tis happy to live in such a land! A soothing sensation of comfort thrills through all my veins. The air is pure and fresh like the kiss of a child; the sun is dazzling, the sky, blue—what more can one want? What do we want here with passions, desires, regrets?... However it is time. I will go to the Elizabeth Spring: for there congregates they say all the water-drinking society.

. . . . . .

Descending to the centre of the town, I sauntered along the boulevard, where I encountered several dismal-looking groups of people slowly ascending the hill. They were mostly families of the gentry of the steppes; I could easily guess it by the old-fashioned cut of the gentlemen's coats, and by the inelegant dress of their wives and daughters. They seemed already well acquainted with all the young people of the watering-place, since they stared at me with keen curiosity; the Petersburg cut of my coat misled them: as soon, however, as they observed the military epaulettes, they turned away with disgust.

The ladies belonging to the ruling powers of the place—I might call them proprietresses of the Waters—are more condescending; they use eye-glasses, they pay less attention to a uniform; they are already accustomed in the Caucasus to find a warm heart covered by a numbered button, and a refined mind under a white forage-cap. These ladies are very kind, and continue long to be so. Each year their admirers are relieved by new ones, and in this perhaps lies the secret of their inexhaustible amiability. Climbing up a narrow foot-path to the Elizabeth Spring, I overtook a crowd of officials and military men, who,

Digitized by Google

Весело жить въ такой землѣ! Какое-то отрадное чувство разлито во всѣхъ моихъ жилахъ. Воздухъ чистъ и свѣжъ, какъ поцѣлуй ребёнка; солнце ярко, небо синё—чего бы, кажется, больше? Зачѣмъ тутъ страсти, желанія, сожалѣнія... Однако пора. Пойду къ Елизаветинскому источнику: тамъ говорятъ, утромъ собирается всё водяное общество.

. . . . . .

Спустясь въ середину города, я пошёлъ бульваромъ, гдѣ встрѣтилъ нѣсколько печальныхъ группъ, медленно подымающихся въ гору: то были большею частію семейства степныхъ помѣщиковъ; объ этомъ можно было тотчасъ догадаться по истёртымъ старомоднымъ сюртукамъ мужей и по изысканнымъ нарядамъ жёнъ и дочерей. Видно, у нихъ вся водяная молодёжь была уже на перечётѣ, потому что они на меня посмотрѣли съ нѣжнымъ любопытствомъ; петербургскій покрой сюртука ввёлъ ихъ въ заблужденіе, но скоро, узнавъ армейскіе эполеты, они съ негодованіемъ отвернулись.

Жёны мѣстныхъ властей, такъ сказать хозяйки водъ, были благосклоннѣе; у нихъ есть лорнеты; онѣ менѣе обращаютъ вниманія на мундиръ; онѣ привыкли на Кавказѣ встрѣчать подъ нумерной пуговицей пылкое сердце, и подъ бѣлой фуражкой образованный умъ. Эти дамы очень милы, и долго милы! Всякій годъ ихъ обожатели смѣняются новыми, и въ этомъ-то, можетъ быть, секретъ ихъ неутомимой любезности. Подымаясь по узкой тропинкѣ къ Елизаветинскому источнику, я обогналъ толпу мужчинъ статскихъ и военныхъ, которые,

Digitized by Google

as I was told later, form a peculiar class among the visitors of the springs. They drink anything but water, walk little, make love only by the way; they gamble, and complain of being bored. They are dandies: as they dip their straw-covered glasses into the mineral well they put themselves into academic attitudes. The civilian officials wear sky-blue neckerchiefs; the military men allow the shirt collar to peep above the cravat. They affect intense contempt for the provincial ladies, and sigh for the aristocratic drawing-rooms of the capital, into which they are never admitted.

At last I reached the spring.... The basin is in the midst of a small building covered with a red roof; a little further on is a colonnade, where they promenade when it rains. Several wounded officers sat on a bench holding their crutches, pale and sad. Some ladies walked to and fro in the little square with quick steps, expecting the working of the waters. Among them were two or three very nice little faces. From the vine-covered walks, which overhung the slope of the Máshook, sometimes peeped out a gaudy little bonnet, a lover of solitude 'en deux,' for I always remarked a military cap or a shapeless 'billycock' hat closely following the bonnet. On the steep rock where stands a pavilion called the 'Aeolian Harp' there lingered a few admirers of panoramic views, directing their telescopes towards Elboruz; among them were two tutors with their pupils, who had come to be cured of scrofula.

Digitized by Google

какъ я узнáлъ пóслѣ, составлáютъ осóбенный классъ людéй мéжду чáющими движéнія воды́. Они́ пьютъ— однáко не вóду, гуля́ютъ мáло, волочáтся тóлько мимохóдомъ: они́ игрáютъ и жáлуются на скýку. Они́ фрáнты: опускáя свой оплетённый стакáнъ въ колóдезь кислосѣ́рной воды́, они́ принимáютъ академи́ческія пóзы; стáтскіе нóсятъ свѣ́тло-голубы́е гáлстухи, воéнные выпускáютъ изъ-за воротникá бры́жжи. Они́ исповѣ́дываютъ глубóкое презрѣ́ніе къ провинціáльнымъ дáмамъ и вздыхáютъ о столи́чныхъ аристократи́ческихъ гости́ныхъ, кудá ихъ не пускáютъ.

Наконéцъ вотъ и колóдезь... На площáдкѣ, близъ негó, постро́енъ дóмикъ съ крáсной крóвлею надъ вáнной, а подáльше галлерéя, гдѣ гуля́ютъ во врéмя дождя́. Нѣ́сколько рáненыхъ офицéровъ сидѣ́ло на лáвкѣ, подобрáвъ костыли́—блѣ́дные, грýстные. Нѣ́сколько дамъ скóрыми шагáми ходи́ли взадъ и впередъ по площáдкѣ, ожидáя дѣ́йствія водъ. Мéжду ни́ми бы́ли два-три хорóшенькія ли́чика. Подъ виногрáдными аллéями, покрывáющими скатъ Машукá, мелькáла порóю пёстрая шля́пка люби́тельницы уединéнія вдвоёмъ, потомý что всегдá вóзлѣ такóй шля́пки я замѣ́чáлъ и́ли воéнную фурáжку, и́ли безобрáзную крýглую шля́пу. На крутóй скалѣ́, гдѣ постро́енъ павильóнъ, называ́емый Эóловой Арфой, торчáли любители ви́довъ и наводи́ли телескóпъ на Эльборýсъ; мéжду ни́ми бы́ли два гувернéра съ свои́ми воспи́танниками, пріѣ́хавшими лечи́ться отъ золотýхи.

Digitized by Google

Wearied out, I halted, and leaning over the edge of the little house, began to contemplate the picturesque scenery, when I was suddenly roused by a familiar voice behind me:

'Petchorin! have you been here long?' I turned round: it was Grushnitzky! We embraced each other. I had made his acquaintance on active service. He had got a gun-shot wound in the leg, and had come to the waters a week before me.

Grushnitzky is a non-commissioned officer. He has only been a year in the service; wears a coarse soldier's cloak, with a finished air of dandyism. He wears the decoration of a small cross of St George. He is well built, has a dark brown complexion, and black hair; from his appearance he might be taken for 25 years of age, though he is hardly 21. When talking he throws his head backwards, and twists up his moustaches with his left hand, for with his right he leans upon his crutch. He speaks fast, and in a high-flown style; he is one of those who keep a store of pompous phrases for every-day use, one of those whom simple beauty does not affect. Such people are apt to wrap themselves up in unusual passions and exceptional sufferings. To make an impression is their chief satisfaction; they strongly appeal to the fancy of romantic, provincial ladies. When old, they either become peaceful country squires, or drunkards; sometimes both. In their hearts are often many valuable qualities, but never a grain of poetry. Grushnitzky had a passion for declamation: he drowned you with words whenever the conversation did not turn on every-day topics; I never could argue with

Digitized by Google

Я остановился, запыхавшись на краю горы, и, прислонясь къ углу домика, сталъ разсматривать живописную окрестность, какъ вдругъ слышу за собой знакомый голосъ:

— Печоринъ! давно ли здѣсь? Обрачиваюсь: Грушницкій! Мы обнялись. Я познакомился съ нимъ въ дѣйствующемъ отрядѣ. Онъ былъ раненъ пулей въ ногу и поѣхалъ на воды, съ недѣлю прежде меня.

Грушницкій—юнкеръ. Онъ только годъ въ службѣ; носитъ, по особенному роду франтовства, толстую солдатскую шинель. У него георгіевскій солдатскій крестикъ. Онъ хорошо сложенъ, смуглъ и черноволосъ; ему на видъ можно дать 25 лѣтъ, хотя ему едва ли 21 годъ. Онъ закидываетъ голову назадъ, когда говоритъ, и поминутно крутитъ усы лѣвой рукой, ибо правою опирается на костыль. Говоритъ онъ скоро и вычурно; онъ изъ тѣхъ людей, которые на всѣ случаи жизни имѣютъ готовыя пышныя фразы, которыхъ просто прекрасное не трогаетъ, и которые важно драпируются въ необыкновенныя чувства, возвышенныя страсти и исключительныя страданія. Производить эфектъ—ихъ наслажденіе; они нравятся романтическимъ провинціалкамъ до безумія. Подъ старость они дѣлаются либо мирными помѣщиками, либо пьяницами; иногда тѣмъ и другимъ. Въ ихъ душѣ часто много добрыхъ свойствъ, но ни на грошъ поэзіи. Грушницкаго страсть была декламировать: онъ закидывалъ васъ словами, какъ скоро разговоръ выходилъ изъ круга обыкновенныхъ понятій; спорить съ нимъ я

Digitized by Google

him. He does not reply to your arguments, he simply does not hear you. But just pause, and he begins a long tirade, apparently in answer to what has been said, but in fact nothing else than a continuation of his own harangue.

He is tolerably witty; his epigrams are sometimes entertaining, yet never sharp and to the point; he never hits with one word; he has no knowledge of men and their weaknesses, because he is always exclusively occupied with himself. His ambition is to become the hero of a novel. He has so often taken pains to convince others that he is a being unfit for this world, and doomed to a certain secret woe, that at last he has come almost to believe it himself. This is why he wears his coarse soldier's cloak with such pride. I saw through him at first sight; and for this very reason he dislikes me, though we are outwardly on the most cordial terms. Grushnitzky bears the character of a very brave soldier; I have seen him in action: he brandishes his sabre, shouts and throws himself forward with his eyes shut. This however is not Russian bravery...

I do not care for him either. I feel that sooner or later we shall encounter one another on a narrow path—and that then one of us will fare badly.

His coming to the Caucasus is also the consequence of his romantic frenzy. I am sure that on the eve of his departure from his paternal village, he said with a gloomy countenance to some nice girl of the neighbourhood, that he did not enter the army in the usual way, but that he seeks death, because...

Digitized by Google

никогда́ не могъ. Онъ не отвѣча́етъ на ва́ши возраже́нія, онъ васъ не слу́шаетъ. То́лько-что вы остано́витесь, онъ начина́етъ дли́нную тира́ду, пови́димому имѣ́ющую каку́ю-то связь съ тѣ́мъ, что вы сказа́ли, но кото́рая въ са́момъ дѣ́лѣ есть то́лько продолже́ніе его́ со́бственной рѣ́чи.

Онъ дово́льно остёръ; эпигра́ммы его́ ча́сто заба́вны, но никогда́ не быва́ютъ мѣ́тки и злы: онъ никого́ не убьётъ одни́мъ сло́вомъ; онъ не зна́етъ люде́й и ихъ сла́быхъ струнъ, потому́ что занима́лся цѣ́лую жизнь одни́мъ собо́ю. Его́ цѣль—сдѣ́латься геро́емъ рома́на. Онъ такъ ча́сто стара́лся увѣ́рить други́хъ, въ томъ, что онъ существо́ не со́зданное для ми́ра, обречённое каки́мъ то та́йнымъ страда́ніямъ, что онъ самъ почти́ въ э́томъ увѣ́рился. Оттого́ онъ такъ го́рдо но́ситъ свою́ то́лстую солда́тскую шине́ль. Я его́ по́нялъ, и онъ за э́то меня́ не лю́битъ, хотя́ мы нару́жно въ са́мыхъ дру́жескихъ отноше́ніяхъ. Грушни́цкій слывётъ отли́чнымъ храбрецо́мъ; я его́ ви́дѣлъ въ дѣ́лѣ: онъ маха́етъ ша́шкой, кричи́тъ и броса́ется вперёдъ, зажму́ря глаза́. Это что́-то не ру́сская хра́брость!...

Я его́ та́кже не люблю́: я чу́вствую, что мы когда́ нибу́дь съ столкнёмся на у́зкой доро́гѣ—и одному́ изъ насъ не сдоброва́ть.

Пріѣ́здъ на Кавка́зъ—та́кже слѣ́дствіе его́ романти́ческаго фанати́зма. Я увѣ́ренъ, что накану́нѣ отъѣ́зда изъ отцо́вской дере́вни онъ говори́лъ съ мра́чнымъ ви́домъ како́й нибу́дь хоро́шенькой сосѣ́дкѣ, что онъ е́детъ не такъ, про́сто, слу́жить, но что и́щетъ сме́рти, потому́ что...

Digitized by Google

at this point I am sure he covered his eyes with his hands and continued thus: 'no, you (or thou) must never know that! Your pure heart would shudder! And why? What am I to you? Do you understand me?...' and so on.

He himself told me, that the reason which caused him to enter the K. regiment must remain for ever a secret between himself and Heaven.

Yet whenever Grushnitzky throws off his tragical airs, he is quite amiable and amusing. It is always interesting to me to see him with ladies—then he puts it on, I tell you!

We met like old friends. I began to question him about his manner of life, of this watering-place, and its most remarkable characters.

'We lead rather a prosaic existence,' replied he with a sigh; 'those who take the waters in the morning are dull, as all sick people are, and those who drink wine in the evening like all healthy people are insupportable. There are several ladies, but little satisfaction is to be found in them; they play at whist, dress badly, and speak monstrous French! This season no one has come here from Moscow except Princess Ligofska and her daughter, but I am not acquainted with them. My soldier's cloak seems to draw dislike upon me. The sympathy which it occasionally excites is as oppressive as charity.'

At this moment two ladies passed us on their way to the waters, one of them elderly, the other young and elegant.

Digitized by Google

тутъ онъ, вѣрно, закрывъ глаза рукою, продолжаетъ такъ: "нѣтъ, вы (или ты) этого не должны знать! Ваша чистая душа содрогнётся! Да къ чему? Что я для васъ? Поймёте ли вы меня?..." и такъ далѣе.

Онъ мнѣ самъ говорилъ, что причина, побудившая его вступить въ К. полкъ, останется вѣчною тайною между нимъ и небесами.

Впрочемъ, въ тѣ минуты, когда сбрасываетъ трагическую мантію, Грушницкій довольно милъ и забавенъ. Мнѣ любопытно видѣть его съ женщинами: тутъ-то онъ, я думаю, старается!

Мы встрѣтились старыми пріятелями. Я началъ его разспрашивать объ образѣ жизни на водахъ и о примѣчательныхъ лицахъ.

— Мы ведёмъ жизнь довольно прозаическую, сказалъ онъ, вздохнувъ: пьющіе утромъ воду—вялы, какъ всѣ больные, а пьющіе вино повечеру—несносны, какъ всѣ здоровые. Женскія общества есть; только отъ нихъ небольшое утѣшеніе: онѣ играютъ въ вистъ, одѣваются дурно, и ужасно говорятъ по-французски! Нынѣшній годъ изъ Москвы одна только княгиня Лиговская съ дочерью; но я съ ними не знакомъ. Моя солдатская шинель—какъ печать отверженія. Участіе, которое она возбуждаетъ, тяжело какъ милостыня.

Въ эту минуту прошли къ колодцу мимо насъ двѣ дамы: одна пожилая, другая молоденькая, стройная.

Digitized by Google

I could not see their faces under their wide bonnets, but they were dressed according to the strictest rule of good taste: nothing superfluous. The younger lady wore a high dress, *gris de perles*; a light silk *fichu* enclosed her slender neck. Her small boots, *couleur puce*, encased a dainty ankle so gracefully, that even one uninitiated into the mystery of beauty, could not but have admired, if only from surprise. Her easy, yet dignified gait had something maidenly which cannot be described, though it so forcibly strikes the eye. As she passed us there came wafted to us that kind of perfume with which the letters from fashionable ladies are often scented.

'There is Princess Ligofska,' said Grushnitzky, 'and the lady with her is her daughter Mary, as she calls her in the English way. They have only been here three days.'

'And yet you already know her name?'

'Yes, I heard it by chance,' replied he, colouring.

'I confess, I do not wish to get acquainted with them. These proud aristocrats look down upon us army men as if we were savages. And what do they care if there is a cultivated mind under a numbered forage-cap, and a warm heart under a soldier's cloak?'

'Poor cloak!' said I, smiling. 'But who is the gentleman who approaches them, and so officiously offers his glass?'

'O! that is a Moscow dandy, Rayevich. He is a gambler: this is obvious at the first glance by the huge gold chain which dangles over his blue waistcoat. And

Digitized by Google

Ихъ лицъ за шляпками я не разглядѣлъ, но онѣ одѣты были по строгимъ правиламъ лучшаго вкуса: ничего лишняго. На второй было закрытое платье gris de perles; лёгкая шёлковая косынка вилась вокругъ ея гибкой шеи. Ботинки couleur puce стягивали у щиколки ея сухощавшую ножку такъ мило, что даже непосвящённый въ таинства красоты непремѣнно бы ахнулъ, хотя отъ удивленія. Ея лёгкая, но благородная походка имѣла въ себѣ что-то дѣвственное, ускользающее отъ опредѣленія, но понятное взору. Когда она прошла мимо насъ, отъ нея повѣяло тѣмъ неизъяснимымъ ароматомъ, которымъ дышетъ иногда записка милой женщины.

— Вотъ княгиня Лиговская, сказалъ Грушницкій:— и съ нею дочь ея Мери, такъ она её называетъ на англійскій манеръ. Онѣ здѣсь только три дня.

— Однако ты ужъ знаешь ея имя?

— Да, я случайно слышалъ, отвѣчалъ онъ покраснѣвъ.

Признаюсь, я не желаю съ ними познакомиться. Эта гордая знать смотритъ на насъ, армейцевъ, какъ на дикихъ. И какое имъ дѣло, есть ли умъ подъ нумерованной фуражкой и сердце подъ толстой шинелью.

— Бѣдная шинель! сказалъ я, усмѣхаясь. А кто этотъ господинъ, который къ нимъ подходитъ и такъ услужливо подаётъ имъ стаканъ?

— О! это московскій франтъ Раевичъ. Онъ игрокъ: это видно тотчасъ по золотой огромной цѣпи, которая извивается по его голубому жилету. А

Digitized by Google

what a thick stick he carries—just like Robinson Crusoe—and a beard to match, and the style of his hair like a peasant.'

'Are you embittered against all human kind?'

'Well, there is a reason for that...'

'O! Indeed?'

At this moment the ladies left the spring, and passed close by us. Grushnitzky had just succeeded with the aid of his crutch in putting himself into a dramatic attitude, and he answered me in French in a loud voice:

'My dear fellow, I hate men that I may not despise them; otherwise life would be too disgusting a farce.'

The lovely young Princess turned round, and bestowed a long glance of curiosity on the orator. The expression of this glance was quite vague, but not ironical, and I inwardly congratulated my friend with my whole heart.

'This Princess Mary is a most fascinating creature,' said I to him. 'She has a pair of velvet eyes—real velvet eyes: I advise you to adopt this expression, in speaking of her eyes; her under and upper eye-lashes are so long, that the sun's rays can never touch her eye-ball. I admire such rayless eyes; they are so mellow, they seem to caress you. Besides, there appears to me so much goodness in her face....And then what white teeth she has! This is most important! It is a pity she did not smile at your eloquent phrase.'

'You talk of a beautiful lady as you might talk of an English horse,' said Grushnitzky with displeasure.

Digitized by Google

что за толстая трость—точно у Робинзона Крузоэ; да и борода кстати, и причёска à la moujik.

— Ты озлобленъ противъ всего рода человѣческаго?

— И есть за что...

— О! право?

Въ это время дамы отошли отъ колодца и поровнялись съ нами. Грушницкій успѣлъ принять драматическую позу съ помощью костыля и громко отвѣчалъ мнѣ по-французски:

— Mon cher, je hais les hommes pour ne pas les mépriser, car autrement la vie serait une farce trop dégoûtante.

Хорошенькая княжна обернулась и подарила оратора долгимъ, любопытнымъ взоромъ. Выраженіе этого взора было очень неопредѣлённо, но не насмѣшливо, съ чѣмъ я внутренно отъ души его поздравилъ.

— Эта княжна Мери прехорошенькая, сказалъ я ему.—У нея такіе бархатные глаза—именно бархатные: я тебѣ совѣтую присвоить это выраженіе, говоря объ ея глазахъ; нижнія и верхнія рѣсницы такъ длинны, что лучи солнца не отражаются въ ея зрачкахъ. Я люблю эти глаза безъ блеска: они такъ мягки, они будто бы тебя гладятъ. Впрочемъ, кажется, въ ея лицѣ только и есть хорошаго... А что, у нея зубы бѣлы? Это очень важно! Жаль, что она не улыбнулась на твою пышную фразу.

— Ты говоришь о хорошенькой женщинѣ, какъ объ англійской лошади, сказалъ Грушницкій съ негодованіемъ.

Digitized by Google

'*Mon cher*,' retorted I, endeavouring to imitate his tone: 'I despise women that I may not love them, for otherwise life would be too ridiculous a melodrama.'

I turned and left him. During the next half-hour I walked about the vine-covered walks, over limestone rocks, and through the overhanging bushes. It grew hot and I hastened home. Passing the mineral spring, I halted at the covered gallery to rest under its shade; this gave me an opportunity to witness a somewhat interesting scene. The *dramatis personae* were distributed in the following manner: the Princess sat with the dandy from Moscow on a bench in the covered colonnade, both as it seemed engaged in a serious conversation. The young Princess, who probably had already finished her last glass, walked thoughtfully to and fro by the spring. Grushnitzky stood at the spring; no one else chanced to be in the square. I went up nearer and hid myself in the corner of the colonnade. Just then Grushnitzky dropped his glass on the sand, and made an effort to stoop to pick it up again, but his bad leg prevented him. Poor fellow! how hard he tried, leaning on his crutch, but all in vain. His expressive face in fact told of his sufferings. The young Princess saw all this better than I.

Lighter than a bird she skipped towards him, stooped down, picked up the glass, and handed it to him with a gesture full of inexpressible charm; then she blushed deeply,

Digitized by Google

— Mon cher, отвѣчалъ я ему, стараясь подделаться подъ его тонъ: je méprise les femmes pour ne pas les aimer, car autrement la vie serait un mélodrame trop ridicule.

Я повернулся и пошёлъ отъ него прочь. Съ полчаса гулялъ я по виноградным аллеямъ, по извѣстчатымъ скаламъ и висящимъ между нихъ кустарникамъ. Становилось жарко, и я поспѣшилъ домой. Проходя мимо кислосѣрнаго источника, я остановился у крытой галлереи, чтобъ вздохнуть подъ ея тѣнью, и это доставило мнѣ случай быть свидѣтелемъ довольно любопытной сцены. Дѣйствующія лица находились вотъ въ какомъ положеніи: княгиня съ московскимъ франтомъ сидѣла на лавкѣ въ крытой галлереѣ, и оба были заняты, кажется, серьёзнымъ разговоромъ. Княжна, вѣроятно, допивъ ужъ послѣдній стаканъ, прохаживалась задумчиво у колодца. Грушницкій стоялъ у самаго колодца; больше на площадкѣ никого не было. Я подошёлъ ближе и спрятался за угломъ галлереи. Въ эту минуту Грушницкій уронилъ свой стаканъ на песокъ и усиливался нагнуться, чтобъ его поднять; больная нога ему мѣшала. Бѣдняжка! какъ онъ ухитрялся, опираясь на костыль, и всё напрасно. Выразительное лицо его въ самомъ дѣлѣ изображало страданіе. Княжна Мери видѣла всё это лучше меня.

Легче птички она къ нему подскочила, нагнулась, подняла стаканъ и подала ему съ тѣлодвиженіемъ, исполненнымъ невыразимой прелести: потомъ ужасно покраснѣла,

Digitized by Google

wistfully glanced back to the colonnade, and after convincing herself that her mother had not noticed anything, she grew calm. When Grushnitzky opened his mouth to thank her, she had already gone. After a minute she came out from the colonnade with her mother and the dandy, but as she passed Grushnitzky she put on a very proud and stern look—did not even turn round, did not even notice the passionate glance with which he followed her, until at last, descending the hill, she disappeared behind the small linden trees of the boulevard....Once more her little bonnet emerged into the street: she entered the door of one of the best houses of Pyatigorsk, the Princess followed after, and at the door took leave of Rayevich.

Only then the poor passionate soldier noticed my presence.

'Did you see?' said he, violently pressing my hand:—'she is simply an angel!'

'Why?' I asked innocently.

'Then you did not see?'

'On the contrary, I did see:—that she picked up your glass. If there had been one of the keepers here, he would have done the same, and yet more readily, in the hope of getting a "tip." Besides it is quite natural that she pitied you: you made such a fearfully wry face when you leant upon your wounded leg...'

'And you felt no emotion as you beheld her, at the moment when her whole soul shone radiant in her face?'

'No.'

Digitized by Google

оглянулась на галлерею, и, убедившись, что ея маменька ничего не видала, кажется, тотчас же успокоилась. Когда Грушницкій открылъ ротъ, чтобы поблагодарить её она уже была далеко. Черезъ минуту она вышла изъ галлереи съ матерью и франтомъ, но, проходя мимо Грушницкаго, приняла видъ такой чинный и важный—даже не обернулась, даже не замѣтила его страстнаго взгляда, которымъ онъ долго её провожалъ, пока, спустившись съ горы, она не скрылась за липками бульвара... Но вотъ ея шляпка мелькнула черезъ улицу: она вбѣжала въ ворота одного изъ лучшихъ домовъ Пятигорска; за нею прошла княгиня и у воротъ раскланялась съ Раевичемъ.

Только тогда бѣдный, страстный юнкеръ замѣтилъ моё присутствіе.

— Ты видѣлъ? сказалъ онъ, крѣпко пожимая мнѣ руку:—это просто ангелъ!

— Отчего? спросилъ я съ видомъ простодушія.

— Развѣ ты не видалъ?

— Нѣтъ, видѣлъ: она подняла твой стаканъ. Если бъ былъ тутъ сторожъ, то онъ сдѣлалъ бы то же самое, и ещё поспѣшнѣе, надѣясь получить на водку. Впрочемъ очень понятно, что ей стало тебѣ жалко: ты сдѣлалъ такую ужасную гримасу, когда ступилъ на простреленную ногу...

— И ты не былъ нисколько тронутъ, глядя на неё въ эту минуту, когда душа сіяла на лицѣ ея?

— Нѣтъ.

Digitized by Google

I told a lie, but I wished to provoke him. I have an inborn passion for contradiction; my whole life has been a series of sad and unfortunate contradictions against my heart and understanding. The presence of an enthusiast always chills my feelings, and I think that frequent intercourse with a listless phlegmatic person would have made me a passionate dreamer. I also confess, that an unpleasant but a well-known feeling crept over my heart at that moment. This feeling was envy; 'envy' I boldly say, as I am accustomed to own everything to myself; and there hardly can be found a young man, who coming across a fine woman ~~that~~ who engages his idle attention, and obviously bestows more notice on a stranger quite as unknown to her as he is himself; no, I am sure there exists no young man (of course none who has lived in the great world, and is used to indulge his vanity), who would not have felt hurt in my case.

Grushnitzky and I silently descended the mountain and walked about the boulevard, passing the windows of the house which sheltered our beauty. She was sitting at the window. Grushnitzky touched my arm, and cast on her one of those passionate tender glances which make no little impression on ladies. I directed my eye-glass towards her, and remarked that she smiled at Grushnitzky's glance, but that my impudent eye-glass aroused her displeasure. And how, indeed, dare a Caucasian officer of the army turn his eye-glass towards a Princess of Moscow?...

Digitized by Google

Я лгалъ; но мнѣ хотѣлось его побѣсить. У меня врождённая страсть противорѣчить; цѣлая моя жизнь была только цѣпь грустныхъ противорѣчій сердцу и разсудку. Присутствіе энтузіаста обдаётъ меня крещенскимъ холодомъ и, я думаю, частыя сношенія съ вялымъ флегматикомъ сдѣлали бы изъ меня страстнаго мечтателя. Признаюсь ещё, чувство непріятное, но знакомое, пробѣжало слегка въ это мгновеніе по моему сердцу; это чувство было — зависть; я говорю смѣло "зависть," потому что привыкъ себѣ во всёмъ признаваться; и врядъ ли найдётся молодой человѣкъ, который, встрѣтивъ хорошенькую женщину, приковавшую его праздное вниманіе и вдругъ явно предъ нимъ отличившую другого, ей равно незнакомаго, врядъ ли, говорю, найдётся такой молодой человѣкъ (разумѣется, жившій въ большомъ свѣтѣ и привыкшій баловать своё самолюбіе), который бы не былъ этимъ поражёнъ непріятно.

Молча съ Грушницкимъ спустились мы съ горы и прошли по бульвару, мимо оконъ дома, гдѣ скрылась наша красавица. Она сидѣла у окна. Грушницкій, дёрнувъ меня за руку, бросилъ на неё одинъ изъ тѣхъ мутно-нѣжныхъ взглядовъ, которые такъ мало дѣйствуютъ на женщинъ. Я навелъ на неё лорнетъ и замѣтилъ, что она отъ его взгляда улыбнулась, и что мой дерзкій лорнетъ разсердилъ её не на шутку. И какъ, въ самомъ дѣлѣ, смѣетъ кавказскій армеецъ наводить стёклышко на московскую княжну?...

Digitized by Google

13TH MAY.

This morning the doctor paid me a visit: his name is Werner, but he is a Russian. What is there extraordinary in that? I knew a man called Ivanof who was a German.

Werner is a remarkable man in many respects. Like most physicians, he is a sceptic and a materialist, but at the same time he is a poet; no playing poet, but a poet in deed, yes and often in words, though he has not written two verses in his whole life. He has studied all the living chords of the human heart, in the same way as one studies the veins of a corpse, yet he never knew how to avail himself of his knowledge: just so many a distinguished anatomist does not know how to cure a common fever. Werner often secretly laughed at his patients, yet I saw him once weep over a dying soldier.... He was poor, but dreamt of millions; yet he never would take one unnecessary step in order to gain money. He told me once, that he would rather oblige an enemy than a friend, because to do anything for friendship was only selling one's services, whilst hatred grows in proportion to the generosity of the enemy. He had a malicious tongue: under cover of his epigrams more than one simpleton was proclaimed a fool; his rivals, the jealous doctors of the watering-place, spread the report that he drew caricatures of his patients: the patients grew angry, and almost all of them dismissed him. His friends, and they were all the really respectable people serving in the Caucasus, attempted in vain to restore his fallen reputation.

Digitized by Google

13-го мая.

Ныньче по утру зашёлъ ко мнѣ докторъ: его имя Вернеръ, но онъ русскій. Что тутъ удивительнаго? Я зналъ одного Иванова, который былъ нѣмецъ.

Вернеръ человѣкъ значительный по многимъ причинамъ. Онъ скептикъ и матеріалистъ, какъ всѣ почти медики, а вмѣстѣ съ тѣмъ поэтъ не на шутку—поэтъ на дѣлѣ всегда, и часто на словахъ, хотя въ жизнь свою не написалъ двухъ стиховъ. Онъ изучалъ всѣ живыя струны сердца человѣческаго, какъ изучаютъ жилы трупа, но никогда не умѣлъ онъ воспользоваться своимъ знаніемъ: такъ иногда отличный анатомикъ не умѣетъ вылѣчить отъ лихорадки. Обыкновенно Вернеръ исподтишка насмѣхался надъ своими больными; но я разъ видѣлъ, какъ онъ плакалъ надъ умирающимъ солдатомъ... Онъ былъ бѣденъ, мечталъ о милліонахъ, а для денегъ не сдѣлалъ бы лишняго шага. Онъ мнѣ разъ говорилъ, что скорѣе сдѣлаетъ одолженіе врагу, чѣмъ другу, потому что это значило бы продавать свою благотворительность, тогда какъ ненависть только усилится соразмѣрно великодушію противника. У него былъ злой языкъ: подъ вывѣскою его эпиграммъ [illegible] добрякъ прослылъ пошлымъ дуракомъ; его соперники, завистливые водяные медики, распустили слухъ, будто онъ рисуетъ карикатуры на своихъ больныхъ—больные взбѣлились: почти всѣ ему отказали. Его пріятели, то есть всѣ истинно порядочные люди, служившіе на Кавказѣ, напрасно старались возстановить его упадшій кредитъ.

Digitized by Google

In appearance, he was one of those men, who at first sight make an unpleasant impression, but who please by degrees, when the eye has grown accustomed to read in the irregular features the expression of a magnanimous and refined soul. There are examples of ladies falling desperately in love with such men, and who would on no account have exchanged such plainness for the beauty of the most sprightly and rosy Endymions. We must do justice to the ladies; they have an innate instinct for spiritual beauty; that may be the reason why men like Werner passionately love women.

Werner was of small stature, lean and fragile like a child; one of his legs was shorter than the other, as with Byron; in comparison with his body, his head appeared immense: he had his hair cut very short, and the projections of his skull, thus exposed, would have surprised a phrenologist by the curious combinations of contradictory propensities. His small, black eyes, ever restless, endeavoured to penetrate your thoughts. Taste and neatness were seen in his dress; his hands, lean, veiny, and small, were always encased in light yellow kid gloves. His coat, tie, and waistcoat were always black. The young people called him Mephistopheles; he pretended to be displeased with this nickname—but in fact it flattered his vanity. We soon understood each other and became intimate, but as to friendship I am incapable of it. Of two friends one is always the slave of the other, though neither of them will acknowledge it; I have no mind to be a slave, and to command is wearisome trouble in such a case,

Digitized by Google

Его́ нару́жность была́ изъ тѣхъ, кото́рыя съ пе́рваго взгля́да поража́ютъ непріятно, но кото́рыя нра́вятся впослѣ́дствіи, когда́ глазъ вы́учится чита́ть въ непра́вильныхъ черта́хъ отпеча́токъ души́ испы́танной и высо́кой. Быва́ли примѣ́ры, что же́нщины влюбля́лись въ таки́хъ люде́й до безу́мія и не промѣня́ли бы ихъ безобра́зія на красоту́ са́мыхъ свѣ́жихъ и ро́зовыхъ эндиміо́новъ. На́добно отда́ть справедли́вость же́нщинамъ: онѣ́ имѣ́ютъ инсти́нктъ красоты́ душе́вной, оттого́-то, мо́жетъ быть, лю́ди, подо́бные Ве́рнеру, такъ стра́стно лю́бятъ же́нщинъ.

Ве́рнеръ былъ малъ ро́стомъ, и худъ и слабъ какъ ребёнокъ; одна́ нога́ была́ у него́ коро́че друго́й, какъ у Ба́йрона; въ сравне́ніи съ ту́ловищемъ, голова́ его́ каза́лась огро́мна; онъ стригъ во́лосы подъ гребёнку, и неро́вности его́ че́репа, обнажённыя таки́мъ о́бразомъ, поразили бы френоло́га стра́ннымъ сплете́ніемъ противоположныхъ наклонностей. Его́ ма́ленькіе чёрные глаза́, всегда́ безпоко́йные, стара́лись проникнуть въ ва́ши мы́сли. Въ его́ оде́ждѣ замѣ́тны бы́ли вкусъ и опря́тность; его́ худоща́выя, жи́листыя и ма́ленькія ру́ки красова́лись въ свѣ́тло-жёлтыхъ перча́ткахъ. Его́ сюрту́къ, га́лстухъ и жиле́тъ бы́ли постоя́нно чёрнаго цвѣ́та. Молодёжь прозвала́ его́ Мефисто́фелемъ; онъ пока́зывалъ, бу́дто серди́лся за э́то прозва́ніе, но въ са́момъ дѣ́лѣ оно́ льсти́ло его́ самолю́бію. Мы другъ дру́га ско́ро по́няли и сдѣ́лались пріятелями, потому́ что я къ дру́жбѣ неспосо́бенъ; изъ двухъ друзе́й всегда́ оди́нъ рабъ друго́го, хотя́ ча́сто ни оди́нъ изъ нихъ въ э́томъ себѣ́ признаётся; ра́бомъ я [illegible] ѣ, а повелѣва́ть въ э́томъ слу́чаѣ—

Digitized by Google

for then it is also necessary to deceive; besides, I have plenty of servants and money.

We got acquainted in the following way: I met Werner at S... in the company of a numerous and boisterous circle of young men; towards the close of the evening the conversation turned on philosophical and metaphysical topics; they talked of convictions: everyone was convinced of various things.

'As for me, I am only convinced of one thing...' said the doctor.

'And of what?' inquired I, curious to hear the opinion of a man who had remained silent until now.

'Of the fact,' answered he, 'that sooner or later, one fine morning I shall die.'

'I am richer than you,' retorted I: 'I have another conviction besides this, namely: that on a certain very bad night I had the misfortune of having been born.'

Everyone thought that we spoke nonsense, but certainly none of them had said anything wiser. From that moment we singled each other out. We often strolled about together and talked most seriously between ourselves about abstract topics, until we both remarked that we mystified each other. Then we exchanged significant looks, and as the Roman augurs used to do, according to Cicero, began to laugh heartily, and having laughed our fill, we parted satisfied with our evening.

Digitized by Google

трудъ утоми́тельный, потому́ что на́до вмѣстѣ съ э́тимъ и обма́нывать; да притóмъ, у меня́ есть лакéи и дéньги!

Вотъ какъ мы сдѣ́лались пріятелями: я встрѣ́тилъ Вéрнера въ С... среди́ многочи́сленнаго и шу́маннаго кру́га молодёжи; разговóръ приня́лъ подъ конéцъ вéчера философско-метафизи́ческое направлéніе; толкова́ли объ убѣжденіяхъ: ка́ждый былъ убѣждёнъ въ ра́зныхъ ра́зностяхъ.

— Что до меня́ каса́ется, то я убѣждёнъ тóлько въ однóмъ... сказа́лъ дóкторъ.

— Въ чёмъ э́то? спроси́лъ я, желая узна́ть мнѣ́ніе человѣ́ка, котóрый до сихъ поръ молча́лъ.

— Въ томъ, отвѣча́лъ онъ: что ра́но, и́ли пóздно, въ однó прекра́сное у́тро я умру́.

— Я бога́че васъ, сказа́лъ я: у меня́, крóмѣ э́того, есть ещё убѣжденіе, и́менно то, что я въ оди́нъ прега́дкій вéчеръ имѣ́лъ несча́стіе роди́ться.

Всѣ нашли́, что мы говори́мъ вздоръ, а пра́во изъ нихъ никтó ничегó умнѣ́е э́того не сказа́лъ. Съ э́той минуты мы отличи́ли въ толпѣ́ другъ дру́га. Мы ча́сто сходи́лись вмѣстѣ и толкова́ли вдвоёмъ объ отвлечённыхъ предмéтахъ óчень серьёзно, пока́ замѣча́ли óба, что мы взаи́мно другъ дру́га морóчимъ. Тогда́, посмотрѣ́въ значи́тельно другъ дру́гу въ глаза́, какъ дѣ́лали ри́мскіе а́вгуры, по слова́мъ Цицерóна, мы начина́ли хохота́ть, и нахохота́вшись, расходи́лись довóльные свои́мъ вéчеромъ.

Digitized by Google

I was lying on my sofa, my eyes turned up to the ceiling, my hands crossed under my neck, when Werner entered my room. He sat down in an arm-chair, put his cane into a corner, yawned, and declared that it was hot out of doors. I replied that the flies were disturbing me—and we both were silent.

'Observe, my dear doctor,' said I, 'that without fools the world would be very dull... consider us two sensible people; we know *a priori* that everything may be discussed *ad infinitum*, and therefore we do not discuss; we know almost all the secret thoughts of one another; one word tells us a whole history; we distinguish the seed of every one of our feelings through a threefold cover. Sorrow appears to us laughable, and laughter sorrowful; but in general, to tell the truth, we are pretty well indifferent to everything, except our own selves. Consequently, an exchange of feelings and thoughts between us is impossible: we know all we care to know about one another, yet one resource is left us: to discuss the news. Do tell me some news.' Exhausted by this long speech I closed my eyes and yawned....

He replied after some thought: 'Well, there is an idea in your rigmarole.'

'Two ideas,' replied I.

'You tell me one, and I will tell you the other.'

'Well, begin!' said I, continuing to stare at the ceiling and smiling inwardly.

'You feel desirous to learn some particulars about one of the visitors who have come to the watering-place, and I guess

Digitized by Google

Я лежа́лъ на дива́нѣ, устреми́въ глаза́ въ потоло́къ и заложи́въ ру́ки подъ заты́локъ, когда́ Ве́рнеръ вошёлъ въ мою́ ко́мнату. Онъ сѣлъ въ кресла́, поста́вилъ трость въ у́голъ, зѣвну́лъ и объяви́лъ, что на дворѣ́ стано́вится жа́рко. Я отвѣча́лъ, что меня́ безпоко́ятъ му́хи—и мы о́ба замолча́ли.

— Замѣ́тьте, любе́зный до́кторъ, сказа́лъ я, что безъ дурако́въ бы́ло бы на свѣ́тѣ о́чень ску́чно... Посмотри́те, вотъ насъ двое у́мныхъ людей; мы зна́емъ зара́нѣе, что обо всёмъ мо́жно спо́рить до безконе́чности, и потому́ не спо́римъ; мы зна́емъ почти́ всѣ сокрове́нныя мы́сли другъ дру́га; одно́ сло́во—для насъ це́лая исто́рія; ви́димъ зерно́ ка́ждаго на́шего чу́вства сквозь тройну́ю оболо́чку. Печа́льное намъ смѣшно́, смѣшно́е гру́стно, а вообще́, по пра́вдѣ, мы ко всему́ дово́льно равноду́шны, кро́мѣ сами́хъ себя́. Ита́къ, размѣ́на чувствъ и мы́слей ме́жду на́ми не мо́жетъ быть: мы зна́емъ оди́нъ о друго́мъ всё, что хоти́мъ знать; и знать бо́льше не хоти́мъ; остаётся одно́ сре́дство: разска́зывать но́вости. Скажи́те же мнѣ каку́ю нибу́дь но́вость. Утомлённый до́лгою рѣ́чью, я закры́лъ глаза́ и зѣвну́лъ...

Онъ отвѣча́лъ поду́мавши: въ ва́шей галиматьѣ́ одна́ко жъ есть идея́.

— Двѣ, отвѣча́лъ я.

— Скажи́те мнѣ одну́, я вамъ скажу́ другу́ю.

— Хорошо́, начина́йте! сказа́лъ я, продолжа́я разсма́тривать потоло́къ и внутренно улыба́ясь.

— Вамъ хо́чется знать какія нибу́дь подро́бности насчётъ кого́ нибу́дь изъ пріѣ́зжихъ на́ воды, и я ужъ

Digitized by Google

whom you especially want to know, as there have been questions asked about you in that quarter.'

'Doctor! we decidedly need not talk to one another, we read each other's thoughts.'

'Now for the second.'

'The second idea was: that I wished to hear you tell a story: firstly, because it tires less to listen than to talk; secondly, because there is no danger of committing one's self; thirdly, one can get at the secrets of others; fourthly, because such clever people as you are, prefer auditors to narrators. Now to the matter; what did Princess Ligofska tell you about me?'

'Are you quite sure that it was the Princess and not her daughter?'

'Quite convinced.'

'Why?'

'Because the young Princess inquired about Grushnitzky.'

'You have the gift of foresight. The young Princess said, that she was sure, that the young man in the soldier's cloak had been degraded for duelling.'

'I trust you left her in her error...'

'Of course...'

'There is a plot at last!' exclaimed I rapturously; 'as for the *dénouement* of this comedy, that will concern us later on. Fate has evidently taken care that I should not be dull.'

'I surmise,' said the doctor, 'that poor Grushnitzky is to be your victim...'

Digitized by Google

догадываюсь о комъ вы это заботитесь, потому что объ васъ тамъ уже спрашивали.

— Докторъ! рѣшительно намъ нельзя разговаривать: мы читаемъ въ душѣ другъ друга.

— Теперь другая?

— Другая идея вотъ: мнѣ хотѣлось васъ заставить разсказать что нибудь; во-первыхъ, потому что слушать менѣе утомительно; во-вторыхъ, нельзя проговориться; въ-третьихъ, можно узнать чужую тайну; въ-четвёртыхъ, потому что такіе умные люди, какъ вы, лучше любятъ слушателей, чѣмъ разсказщиковъ. Теперь къ дѣлу; что вамъ сказала княгиня Лиговская обо мнѣ?

— Вы очень увѣрены, что это княгиня... а не княжна?

— Совершенно убѣждёнъ.

— Почему?

— Потому что княжна спрашивала о Грушницкомъ.

— У васъ большой даръ соображенія. Княжна сказала, что она увѣрена, что этотъ молодой человѣкъ въ солдатской шинели разжалованъ въ солдаты за дуэль...

— Надѣюсь, вы её оставили въ этомъ заблужденіи...

— Разумѣется...

— Завязка есть! закричалъ я въ восхищеніи; объ развязкѣ этой комедіи мы похлопочемъ. Явно судьба заботится о томъ, чтобъ мнѣ не было скучно.

— Я предчувствую, сказалъ докторъ, что бѣдный Грушницкій будетъ вашей жертвой...

Digitized by Google

'Go on, doctor.'

'The Princess said that your face was familiar to her. I observed, that probably she had met you in society in Petersburg. I mentioned your name; it was known to her. It seems that your history has made a great stir there... Then the Princess began to tell of your adventures, adding, probably, her own remarks to the calumnies of society... The daughter listened with curiosity. In her imagination you became the hero of a novel in the modern taste... I did not contradict the Princess, though I knew that she talked nonsense.'

'My worthy friend!' said I, proffering him my hand. The doctor pressed it warmly, and continued:

'If you like, I will introduce you...'

'What are you about?' exclaimed I, clasping my hands; 'are heroes ever introduced? They never form acquaintance in any other way than by saving their lady from imminent death...'

'Then you really intend to pay court to the young Princess?...'

'By no means, quite the contrary!... Doctor, at last I triumph: you do not understand me!... Yet on the whole I am sorry for it, doctor,' continued I after a minute's silence; 'I never reveal my secrets myself, I uncommonly enjoy to have them guessed, because in this way, I can always contradict them on occasion. However, you still have to describe mother and daughter to me. What kind of people are they?'...

Digitized by Google

— Дальше, докторъ.

— Княгиня сказала, что ваше лицо ей знакомо. Я ей замѣтилъ, что, вѣрно, она васъ встрѣчала въ Петербургѣ, гдѣ-нибудь въ свѣтѣ... я сказалъ ваше имя. Оно было ей извѣстно. Кажется, ваша исторія тамъ надѣлала много шуму... Княгиня стала разсказывать о вашихъ похожденіяхъ, прибавляя, вѣроятно, къ свѣтскимъ сплетнямъ свои замѣчанія... Дочка слушала съ любопытствомъ. Въ ея воображеніи вы сдѣлались героемъ романа въ новомъ вкусѣ... Я не противорѣчилъ княгинѣ, хотя зналъ, что она говоритъ вздоръ.

— Достойный другъ! сказалъ я, протянувъ ему руку. Докторъ пожалъ её съ чувствомъ и продолжалъ:

— Если хотите я васъ представлю...

— Помилуйте! сказалъ я, всплеснувъ руками; развѣ героевъ представляютъ? Они не иначе знакомятся, какъ спасая отъ вѣрной смерти свою любезную...

— И вы въ самомъ дѣлѣ хотите волочиться за княжной?...

— Напротивъ, совсѣмъ напротивъ!... Докторъ, наконецъ я торжествую: вы меня не понимаете!... Это меня, впрочемъ, огорчаетъ, докторъ, продолжалъ я послѣ минуты молчанія; я никогда самъ не открываю моихъ тайнъ, а ужасно люблю, чтобъ ихъ отгадывали, потому что такимъ образомъ я всегда могу, при случаѣ, отъ нихъ отпереться. Однакожъ, вы мнѣ должны описать маменьку съ дочкой. Что они за люди?

Digitized by Google

'Firstly, then,' replied Werner, 'the Princess is a woman of about forty-five years of age; she has a healthy digestion, but her blood is out of order; red spots on her cheeks. The latter half of her life she has spent in Moscow, and there she got stout at her leisure. She is fond of scandalous anecdotes, and she even says risky things herself when her daughter is not in the room. She explained to me that her daughter is as innocent as a dove. What does it matter to me?... I was tempted to answer her that she might rest assured I would not repeat it to anyone. The Princess takes the water for rheumatism, and the daughter takes it, God knows why. I recommended both to drink daily two glasses of the chalybeate water and to take warm baths twice a week. As it seems, the Princess is not used to command; she has a high notion of the cleverness and talents of her daughter, who has read Byron in English and understands Algebra: the young ladies at Moscow have obviously devoted themselves to science, and quite right too, I am sure! Our men are generally so little amiable, that for a sensible woman it must be unbearable to flirt with them. The Princess is very fond of young people; the daughter looks down upon them with some contempt—a Moscow habit! The ladies at Moscow are only brought up to grow satirical in their fortieth year.'

'You have been at Moscow, then, doctor?'

'Yes, I had some sort of a practice there.'

'Go on.'

Digitized by Google

— Во-пе́рвыхъ, княги́ня—же́нщина сорока́-пяти́ лѣ́тъ, отвѣча́лъ Ве́рнеръ; у ней прекра́сный желу́докъ, но кровь испо́рчена; на щека́хъ кра́сныя пя́тна. Послѣ́днюю полови́ну своей жи́зни она́ провела́ въ Москвѣ́ и тутъ, на поко́ѣ, растолстѣ́ла. Она́ лю́битъ соблазни́тельные анекдо́ты и сама́ говори́тъ иногда́ неприли́чныя ве́щи, когда́ до́чери нѣ́тъ въ ко́мнатѣ. Она́ мнѣ́ объяви́ла, что дочь ея́ неви́нна какъ го́лубь. Како́е мнѣ́ дѣ́ло?... Я хотѣ́лъ ей отвѣча́ть, чтобъ она́ была́ споко́йна, что я никому́ э́того не скажу́. Княги́ня лѣ́чится отъ ревмати́зма, а дочь Богъ зна́етъ отъ чего́. Я велѣ́лъ обѣ́имъ пить по́ два стака́на въ день кислосѣ́рной воды́ и купа́ться два ра́за въ недѣ́лю въ разво́дной ва́ннѣ. Княги́ня, ка́жется, не привы́кла повелѣва́ть; она́ пита́етъ уваже́ніе къ уму́ и зна́ніямъ до́чки, кото́рая чита́ла Ба́йрона по-а́нглійски и зна́етъ а́лгебру: въ Москѣ́, ви́дно, ба́рышни пусти́лись въ учёность, и хорошо́ дѣ́лаютъ, пра́во! На́ши мужчи́ны такъ не любе́зны вообще́, что съ ни́ми коке́тничать должно́ быть для у́мной же́нщины несно́сно. Княги́ня о́чень лю́битъ молоды́хъ люде́й; княжна́ смо́тритъ на нихъ съ нѣ́которымъ презрѣ́ніемъ—моско́вская привы́чка! Онѣ́ въ Москвѣ́ то́лькон пита́ются, что сорокалѣ́тними острякамн.

— А вы бы́ли въ Москвѣ́, до́кторъ?

— Да, я имѣ́лъ тамъ нѣ́которую пра́ктику.

— Продолжа́йте.

Digitized by Google

'I think I have said all I had to say... Ah! there is one thing more: the young Princess loves meditating on feelings, passions and so forth. She spent a season at Petersburg which she did not like; she felt especially displeased with its society: no doubt she was coldly received.'

'You did not see any visitor with them to-day?'

'On the contrary, there was an adjutant, a pipe-clayed guardsman, and a lady, one of the latest arrivals, a relation of the Princess on her husband's side, very pretty, but, as it seems, very ill... Did you not meet her at the well?—she is of middle size, fair, with regular features, has a hectic flush on her face, and a black mole on the right cheek; her face struck me by its expression.'

'A mole!' muttered I, between my teeth. 'Is it possible?'

The doctor looked at me and said triumphantly, putting his hand on my heart: 'She is known to you!...' My heart was actually beating quicker than usual.

'Now it is your turn to triumph!' said I; 'but I may rely on your discretion: you will not betray me. I have not yet seen her, but in your description I am sure that I recognise a lady whom I once loved... Do not mention a word about me to her; if she question you, abuse me roundly.'

'As you please!' said Werner, shrugging his shoulders.

When he had gone, a deep sorrow oppressed my heart. Did fate again bring us together in the Caucasus, or had

Digitized by Google

— Да я, кажется, всё сказалъ... Да! вотъ ещё: княжна, кажется, любитъ разсуждать о чувствахъ, страстяхъ и проч. Она была одну зиму въ Петербургѣ, и онъ ей не понравился, особенно общество: её, вѣрно, холодно приняли.

— Вы никого у нихъ не видали сегодня?

— Напротивъ, былъ одинъ адъютантъ, натянутый гвардеецъ и какая-то дама изъ новопріѣзжихъ, родственница княгини по мужѣ, очень хорошенькая, но очень, кажется, больная... Не встрѣтили ль вы её у колодца?— она средняго роста, блондинка, съ правильными чертами, цвѣтъ лица чахоточный, а на правой щекѣ чёрная родинка: ея лицо меня поразило своею выразительностью.

— Родинка! пробормоталъ я сквозь зубы.—Неужели?

Докторъ посмотрѣлъ на меня и сказалъ торжественно, положивъ мнѣ руку на сердце: "она вамъ знакома!..." Моё сердце, точно, билось сильнѣе обыкновеннаго.

— Теперь ваша очередь торжествовать! сказалъ я; только я на васъ надѣюсь: вы мнѣ не измѣните. Я её не видалъ ещё, но, увѣренъ, узнаю въ вашемъ портретѣ одну женщину, которую любилъ встарину... Не говорите ей обо мнѣ ни слова; если она спроситъ, отнеситесь обо мнѣ дурно.

— Пожалуй! сказалъ Вернеръ, пожавъ плечами.

Когда онъ ушёлъ, ужасная грусть стѣснила моё сердце. Судьба ли насъ свела опять на Кавказѣ, или она нарочно

Digitized by Google

she come here intentionally, well aware that she would find me here again?... and how shall we meet?... and then is it she?... My presentiments have never deceived me yet. There is no man in the world upon whom the past has got such a hold as upon me. Every remembrance of past sorrow or rapture stabs my soul, and calls forth always the same thrills... I am stupidly made: I never forget anything—never.

After dinner, at about six o'clock I took a walk on the boulevard; many people were there: the Princess sat with her daughter on a bench surrounded by young men, paying rival court. I sat down on another bench, at some distance; interrupted two dragoon officers with whom I was acquainted, and began to tell them something; it must have been something funny, for they laughed boisterously as if they were mad. Curiosity soon drew a few more gentlemen away to me from those surrounding the Princess: gradually all left her and joined my small circle. I did not cease talking: my anecdotes were clever, even to downright nonsense: my remarks on the passers-by were biting to the point of insolence... I continued to entertain my hearers till the sun went down. Several times the young Princess, walking arm in arm with her mother, had passed me, accompanied by a lame old gentleman; several times the look, which she cast upon me, expressed vexation, although she tried all she could to be indifferent...

'What has he been telling you?' she asked one of the young men who had returned to her out of politeness; 'I am sure a most interesting history—his

Digitized by Google

сюда́ пріѣхала, зна́я, что меня́ встрѣ́титъ?... и какъ мы встрѣ́тимся?... и пото́мъ, она́ ли э́то?... Мои́ предчу́вствія меня́ никогда́ не обма́нывали. Нѣтъ въ мірѣ человѣ́ка, надъ кото́рымъ прошѣ́дшее пріобрѣта́ло бы таку́ю власть, какъ на́до мно́ю. Вся́кое напомина́ніе о минувшей печа́ли, и́ли ра́дости, болѣ́зненно ударя́етъ въ мою́ ду́шу и извлека́етъ изъ нея́ всѣ тѣ зву́ки... Я глу́по со́зданъ: ничего́ не забыва́ю—ничего́!

По́слѣ обѣ́да часо́въ въ шесть я пошёлъ на бульва́ръ; тамъ была́ толпа́: княги́ня съ княжно́ю сидѣ́ли на скамьѣ́, окружённыя молодёжью, кото́рая любе́зничала наперерывъ. Я помѣсти́лся въ нѣкоторомъ разстоя́ніи на друго́й ла́вкѣ, останови́лъ двухъ знако́мыхъ драгу́нскихъ офицеро́въ, и на́чалъ имъ что́-то разска́зывать; ви́дно бы́ло смѣшно́, потому́ что они́ на́чали хохота́ть какъ сумашѣ́дшіе. Любопы́тство привлекло́ ко мнѣ нѣкоторыхъ изъ окружа́вшихъ княжну́; ма́ло-по-ма́лу и всѣ её поки́нули и присоедини́лись къ моему́ кружку́. Я не умолка́лъ: мои́ анекдо́ты бы́ли у́мны до глу́пости, мои́ насмѣ́шки надъ проходя́щими ми́мо оригина́лами бы́ли злы до неи́стовства... Я продолжа́лъ увеселя́ть пу́блику до захожде́нія со́лнца. Нѣсколько разъ княжна́ подъ ру́чку съ ма́терью проходи́ла ми́мо меня́, сопровожда́емая каки́мъ-то хромы́мъ старичко́мъ; нѣсколько разъ ея́ взглядъ, упада́я на меня́, выража́лъ доса́ду, стара́ясь вы́разить равноду́шіе...

— Что онъ вамъ разска́зывалъ? спроси́ла она́ у одного́ изъ молоды́хъ люде́й возврати́вшихся къ ней изъ вѣ́жливости; вѣ́рно о́чень занима́тельную исто́рію—свои́

Digitized by Google

doughty deeds on the field of battle?...' She said this rather loudly, probably with intent to annoy me. 'Oho!' thought I: 'you do not grow angry for nothing, my lovely Princess; but wait and see what will happen next!'

Grushnitzky followed her like a beast of prey, not taking his eyes off her: I will wager that to-morrow he will ask somebody to introduce him to the Princess. She will be very much pleased at that, because she feels dull.

16TH MAY.

During these last two days my affairs have advanced vastly. The young Princess decidedly hates me; several epigrams have already been reported to me made at my expense, bitter enough, yet at the same time most flattering. She thinks it most strange that I, who have been accustomed to good society, and who have been so courteous to her Petersburg cousins and aunts, do not take any trouble to get acquainted with her. We meet every day at the well and on the boulevard; I use all my powers to alienate her admirers from her, the brilliant adjutants, the pale Moscovites and all the others—and I succeed almost always. Until now I disliked to have guests; now my house is full every day, dinners, suppers, gambling—and alas! my champagne triumphs for all the magnetism of her eyes!

Yesterday I met her at Chelakhof's shop; she was bargaining for a magnificent Persian rug. The Princess entreated her mother not to bid too little: this carpet

Digitized by Google

подвиги въ сраженіяхъ?... Она сказала это довольно громко и, вѣроятно, съ намѣреніемъ кольнуть меня. "Ага!" подумалъ я: "вы не на шутку сердитесь, милая княжна; погодите, то ли ещё будетъ!"

Грушницкій слѣдилъ за нею какъ хищный звѣрь, и не спускалъ её съ глазъ: бьюсь объ закладъ, что завтра онъ будетъ просить, чтобъ его кто-нибудь представилъ княгинѣ. Она будетъ очень рада, потому что ей скучно.

16-го мая.

Въ продолженіе двухъ дней мои дѣла ужасно подвинулись. Княжна меня рѣшительно ненавидитъ; мнѣ уже пересказывали двѣ-три эпиграммы на мой счётъ, довольно колкія, но вмѣстѣ очень лестныя. Ей ужасно странно, что я, который привыкъ къ хорошему обществу, который такъ короткъ съ ея петербургскими кузинами и тётушками, не стараюсь познакомиться съ нею. Мы встрѣчаемся каждый день у колодца, на бульварѣ; я употребляю всѣ свои силы на то, чтобъ отвлекать ея обожателей, блестящихъ адъютантовъ, блѣдныхъ москвичей и другихъ—и мнѣ почти всегда удаётся. Я всегда ненавидѣлъ гостей у себя; теперь у меня каждый день полонъ домъ, обѣдаютъ, ужинаютъ, играютъ и, увы! моё шампанское торжествуетъ надъ силою магнитическихъ ея глазокъ!

Вчера я её встрѣтилъ въ магазинѣ Челахова; она торговала чудесный персидскій ковёръ. Княжна упрашивала свою маменьку не скупиться: этотъ ковёръ такъ

Digitized by Google

would look so nice in her room!... I offered forty roubles more and got it; for this I was rewarded by a glance in which flashed the most charming rage. About dinner-time I purposely ordered my Circassian horse covered with that carpet to be led to and fro before her window. Werner happened to be with them at the time, and he told me that the effect of this scene was most dramatic. The young Princess is anxious to preach a crusade against me; I have already noticed that two adjutants greet me very coolly in her presence, yet they dine at my house every day.

Grushnitzky has assumed a mysterious air: he walks about with his hands clasped behind his back and recognises no one; his leg has grown suddenly better; he scarcely limps. He succeeded in getting into conversation with the Princess and in paying some compliments to the young lady; she apparently is not very fastidious, for she has ever since returned his salutation with a most gracious smile.

'Do you really not wish to get acquainted with the Ligofskys?' said he to me yesterday.

'Decidedly not.'

'Why! it is the most pleasant house at the waters! All the best local society...'

'My dear friend, even good non-local society has often bored me before now. Do you visit them then?'

Digitized by Google

украси́лъ бы ея́ кабине́тъ!... Я далъ со́рокъ рубле́й ли́шнихъ и перекупи́лъ его́; за э́то я былъ вознагражденъ взгля́домъ, гдѣ блиста́ло са́мое восхити́тельное бѣшенство. Около обѣда я велѣлъ наро́чно провести́ ми́мо ея́ о́конъ мою́ черке́сскую ло́шадь, покры́тую э́тимъ ковро́мъ. Ве́рнеръ былъ у нихъ въ э́то вре́мя и говори́лъ мнѣ, что эффе́ктъ э́той сце́ны былъ са́мый драмати́ческій. Княжна́ хо́четъ проповѣ́дывать про́тивъ меня́ ополче́ніе; я да́же замѣ́тилъ, что ужъ два адъюта́нта при ней со мно́ю о́чень су́хо кла́няются, одна́ко вся́кій день у меня́ обѣ́дають.

Грушни́цкій при́нялъ таи́нственный видъ: хо́дитъ заки́нувъ ру́ки за́ спину и никого́ не узнаётъ; нога́ его́ вдругъ вы́здоровѣла; онъ едва́ хрома́етъ. Онъ нашёлъ слу́чай вступи́ть въ разгово́ръ съ княги́ней и сказа́ть како́й-то компли́ментъ княжнѣ́; она́, ви́дно, не о́чень разбо́рчива, и́бо съ тѣхъ поръ отвѣча́етъ на его́ поклонъ, са́мой ми́лой улы́бкой.

— Ты рѣши́тельно не хо́чешь познако́миться съ Ли́говскими? сказа́лъ онъ мнѣ вчера́.

— Рѣши́тельно.

— Поми́луй! са́мый пріятный домъ на вода́хъ. Всѣ здѣ́шнее лу́чшее о́бщество...

— Мой другъ, мнѣ и нездѣ́шнее ужа́сно надоѣ́ло. А ты у нихъ быва́ешь?

Digitized by Google

'No, not yet; I have spoken once or twice with the young Princess, not more. You know one cannot take a house by storm, though no one here stands much upon ceremony... It would be quite different if I wore epaulettes...'

'Why, without them you are much more interesting! You simply do not know how to use your fine chances... Indeed, your soldier's cloak makes you appear in the eyes of every romantic young lady a hero and a martyr.'

Grushnitzky smiled in a self-satisfied way.

'What nonsense!' he said.

'I am convinced,' continued I, 'that the young Princess has already fallen in love with you.'

He blushed up to his ears, and looked gratified.

O self-love! thou art the lever with which Archimedes wished to move the world...

'You are always joking,' replied he, feigning to be annoyed; 'first of all, she knows as yet so little of me...'

'Women love only those whom they do not know.'

'But I have absolutely no pretensions at all to find favour in her eyes, I only wish to be introduced into a pleasant house; besides it would be too ridiculous of me to entertain any hopes... You, for instance, are quite on a different footing: you Petersburg conquerors—a glance, and the women melt!...and do you know, Petchorin, that the young Princess has spoken of you?...'

'What? Has she already talked to you about me?...'

Digitized by Google

— Нѣтъ ещё; я говори́лъ ра́за два съ кня́жной, не бо́лѣе. Зна́ешь, ка́къ-то напра́шиваться въ домъ нело́вко, хотя́ здѣсь э́то и во́дится... Друго́е дѣ́ло, е́сли бы я носи́лъ эполе́ты...

— Поми́луй! да э́такъ ты гора́здо интереснѣ́е! Ты, про́сто, не умѣ́ешь по́льзоваться свои́мъ вы́годнымъ положе́ніемъ... Да, солда́тская шине́ль въ глаза́хъ вся́кой чувстви́тельной ба́рышни тебя́ дѣ́лаетъ геро́емъ и страда́льцемъ.

Грушни́цкій самодово́льно улыбну́лся.

— Како́й вздоръ! сказа́лъ онъ.

— Я увѣ́ренъ, продолжа́лъ я, что княжна́ въ тебя́ ужъ влюблена́.

Онъ покраснѣ́лъ до ушей и наду́лся.

О самолю́біе! ты рыча́гъ, кото́рымъ Архиме́дъ хотѣ́лъ приподня́ть земно́й шаръ!...

— У тебя́ всё шу́тки! сказа́лъ онъ, пока́зывая, бу́дто се́рдится; во-пе́рвыхъ, она́ меня́ ещё такъ ма́ло знае́тъ...

— Же́нщины лю́бятъ то́лько тѣхъ, кото́рыхъ не зна́ютъ.

— Да я во́все не имѣ́ю претѐнзіи ей нра́виться, я про́сто хочу́ познако́миться съ пріятнымъ до́момъ; и бы́ло бы о́чень смѣшно́, е́сли бъ я имѣ́лъ какія нибу́дь наде́жды... Вотъ вы, напримѣ́ръ, друго́е дѣ́ло: вы, побѣди́тели петербу́ргскіе, то́лько посмо́трите—такъ же́нщины та́ютъ... А зна́ешь ли, Печо́ринъ, что княжна́ о тебѣ́ говори́ла?...

— Какъ? Она́ тебѣ́ ужъ говори́ла обо мнѣ?...

Digitized by Google

'Do not be too proud, though. I chanced to get into conversation with her at the well, quite accidentally, mind, and her third word was: "Who is the gentleman with that unpleasant, piercing look? he was with you when—" She blushed, and would not mention the day more precisely, remembering her own kind assistance. "You need not name that day," said I; "it will ever be memorable to me..." My friend Petchorin, I cannot congratulate you: you are in her bad graces... But truly it is a pity. Mary is most charming!...'

I must remark that Grushnitzky belongs to that class of men, who, when speaking of a lady they hardly know, call her 'my Mary, my Sophie,' provided only that she has the good fortune to please them.

I put on a serious air, and replied:

'Yes, she is not bad looking,...yet take care, Grushnitzky! Russian ladies for the most part indulge only in Platonic love, mingling with it no thought of marriage; but Platonic love is a most disquieting thing. The young Princess seems to be one of those ladies, who wish to be amused; if she feels bored in your society for two consecutive minutes, you are irretrievably lost: your silence must arouse her curiosity, your conversation never exhaust her attention, you must charm her every moment; she will argue against her own views a dozen times only to contradict you, and this she will call a sacrifice, and to reward herself for it, she will torment you incessantly, and at last tell you plainly that you are insupportable. If you cannot gain the upper hand over her, even her

Digitized by Google

— Не ра́дуйся, одна́ко. Я ка́къ-то вступи́лъ съ не́ю въ разгово́ръ у коло́дца, случа́йно; тре́тье сло́во ея́ бы́ло: "Кто э́тотъ господи́нъ, у кото́раго тако́й непріятный, тяжёлый взглядъ? онъ былъ съ ва́ми, тогда́..." Она́ покраснѣ́ла и не хотѣ́ла назва́ть дня, вспо́мнивъ свою́ ми́лую вы́ходку. "Вамъ не ну́жно ска́зывать дня, отвѣча́лъ я ей, онъ вѣ́чно мнѣ́ бу́детъ па́мятенъ..." Мой другъ, Печо́ринъ! я тебя́ не поздравля́ю: ты у нея́ на ду́рномъ замѣча́ніи... А, пра́во жаль, что Ме́ри о́чень мила́!...

На́добно замѣ́тить, что Грушни́цкій изъ тѣхъ люде́й, кото́рые, говоря́ о же́нщинѣ, съ кото́рой она́ едва́ знако́мы, называ́ютъ её моя́ Ме́ри, моя́ Sophie, е́сли она́ имѣ́ла сча́стіе имъ понра́виться.

Я приня́лъ серьёзный видъ и отвѣча́лъ ему́:

— Да, она́ недурна́... То́лько берегись, Грушни́цкій! Ру́сскія ба́рышни бо́льшею ча́стью пита́ются то́лько платони́ческою любо́вью, не примѣ́шивая къ ней мы́сли о замужествѣ; а платони́ческая любо́вь са́мая безпоко́йная. Княжна́ ка́жется, изъ тѣхъ же́нщинъ, кото́рыя хо́тятъ, чтобъ ихъ забавля́ли; е́сли двѣ мину́ты сря́ду ей бу́детъ во́злѣ тебя́ ску́чно—ты пога́бъ невозвра́тно: твоё молча́ніе должно́ возбужда́ть ея́ любопы́тство, твой разгово́ръ —никогда́ не удовлетворя́ть его́ вполнѣ́; ты до́лженъ её трево́жить ежеминутно; она́ де́сять разъ публи́чно для тебя́ пренебрежётъ мнѣ́ніемъ и назовётъ э́то же́ртвой, и, чтобъ вознагради́ть себя́ за э́то, ста́нетъ тебя́ му́чить, а пото́мъ про́сто ска́жетъ, что она́ тебя́ терпѣ́ть не мо́жетъ. Если ты надъ не́ю не пріобрѣтёшь вла́сти, то да́же ся́

Digitized by Google

first kiss gives you no claim to a second; she will flirt with you, until she grows tired of it, and perhaps after a year or two she will marry some misshapen fellow solely out of obedience to her mother; and try and convince you that she is unhappy; that she loved but one man, yourself of course, but Heaven has not been pleased to unite her with him, because he wore a soldier's cloak, though a noble glowing heart throbbed under the coarse, grey cloak...'

Grushnitzky struck the table with his fist and began to walk up and down the room.

I laughed inwardly, and even smiled once or twice, but by good luck he did not observe it. It is clear he is in love, as he has grown more credulous than ever; there has even appeared on his finger a silver ring with black enamel, of local make: this struck me as suspicious. I examined it more closely, and what did I see?... The name of Mary was engraved inside in small letters, and next the date of the day on which she had picked up the memorable glass. I kept this discovery to myself; I do not wish to force an avowal from him; I wish him to choose me for a confidant of his own accord, and then it will be my turn to rejoice!...

. . . . . .

To-day I rose late; I went to the well, but no one was there. It had become very hot; small fleecy clouds rapidly scattered off the snowy mountains foreboding a storm; the peak of Mount Máshook smoked like an extinguished torch; round about it like serpents twisted and crept grey misty forms caught in their course, and fastened as it were to the thorns of the mountain bushes. The air was

Digitized by Google

пе́рвый поцѣлу́й не дастъ тебѣ́ пра́ва на второ́й; она́ съ тобо́ю накоке́тничается вдо́воль, а го́да че́резъ два вы́йдетъ за́мужъ за уро́да изъ поко́рности къ ма́ленькѣ, и ста́нетъ себя́ увѣря́ть, что она́ несча́стна, что она́ одного́ то́лько человѣ́ка и люби́ла, то́-есть тебя́, но что не́бо не хотѣ́ло соедини́ть её съ нимъ, потому́ что на нёмъ была́ солда́тская шине́ль, хоть подъ э́той то́лстой, се́рой шине́лью би́лось се́рдце стра́стное и благоро́дное...

Грушни́цкій уда́рилъ по столу́ кулако́мъ и сталъ ходи́ть взадъ и впередъ по ко́мнатѣ.

Я внутренно хохота́лъ и да́же ра́за два улыбну́лся, но онъ, къ сча́стію, э́того не замѣ́тилъ. Явно, что онъ влюблёнъ, потому́ что сталъ ещё довѣ́рчивѣе пре́жняго; у него́ да́же появи́лось сере́бряное кольцо́ съ че́рнью, здѣ́шней рабо́ты: оно́ мнѣ показа́лось подозри́тельнымъ. Я сталъ его́ разсма́тривать, и что же?... ме́лкими бу́квами и́мя Ме́ри бы́ло вы́рѣзано на внутренней сторонѣ́, и ря́домъ—число́ того́ дня, когда́ она́ подняла́ знамени́тый стака́нъ. Я утаи́лъ своё откры́тіе; я не хочу́ вынужда́ть у него́ призна́ній; я хочу́, что́бы онъ самъ вы́бралъ меня́ въ свои́ повѣ́ренные—и ту́тъ-то я бу́ду наслажда́ться!...

. . . . . .

Сего́дня я всталъ по́здно; прихожу́ къ коло́дцу—никого́ ужъ нѣтъ. Станови́лось жа́рко; бѣ́лыя мохна́тыя ту́чки бы́стро бѣжа́ли отъ снѣговы́хъ горъ, обѣща́я грозу́; голова́ Машука́ дыми́лась, какъ загашённый фа́келъ; круго́мъ его́ вились и по́лзали, какъ змѣи, се́рые клочки́ облако́въ, заде́ржанные въ своёмъ стремле́ніи и бу́дто зацѣпи́вшіеся за колю́чій его́ куста́рникъ. Во́здухъ былъ

Digitized by Google

pregnant with electricity. I plunged into the vine-covered walk, leading to the grotto. I was sad. I thought of that young woman with the mole on her cheek, of whom the doctor had talked to me... Why is she here? and is it she? and why did I think that she it was? and why am I so firmly convinced of it? As if there were not more than one lady with a mole on her cheek! In this mood I reached the grotto. I glanced into it: in the cool shadow of its vault sat a lady with a straw bonnet, wrapt in a black shawl, her head drooping upon her bosom, in meditation it seemed: the bonnet hid her face. I was just on the point of retracing my steps so as not to interrupt her meditations, when she looked up at me.

'Vera!' exclaimed I involuntarily.

She was startled and turned pale.

'I knew that you were here,' said she. I sat down at her side, and took her hand. At the sound of this sweet voice a tremor long unfelt thrilled through my veins: she looked at me with her deep calm eyes; in them was expressed distrust, and something like a reproach.

'We have not seen each other for a long time,' said I.

'A long time! and we are both greatly changed.'

'Does this imply that you no longer love me?...'

'I am married!...' replied she.

'Again? That, however, was the same, some years ago, and yet—'

She withdrew her hand from mine; her cheeks glowed.

Digitized by Google

напоёнъ электричествомъ. Я углубился въ виноградную аллею, ведущую въ гротъ; мнѣ было грустно. Я думалъ о той молодой женщинѣ съ родинкой на щекѣ, про которую говорилъ мнѣ докторъ... Зачѣмъ она здѣсь? И она ли? И почему я думалъ, что это она? И почему я даже такъ въ этомъ увѣренъ? Мало ли женщинъ съ родинками на щекахъ!—Размышляя такимъ образомъ, я подошёлъ къ самому гроту. Смотрю: въ прохладной тѣни его свода, на каменной скамьѣ сидитъ женщина, въ соломенной шляпкѣ, окутанная чёрной шалью, опустивъ голову на грудь; шляпка закрывала ея лицо. Я хотѣлъ уже вернуться, чтобъ не нарушить ея мечтаній, когда она на меня взглянула.

— Вѣра! вскрикнулъ я невольно.

Она вздрогнула и поблѣднѣла.

— Я знала, что вы здѣсь, сказала она. Я сѣлъ возлѣ нея и взялъ её за руку. Давно забытый трепетъ пробѣжалъ по моимъ жиламъ при звукѣ этого милаго голоса; она посмотрѣла мнѣ въ глаза своими глубокими и спокойными глазами; въ нихъ выражалась недовѣрчивость и что-то похожее на упрёкъ.

— Мы давно не видались, сказалъ я.

— Давно, и перемѣнились оба во многомъ!

— Стало-быть, ужъ ты меня не любишь?...

— Я замужемъ!... сказала она.

— Опять? Однако, нѣсколько лѣтъ тому назадъ, эта причина также существовала, но между тѣмъ...

Она выдернула свою руку изъ моей, щёки ея запылали.

Digitized by Google

'You love your second husband, it may be?'

She did not answer and turned from me.

'Or is he very jealous?' Silence.

'Well, he is young, handsome, no doubt rich? and you fear—' I looked at her and was startled; her countenance expressed deep despair, tears glistened in her eyes.

At last she whispered in broken accents, 'Tell me, is it very pleasant to you to torture me? I ought to hate you. Ever since we have known each other, you have given me nothing but pain.' Her voice trembled; she turned towards me, and leant her head on my breast.

'It may be,' thought I, 'that is precisely the reason you loved me: joy is soon forgotten, sorrow never.'

I held her fast in my arms, and remained so for some time. At last our lips met and clung together in a passionate blissful kiss; her hands were as cold as ice, her head was burning hot. Then began between us one of those conversations which have no meaning on paper, which we cannot repeat, no, nor even remember: the meaning of the tones supplies and completes the meaning of the words, as in an Italian opera.

She decidedly does not wish me to get acquainted with her husband, that little lame old man, whom I saw walking on the boulevard; she married him for the sake of her son. He is rich, and suffers from rheumatism. I did not indulge in the least abuse of him, for she honours him

Digitized by Google

— Мо́жетъ быть, ты лю́бишь своего́ второ́го му́жа?...

Она́ не отвѣча́ла и отверну́лась.

— Или онъ о́чень ревни́въ? Молча́ніе.

— Что-жъ? Онъ мо́лодъ, хоро́шъ, осо́бенно, вѣ́рно, бога́тъ? и ты бои́шься... Я взгляну́лъ на неё и испуга́лся: ея́ лицо́ выража́ло глубо́кое отча́яніе; на глаза́хъ сверка́ли слёзы.

— Скажи́ мнѣ, наконе́цъ прошепта́ла она́, тебѣ́ о́чень ве́село меня́ му́чить? Я бы тебя́ должна́ ненави́дѣть. Съ тѣхъ поръ, какъ мы зна́емъ другъ дру́га, ты ничего́ мнѣ не́ далъ, кро́мѣ страда́ній... Ея́ го́лосъ задрожа́лъ; она́ склони́лась ко мнѣ и опусти́ла го́лову на грудь мою́.

"Мо́жетъ-быть," поду́малъ я, "ты оттого́-то и́менно меня́ и люби́ла: ра́дости забыва́ются, а печа́ли никогда́..."

Я её крѣ́пко о́бнялъ, и такъ мы остава́лись до́лго. Наконе́цъ гу́бы на́ши сбли́зились и слили́сь въ жа́ркій, упои́тельный поцѣлу́й; ея́ ру́ки бы́ли хо́лодны какъ лёдъ, голова́ горѣ́ла. Тутъ ме́жду на́ми начался́ оди́нъ изъ тѣхъ разгово́ровъ, кото́рые на бума́гѣ не имѣ́ютъ смы́сла, кото́рыхъ повтори́ть нельзя́, и нельзя́ да́же запо́мнить: значе́ніе зву́ковъ замѣня́етъ и дополня́етъ значе́ніе словъ, какъ въ итальянской о́перѣ.

Она́ рѣши́тельно не хо́четъ, чтобъ я познако́мился съ ея́ му́жемъ, тѣмъ хромы́мъ старичко́мъ, кото́раго я ви́дѣлъ ме́лькомъ на бульва́рѣ; она́ вы́шла за него́ для сы́на: онъ бога́тъ и страда́етъ ревмати́змами. Я не позво́лилъ себѣ́ надъ нимъ ни одно́й насмѣ́шки: она́ его́ уважа́етъ

Digitized by Google

as a father—and will deceive him as a husband... The human heart is a curious thing in general, and woman's heart in particular.

The husband of Vera—Semen Vassilyevich G...—is a distant relation of the Princess Ligofska. He lives close to her. Vera often sees the Princess, and I promised her to be introduced to the Ligofskys, and to pay my addresses to Princess Mary in order to divert all attention from herself. In this way my plans are not disturbed in the least, and I shall enjoy it.

Enjoy! I have already gone through that period of sentimental life, in which we seek for nothing but bliss, when the heart feels the necessity of loving some one deeply and passionately; now I only desire to be loved; and this, only by very few: it even appears to me that one constant affection might satisfy me: what a troublesome habit of the heart!

One thing always struck me as remarkable: I never became the slave of a mistress; on the contrary, I always acquired irresistible power over her will and heart. What can be the reason of this? Was it because I had never valued anything much, and that they feared each moment to let me slip from their hands? Or, was it the magnetic influence of a strong nature? or, is it simply that I have not met with a woman with a faithful character?

I must confess that I do not like women of character. What have they to do with character?

Digitized by Google

какъ отца́—и бу́детъ обма́нывать какъ му́жа... Стра́нная вещь се́рдце человѣ́ческое вообще́, и же́нское въ осо́бенности!

Мужъ Вѣ́ры, Семёнъ Васи́льевичъ Г... въ, дальный ро́дственникъ княги́ни Ли́говской. Онъ живётъ съ не́ю ря́домъ. Вѣ́ра ча́сто быва́етъ у княги́ни; я ей далъ сло́во познако́миться съ Ли́говскими и волочи́ться за княжно́й, что́бы отвле́чъ отъ нея́ внима́ніе. Таки́мъ о́бразомъ мои́ пла́ны ни ма́ло не разстро́ились, и мнѣ́ бу́детъ ве́село...

Ве́село!... Да, я ужъ прошёлъ тотъ періо́дъ жи́зни душе́вной, когда́ и́щутъ то́лько сча́стія, когда́ се́рдце чу́вствуетъ необходи́мость люби́ть си́льно и стра́стно кого́-нибу́дь; тепе́рь я то́лько хочу́ быть люби́мымъ, и то о́чень немно́гими; да́же мнѣ́ ка́жется, одно́й постоя́нной привя́занности мнѣ́ бы́ло бы дово́льно: жа́лкая привы́чка се́рдца!...

Одно́ мнѣ́ всегда́ бы́ло стра́нно: я никогда́ не дѣ́лался рабо́мъ люби́мой же́нщины, напро́тивъ, я всегда́ пріобрѣ́тал надъ ихъ во́лей и се́рдцемъ непобѣди́мую власть, во́все объ э́томъ не стара́ясь. Отчего́ э́то?—оттого́ ли, что я никогда́ ничѣ́мъ о́чень не дорожу́, и что онѣ́ ежемину́тно боя́лись вы́пустить меня́ изъ рукъ? и́ли э́то—магнити́ческое влія́ніе си́льнаго органи́зма? и́ли мнѣ́, про́сто, не удава́лось встрѣ́тить же́нщину съ упо́рнымъ хара́ктеромъ?

На́до призна́ться, что я, то́чно, не люблю́ же́нщинъ съ хара́ктеромъ: ихъ ли э́то дѣ́ло!...

Digitized by Google

It is true, now I recollect, once only I loved a woman of strong will, whom I could never subdue...We parted enemies—but who knows, had I met her five years later, might we not have parted differently?

Vera is ill, very ill, though she will not confess it; I fear she is consumptive, or attacked by the disease called *fièvre lente*, a disease so foreign to Russia that we have no name for it in our language.

The storm overtook us in the grotto, and kept us there more than half an hour. She did not force me to pledge her my faith, she did not ask if I had not loved others since we parted. She again trusted me with her former carelessness;—and I shall not deceive her; she is the only woman in the world, whom I could not deceive. I know that we shall soon have to part again, and this time perhaps for ever: we both are approaching the grave, by different ways, yet her memory will ever remain ineffaceably impressed on my mind: this I have always reiterated to her, and she believes me, though she professes the contrary.

At last we parted; for a long time I followed her with my eye, until her hat disappeared behind the bushes and the rocks. My heart felt as painfully oppressed as after our first parting. Oh! how I rejoiced at this feeling! Will youth return to me once more, with its beneficent storms? or is this only its last parting glance, its last gift of remembrance?—It is absurd to think that my appearance is still that of a youth: my face is pale, it is true, but

Digitized by Google

Пра́вда, тепе́рь вспо́мнилъ: оди́нъ то́лько разъ я люби́лъ же́нщину съ твёрдою во́лей, кото́рую никогда́ не могъ побѣди́ть... Мы разста́лись враґа́ми—и то, мо́жетъ быть, е́сли бъ я её встрѣ́тилъ пятью́ года́ми по́зже, мы разста́лись бы ина́че...

Вѣ́ра больна́, о́чень больна́, хотя́ въ э́томъ и не признаётся; я бою́сь, что́бы не́ было у нея́ чахо́тки, и́ли той болѣ́зни, кото́рую называ́ютъ fièvre lente—болѣ́знь не ру́сская во́все, и ей на на́шемъ языкѣ́ нѣтъ назва́нія.

Гроза́ заста́ла насъ въ гро́тѣ и удержа́ла ли́шніе полчаса́. Она́ не заста́вила меня́ кля́сться въ вѣ́рности, не спра́шивала, люби́лъ ли я други́хъ съ тѣхъ поръ, какъ мы разста́лись... Она́ ввѣ́рилась мнѣ сно́ва съ пре́жнею безпе́чностью — и я её не обману́: она́ еди́нственная же́нщина въ мі́рѣ, кото́рую я не въ си́лахъ былъ бы обману́ть. Я зна́ю, мы ско́ро разлучи́мся опя́ть, и, быть мо́жетъ, на вѣ́ки: о́ба пойдёмъ ра́зными пути́ми до гро́ба; но воспомина́ніе о ней оста́нется неприкосновѣ́ннымъ въ душѣ́ моёй; я ей э́то повторя́лъ всегда́, и она́ мнѣ вѣ́ритъ, хотя́ говори́тъ проти́вное.

Наконе́цъ мы разста́лись; я до́лго слѣди́лъ за не́ю взо́ромъ, пока́ ея́ шля́пка не скры́лась за куста́рниками и ска́лами. Се́рдце моё болѣ́зненно сжа́лось, какъ по́слѣ пе́рваго разстава́нія. О, какъ я обра́довался э́тому чу́вству! Ужъ не мо́лодость ли съ свои́ми благотво́рными бу́рями хо́четъ верну́ться ко мнѣ опя́ть, и́ли э́то то́лько ея́ проща́льный взглядъ, послѣ́дній пода́рокъ—на па́мять?... А смѣ́шно поду́мать, что на видъ я ещё ма́льчикъ: лицо́ хотя́ блѣ́дно, но ещё свѣжо́; чле́ны ги́бки и

Digitized by Google

fresh—my limbs elastic and strong—my hair is thick and flowing—my eyes sparkle—my blood boils.

As soon as I had returned home, I mounted my horse and rode out into the steppe. I like to gallop on a fiery steed over the high grass against the wind of the desert; I greedily drink in the fragrant air, and gaze into the blue distance, striving to reach the misty outlines of objects, which become more distinct from moment to moment. Whatever sorrow has weighed down the heart, whatever anxiety has harassed the mind—all disappears in a moment: the mind grows easy; the fatigue of the body subdues the mental excitement. There is no woman's glance I could not forget at the sight of shaggy mountains lit up by the noon-day sun—at the sight of a blue sky, or when I hear the roar of a torrent leaping from rock to rock.

I think the Cossacks, yawning at their posts, were long tormented by the mystery, when they saw me thus galloping without cause or aim, for by my dress, they probably took me for a Circassian. I have in fact been assured that on horseback, in the Circassian costume I am more like a Kabardine than many of the Kabardines themselves. And indeed, as regards this noble garb, I am quite a dandy. I will not put up with one galloon too many; my gun is precious, but of simple make; the fur on the cap not too long and not too short, the laces and borderings are attached with all possible accuracy; the under-tunic is white, and my Circassian cloak dark brown. I have practised for a long time the mountaineers' style, and nothing can be more gratifying to my vanity than to admire my skill in riding after the Caucasian fashion. I

Digitized by Google

стро́йны; густы́я ку́дри вью́тся, глаза́ горя́тъ, кровь кипи́тъ...

Возврати́ся домо́й, я сѣлъ верхо́мъ и поскака́лъ въ степь. Я люблю́ скака́ть на горя́чей ло́шади по высо́кой травѣ́, про́тивъ пусты́ннаго вѣ́тра; съ жа́дностью глота́ю я благово́нный во́здухъ и устремля́ю взо́ры въ си́нюю даль, стара́ясь улови́ть тума́нные о́черки предме́товъ, кото́рые ежемину́тно стано́вятся всё яснѣ́е и яснѣ́е. Кака́я бы го́ресть ни лежа́ла на се́рдцѣ, како́е бы безпоко́йство ни томи́ло мысль—всё въ мину́ту разсѣ́тся; на душѣ́ ста́нетъ легко́; уста́лость тѣ́ла побѣди́тъ трево́гу у́ма. Нѣтъ же́нскаго взо́ра, кото́раго бы я не забы́лъ при ви́дѣ кудря́выхъ горъ, озарённыхъ ю́жнымъ со́лнцемъ; при ви́дѣ голубо́го не́ба, и́ли внима́я шу́му пото́ка, па́дающаго съ утёса на утёсъ.

Я ду́маю, каза́ки, зѣва́ющіе на свои́хъ вы́шкахъ, ви́дя меня́ ска́чущаго безъ нужды́ и цѣ́ли, до́лго му́чились э́тою зага́дкой, и́бо вѣ́рно, по оде́ждѣ при́няли меня́ за черке́са. Мнѣ въ са́момъ дѣ́лѣ говори́ли, что въ черке́сскомъ костю́мѣ верхо́мъ я бо́льше похо́жъ на кабарди́нца, чѣ́мъ мно́гіе кабарди́нцы. И то́чно, что каса́ется до э́той благоро́дной оде́жды, я соверше́нный де́нди: ни одного́ галуна́ ли́шняго, ору́жіе цѣ́нное въ просто́й отдѣ́лкѣ, мѣхъ на ша́нкѣ не сли́шкомъ дли́нный не сли́шкомъ коро́ткій; ногови́цы и черевики́ при́гнаны со всевозмо́жной то́чностью; бешме́тъ бѣ́лый, черке́ска темнобу́рая. Я до́лго изуча́лъ го́рскую поса́дку: ничѣ́мъ нельзя́ такъ польсти́ть моему́ самолю́бію, какъ признава́я моё иску́сство въ верхово́й ѣздѣ́ на кавка́зскій ладъ. Я

Digitized by Google

keep four horses: one for myself, three for my friends, to avoid the *ennui* of dragging myself about the country alone; they gladly make use of my horses, but never ride out with me. It was already six in the afternoon when I remembered that it was time to dine. My horse was tired; I therefore guided it to the road, leading from Pyatigorsk to a German colony, where the visitors of the watering-place often go for a picnic. The road thither winds through underwood, along small ravines, where murmuring rivulets flow under the shadow of the high grass; all around the gigantic Beshtoo, the Serpent mountain, the Iron and the Bald mountains rise in an amphitheatre. I stopt to water my horse in one of these ravines, called Balka in the dialect of this neighbourhood; at that moment a noisy and brilliant cavalcade came in sight on the road, the ladies in black and blue riding-habits, the gentlemen in costumes which were a mixture of the Circassian and that of Nijni Novgorod. In front of them rode Grushnitzky with Princess Mary.

The ladies visiting the waters still believe in hostile attacks of the Circassians in broad daylight; for this reason, probably, Grushnitzky had girt on a sabre over his soldier's cloak, and a pair of pistols, looking rather ridiculous in this heroic get-up. I was hidden from their eyes by a tall bush, but through its leaves I could see them fully, and could guess, by the expression of their faces, that their conversation was of a sentimental turn. At last they approached the declivity. Grushnitzky led the horse of the Princess by the bridle. I overheard the end of their conversation.

Digitized by Google

держу́ четырёхъ лошадей: одну́ для себя́, трёхъ для прія́телей, чтобъ не скучно было одному́ таска́ться по поля́мъ; они́ беру́тъ моихъ лошадей съ удовольствіемъ и никогда́ со мной не ѣздятъ вмѣстѣ. Было уже́ шесть часо́въ пополудни, когда́ вспо́мнилъ я, что пора́ обѣдать. Ло́шадь моя́ была́ изму́чена; я вы́ѣхалъ на доро́гу, веду́щую изъ Пятиго́рска въ нѣме́цкую коло́нію, куда́ ча́сто водяно́е о́бщество ѣздитъ en piquenique. Доро́га идётъ извива́ясь ме́жду куста́рниками, опуска́ясь въ небольші́е овра́ги, гдѣ протека́ютъ шу́мные ручьи́ подъ сѣнью высо́кихъ травъ; круго́мъ амфитеа́тромъ возвыша́ются си́нія грома́ды Бешту́, Змѣи́ной, Желѣ́зной и Лы́сой Горы́. Спустя́сь въ оди́нъ изъ таки́хъ овра́говъ, называ́емыхъ на здѣ́шнемъ нарѣ́чіи бо́лками, я останови́лся, чтобъ напои́ть ло́шадь; въ э́то вре́мя показа́лась на доро́гѣ шу́мная и блестя́щая кавалька́да; да́мы въ чёрныхъ и голубы́хъ амазо́нкахъ, кавале́ры въ костю́махъ, составля́ющихъ смѣсь черке́сскаго съ нижегоро́дскимъ: впереди́ ѣхалъ Грушни́цкій съ княжно́ю Ме́ри.

Да́мы на вода́хъ ещё вѣ́рятъ нападе́ніямъ черке́совъ среди́ бѣ́лаго дня; вѣроя́тно, поэ́тому Грушни́цкій сверхъ солда́тской шине́ли повѣ́силъ ша́шку и па́ру пистоле́товъ; онъ былъ дово́льно смѣшо́нъ въ э́томъ геро́йскомъ облаче́ніи. Высо́кій кустъ закрыва́лъ меня́ отъ нихъ; но сквозь ли́стья его́ я могъ ви́дѣть всё и отгада́ть по выраже́ніямъ ихъ лицъ, что разгово́ръ былъ сантимента́льный. Наконе́цъ они́ приблизились къ спу́ску; Грушни́цкій взялъ за по́водъ ло́шадь княжны́, и тогда́ я услы́шалъ коне́цъ ихъ разгово́ра:

Digitized by Google

'And so you wish to spend the whole of your life in the Caucasus?' said the Princess.

'What is Russia to me?' answered her cavalier; 'a place where thousands of people would look down upon me because they are richer than I; whilst here,—here, this coarse soldier's cloak has not prevented me from making acquaintance with you.'

'On the contrary...' said the Princess, blushing. Grushnitzky's face expressed high satisfaction. He continued:

'Here my life will pass in turmoil, unheeded, quickly, among the bullets of the savages, and if Heaven grant me every year but one kind maiden-glance, like that which—'

They had just come close upon me; I lashed my horse with the whip and galloped out from the bush.

'*Mon Dieu, un Circassien*!...' exclaimed the Princess, with terror.

To thoroughly undeceive her I replied in French, with a slight bow:

'Never fear, Princess, I am not more dangerous than your cavalier.'

She became confused—but why? was it for her mistake, or did she think me too bold? I should have wished this latter supposition to be correct. Grushnitzky threw a dissatisfied look at me.

Digitized by Google

— И вы цѣлую жизнь хотите остаться на Кавказѣ? говорила княжна.

— Что для меня Россія? отвѣчалъ ея кавалеръ;— страна, гдѣ тысячи людей, потому что они богаче меня, будутъ смотрѣть на меня съ презрѣніемъ, тогда какъ здѣсь—здѣсь эта толстая шинель не помѣшала моему знакомству съ вами...

— Напротивъ... сказала княжна, покраснѣвъ. Лицо Грушницкаго изобразило удовольствіе. Онъ продолжалъ:

— Здѣсь моя жизнь протечётъ шумно, незамѣтно и быстро, подъ пулями дикарей, и если бы Богъ мнѣ каждый годъ посылалъ одинъ свѣтлый женскій взглядъ, одинъ, подобный тому...

Въ это время они поровнялись со мной; я ударилъ плетью по лошади и выѣхалъ изъ-за куста.

— Mon Dieu, un Circassien!... вскрикнула княжна въ ужасѣ.

Чтобъ её совершенно разувѣрить, я отвѣчалъ по-французски, слегка наклонясь:

— Ne craignez rien, madame, je ne suis pas plus dangereux que votre cavalier...

Она смутилась—но отчего? отъ своей ошибки, или оттого, что мой отвѣтъ ей показался дерзкимъ? Я желалъ бы, чтобъ послѣднее моё предположеніе было справедливо. Грушницкій бросилъ на меня недовольный взглядъ.

Digitized by Google

Late in the evening, that is about eleven, I went for a stroll along the Linden walk of the boulevard. The town was asleep; only in a few windows some lights were still flickering. On three sides rose dark ridges of rocks belonging to the Máshook, whose peak was covered with an ill-omened cloud; the moon rose in the east; in the distance the snow-mountains glistened as if they were covered with silver. The cries of the sentries mingled with the noise of the hot springs, flowing on through the night. Now and then loud tramping of horses was heard in the streets accompanied by the creaking of the arba (a two-wheeled carriage) and by a melancholy Tartar song. I sat down on a bench and began to think. I felt a great desire to communicate my thoughts to a friendly listener—but to whom? 'What is Vera doing now?' I thought. I would have given anything to press her hand at this moment.

Suddenly I heard quick and unsteady steps. I was sure it was Grushnitzky—and so it turned out.

'Where do you come from?'

'From the Countess Ligofska's,' said he with much importance. 'How Mary sings!'

'Do you know,' said I, 'I will wager that she does not know that you are a non-commissioned officer, but thinks that you have been degraded!'

'It may be so; what do I care?' said he carelessly.

'Never mind, I only said this for the sake of talk.'

'But do you know, that you have made her very angry to-day? she thought your conduct very rude; I had great

Digitized by Google

Поздно вечеромъ, т. е. часовъ въ одиннадцать, я пошёлъ гуля́ть по ли́повой аллеѣ бульва́ра. Го́родъ спалъ; то́лько въ нѣкоторыхъ о́кнахъ мелька́ли огни́. Съ трёхъ сторо́нъ чернѣли гре́бни утёсовъ, о́трасли Машука́, на верши́нѣ кото́раго лежа́ло зловѣщее о́блачко; мѣсяцъ подыма́лся на восто́кѣ; вдали́ се́ребряной бахромо́й сверка́ли снѣго́вы́я го́ры. Оклики часовы́хъ перемежа́лись съ шу́момъ горя́чихъ ключе́й, спу́щенныхъ на́ ночь. Поро́ю зву́чный то́потъ коня́ раздава́лся по у́лицѣ, сопровожда́емый скри́помъ нага́йской арбы́ и зауны́вным татарскимъ припѣ́вомъ. Я сѣлъ на скамью́ и заду́мался... Я чу́вствовалъ необходи́мость изли́ть свои́ мы́сли въ дру́жескомъ разгово́рѣ... но съ кѣмъ?... "Что дѣлаетъ тепе́рь Вѣ́ра?" ду́малъ я... Я бы до́рого далъ, чтобъ въ э́ту мину́ту пожа́ть ея́ ру́ку.

Вдругъ слы́шу бы́стрые и неро́вные шаги́... Вѣрно Грушни́цкій... Такъ и есть!

— Отку́да?

— Отъ княги́ни Ли́говской, сказа́лъ онъ о́чень ва́жно.— Какъ Ме́ри поётъ!...

— Зна́ешь ли что? сказа́лъ я ему́, я пари́ держу́, что она́ не зна́етъ, что ты ю́нкеръ; она́ ду́маетъ, что ты разжа́лованный...

— Мо́жетъ быть. Како́е мнѣ дѣ́ло!... сказа́лъ онъ разсѣ́янно.

— Нѣтъ, я то́лько такъ э́то говорю́...

— А зна́ешь ли, что ты ны́ньче её ужа́сно разсерди́лъ? Она́ нашла́, что э́то неслы́ханная де́рзость; я наси́лу могъ

Digitized by Google

difficulty in convincing her that you are too well bred, and that you know the world too well, to have offended her on purpose. She says that you have an insolent look, and that you have a very high opinion of yourself.'

'She is not mistaken.—But don't you wish to win her?'

'I am sorry, as yet, I have no right so far—'

('Aha!' thought I; 'he has some hope already, it seems.')

'Besides,' continued Grushnitzky, 'you are worse off than I am; you will find it difficult now to get introduced to them—such a pity! it is one of the pleasantest houses I know.'

I smiled sardonically.

'The most pleasant house to me is, at present, my own,' said I, yawning, and rose to go.

'Confess that you are sorry, though.'

'What nonsense! If I like, I will be at the Princess's to-morrow evening.'

'We shall see.'

'More, to give you pleasure, I will begin to pay my court to the young Princess.'

'Yes, if she will condescend to speak to you.'

'I only wait for the moment when she shall grow tired of your conversation...Adieu!'

'And I must go for a stroll; I can't go to sleep now at all. Listen, let's go to the restaurant; they are playing at cards there. I must have now some strong excitement.'

'I hope that you will lose.'

I went home.

Digitized by Google

её увѣ́рить, что ты такъ хорошо́ воспи́танъ и такъ хорошо́ зна́ешь свѣтъ, что не могъ имѣ́ть намѣ́ренія её оскорби́ть. Она́ говори́тъ что у тебя́ на́глый взглядъ, что ты, вѣ́рно о себѣ́ са́маго вы́сокаго мнѣ́нія.

— Она́ не ошиба́ется... А ты не хо́чешь ли за неё вступи́ться?

— Мнѣ́ жаль, что я не имѣ́ю ещё э́того пра́ва...

"Ого!" поду́малъ я: "у него́, ви́дно, есть уже́ наде́жды."

— Впро́чемъ, для тебя́ же ху́же, продолжа́лъ Грушни́цкій: тебѣ́ тепе́рь тру́дно познако́миться съ ни́ми—а жаль! э́то оди́нъ изъ са́мыхъ пріятныхъ домо́въ, какіе я то́лько зна́ю...

Я вну́тренно улыбну́лся.

— Са́мый пріятный домъ для меня́ тепе́рь мой, сказа́лъ я, зѣва́я, и всталъ, чтобъ идти́.

— Одна́ко призна́йся, ты раска́иваешься?...

— Како́й вздоръ! Если я захочу́, то за́втра же ве́черомъ бу́ду у княги́ни...

— Посмо́тримъ...

— Да́же, чтобъ тебѣ́ сдѣ́лать удово́льствіе, ста́ну волочи́ться за княжно́й...

— Да, е́сли она́ захо́четъ говори́ть съ тобо́й...

— Я подожду́ то́лько той мину́ты, когда́ твой разгово́ръ ей наску́читъ... Проща́й.

— А я пойду́ шата́ться; я ни за что тепе́рь не засну́... Послу́шай, пойдёмъ лу́чше въ рестора́цію, тамъ игра́... мнѣ ну́жны ны́нче си́льныя ощуще́нія...

— Жела́ю тебѣ́ проигра́ться...

Я пошёлъ домо́й.

Digitized by Google

21ST MAY.

A week has almost passed, and I have not yet made the acquaintance of the Ligofskys. I am waiting for a favourable opportunity. Grushnitzky follows the Princess everywhere like a shadow; their talks are endless: when will she grow tired of him? Her mother does not pay the slightest attention, for she knows that he is no match. That is the mother's logic! I observed two or three tender looks—I must now put an end to this.

Yesterday for the first time Vera appeared at the well... She had not left her house since our meeting in the grotto. We dipped our glasses into the well at the same time, and as she bent down she whispered:

'Do you not wish to get acquainted with the Ligofskys?... we can see each other nowhere else.'

A reproach... tiresome, to be sure, but I have deserved it.

By the bye, to-morrow there is to be a subscription ball at the restaurant, and I shall dance a mazurka with the young Princess.

29TH MAY.

The dining-room of the restaurant was turned into an elegant ball-room. At nine the people began to arrive. The Princess and her daughter were the last to come; many a lady eyed the Princess Mary with envy and ill-will, for she dresses with taste. Those, who think themselves to be the aristocracy of the place, hiding their envy, went to greet her. How can this be otherwise?

Digitized by Google

21-го мая.

Прошла́ почти́ недѣ́ля, а я ещё не познако́мился съ Ли́говскими. Жду удо́бнаго слу́чая. Грушни́цкій, какъ тѣ́нь слѣ́дуетъ за княжно́й вездѣ́; ихъ разгово́ры безконе́чны; когда́ же онъ ей наску́читъ?... Мать не обраща́етъ на э́то внима́нія, потому́ что онъ не жени́хъ. Вотъ ло́гика матере́й! Я подмѣ́тилъ два, три нѣ́жные взгля́да—на́до э́тому положи́ть коне́цъ.

Вчера́ у коло́дца въ пе́рвый разъ яви́лась Вѣ́ра... Она́ съ тѣхъ поръ, какъ мы встрѣ́тились въ гро́тѣ, не выходи́ла и́зъ дому. Мы въ одно́ вре́мя опусти́ли стака́ны и, наклоня́сь, она́ мнѣ сказа́ла шо́потомъ:

—Ты не хо́чешь познако́миться съ Ли́говскими?... Мы то́лько тамъ мо́жемъ ви́дѣться...

Упрёкъ!... ску́чно! Но я его́ заслужи́лъ...

Кста́ти: за́втра балъ по подпи́скѣ въ за́лѣ рестора́ціи, и я бу́ду танцова́ть съ княжно́й мазу́рку.

29-го мая.

За́ла рестора́ціи преврати́лась въ за́лу благоро́днаго собра́нія. Въ де́вять часо́въ всѣ съѣ́хались. Княги́ня съ до́черью яви́лась изъ послѣ́днихъ; мно́гія да́мы посмотрѣ́ли на неё съ за́вистью и недоброжела́тельствомъ, потому́ что княжна́ Ме́ри одѣва́ется со вку́сомъ. Тѣ, кото́рыя почита́ютъ себя́ здѣ́шними аристокра́тками, утаи́въ за́висть, примкну́лись къ ней. Какъ быть?

Digitized by Google

Wherever there is a society of ladies, a higher and a lower circle is formed at once. At a window in the thick of the crowd Grushnitzky stood, pressing his face to the glass, and never turning his eyes from his goddess; when she passed him, she gave him a scarcely perceptible bow. He shone like the sun. The dance began with a polonaise, which was followed by a waltz. Spurs clattered, dresses rose and twirled.

I stood behind a stout lady loaded with pink feathers; the splendour of her dress recalled the times of crinolines, and the brilliancy of her coarse skin recalled the happy day of black beauty-patches. A very large wart on her neck was hidden by a necklace. She was speaking to her cavalier, a Captain of dragoons.

'This young Princess Ligofska is an intolerable little girl! Just think, she knocked up against me, and did not excuse herself, but actually turned round and stared at me through her eye-glass. *C'est impayable!* And what has she to be proud of? She ought to be scolded.'

'She will not have to wait long for that!' replied the officious Captain, and went into another room.

I immediately went up to the young Princess, and asked her to waltz, taking advantage of the easy-going manners of this place which allow one to dance with ladies without any introduction whatever.

She could hardly suppress a smile, or conceal her triumph: but she very soon succeeded in assuming an indifferent, even a stern look. She laid her arm negligently on my shoulder, bent her head a little aside and we began to dance.

Digitized by Google

Гдѣ есть общество женщинъ, тамъ сейчасъ явится высшій и низшій кругъ. Подъ окномъ, въ толпѣ народа, стоялъ Грушницкій, прижавъ лицо къ стеклу и не спуская глазъ съ своей богини; она проходя мимо, едва примѣтно кивнула ему головой. Онъ просіялъ какъ солнце... Танцы начались польскимъ; потомъ заиграли вальсъ. Шпоры зазвенѣли, фалды поднялись и закружились.

Я стоялъ сзади одной толстой дамы, осѣнённой розовыми перьями; пышность ея платья напоминала времена фижмъ, а пестрота ея негладкой кожи—счастливую эпоху мушекъ изъ чёрной тафты. Самая большая бородавка на ея шеѣ прикрыта была фермуаромъ. Она говорила своему кавалеру, драгунскому капитану:

—Эта княжна Лиговская пренесносная дѣвочка! Вообразите, толкнула меня и не извинилась, да ещё обернулась и посмотрѣла на меня въ лорнетъ... C'est impayable... И чѣмъ она гордится? Ужъ её надо бы проучить...

—За этимъ дѣло не станетъ! отвѣчалъ услужливый капитанъ и отправился въ другую комнату.

Я тотчасъ подошёлъ къ княжнѣ, приглашая её вальсировать, пользуясь свободой здѣшнихъ обычаевъ, позволяющихъ танцовать съ незнакомими дамами.

Она едва могла принудить себя не улыбнуться и скрыть своё торжество; ей удалось, однако, довольно скоро принять совершенно равнодушный и даже строгій видъ. Она небрежно опустила руку на моё плечо, наклонила слегка головку на бокъ—и мы пустились.

Digitized by Google

I do not know a more charming and delicate figure. Her fresh breath fanned my face; in the whirling speed of the waltz a curl, loosened from its companions, touched my glowing cheek.

I made three rounds (she waltzes remarkably well). She was quite out of breath, her eyes were dimmed, and she could hardly pronounce with half-opened lips the usual: *Merci, monsieur.*

After a few minutes' silence, I said with a most modest air:

'I have heard, Princess, that though quite a stranger to you, I yet have incurred the misfortune of your displeasure... that you found me impertinent... Can that be the truth?'

'And now you are anxious to confirm me in this opinion?' answered she with an ironical expression, which well became her mobile face.

'If I have allowed myself the liberty of offending you in some way, allow me to take a yet greater liberty now, and entreat your pardon. I wish in fact to prove that you have been mistaken about me.'

'That might be rather difficult...'

'And why so?'

'Because you never come to our house, and these balls here will not be repeated often.'

'This means,' thought I, 'that her house is closed to me for ever.'

Digitized by Google

Я не знаю талiи болѣе сладострастной и гибкой! Ея свѣжее дыханiе касалось моего лица; иногда локонъ, отдѣлившiйся въ вихрѣ вальса отъ своихъ товарищей, скользилъ по горящей щекѣ моей...

Я сдѣлалъ три тура (она вальсируетъ удивительно хорошо). Она запыхалась, глаза ея помутились, полураскрытыя губки едва могли прошептать необходимое: merci, monsieur.

Послѣ нѣсколькихъ минутъ молчанiя, я сказалъ ей, принявъ самый покорный видъ:

— Я слышалъ, княжна, что, будучи вамъ вовсе незнакомъ, я имѣлъ уже несчастiе заслужить вашу немилость... что вы меня нашли дерзкимъ... Неужели это правда?

— И вамъ бы хотѣлось теперь меня утвердить въ этомъ мнѣнiи? отвѣчала она съ иронической гримаской, которая впрочемъ очень идётъ къ ея подвижной физiономiи.

— Если я имѣлъ дерзость васъ чѣмъ нибудь оскорбить, то позвольте мнѣ имѣть ещё большую дерзость: просить у васъ прощенiя... И, право, я бы очень желалъ доказать вамъ, что вы насчётъ меня ошибались...

— Вамъ это будетъ довольно трудно...

— Отчего же?...

— Оттого, что вы у насъ не бываете, а эти балы, вѣроятно не часто будутъ повторяться.

"Это значитъ," подумалъ я: "что ихъ двери для меня навѣки закрыты."

Digitized by Google

'Do you know, Princess,' said I with some vexation, 'that you should never reject a repentant sinner, because despair might make him doubly guilty... and then...'

Loud laughter and whispering around us made me look up and break off my sentence. A few steps from me stood a group of gentlemen, among whom was also the Captain of dragoons, openly showing hostile intentions against the beautiful Princess; the Captain especially seemed delighted at something; he rubbed his hands and exchanged glances with his companions. Suddenly appeared from amongst them a gentleman, in a dress-coat, with long whiskers and a red ugly face, who directed his unsteady steps straight to the Princess: he was drunk. Stopping before the frightened Princess, with his hands crossed behind his back, and fixing his grey bleared eyes upon her, said in a husky voice:

'*Permettez*... bah, what's the use? no fuss: I engage you for a mazurka...'

'What do you wish?' she replied in a trembling voice, casting an appealing look around. Unfortunately her mother was not near at hand, and not one of her cavaliers whom she knew was there; only the adjutant appeared to have seen everything, but he hid himself in the crowd, unwilling to be mixed up in this business.

'What?' said the drunken gentleman, nodding to the Captain of dragoons who encouraged him by signs:—'perhaps it is not your pleasure? But for all that I once more do myself the honour to engage you *pour mazourque*... Perhaps you think that I am drunk? Nothing of the kind!... on the contrary, I can assure you...'

Digitized by Google

— Знáете, княжнá, сказáлъ я съ нѣкоторой досáдой,— никогдá не дóлжно отвергáть кáющагося преступника: съ отчáянія онъ мóжетъ сдѣлаться ещё вдвóе преступнѣе... и тогдá...

Хóхотъ и шушýканье насъ окружáющихъ застáвили менá обернýться и прервáть мою фрáзу. Въ нѣсколькихъ шагáхъ отъ менá стоялá грýппа мужчúнъ, и въ ихъ числѣ драгýнскій капитáнъ, изъявúвшій враждéбныя намѣренія прóтивъ мúлой княжнú; онъ осóбенно былъ чѣмъ-то óчень довóленъ; потирáлъ рýки, хохотáлъ и перемúгивался съ товáрищами. Вдругъ изъ среды ихъ отдѣлúлся господúнъ во фрáкѣ съ длúнными усáми и крáсной рóжей, и напрáвилъ невѣрные шагú свои прямо къ княжнѣ: онъ былъ пьянъ. Остановáсь прóтивъ смутúвшейся княжнú и заложúвъ рýки зá спину, онъ устáвилъ на неё мýтно-сѣрые глазá и произнёсъ хрúплымъ дискантóмъ:

— Пермете́... ну, да что тутъ!... прóсто: ангажирýю васъ на мазýрку...

— Что вамъ угóдно? произнеслá онá дрожáщимъ гóлосомъ, бросáя кругóмъ умоляющій взглядъ. Увы́! ея мать былá далекó, и вóзлѣ никогó изъ знакóмыхъ ей кавалéровъ нé было; одúнъ адъютáнтъ, кáжется, всё óто вúдѣлъ, да спрятался за толпóй, чтобъ не быть замѣшану въ истóрію.

— Что же? сказáлъ пьяный господúнъ, мигнýвъ драгýнскому капитáну, котóрый ободрялъ егó знáками:— рáзвѣ вамъ не угóдно?... Я такú опять имѣю честь васъ ангажúровать pour mazourque... Вы, мóжетъ, дýмаете, что я пьянъ? Это ничегó!... Горáздо свобóднѣе могý васъ увѣрить...

Digitized by Google

I saw that she was ready to faint with fright and disgust.

I went up to the drunken gentleman, took his arm rather roughly, and looking him steadfastly in the eye, begged him to go away—adding that the Princess had already promised to dance the mazurka with me.

'Well, no matter! another time,' said he chuckling, and joined his discomfited friends, who immediately took him to another room.

I was rewarded by a look of deep meaning.

The Princess immediately went to her mother, and told her everything; the latter sought me out in the crowd and thanked me. She explained to me that she had known my mother, and was a friend of a half dozen of my aunts.

'I do not know how it happened,' she added, 'that we have not yet made your acquaintance, but you must admit that you alone are to blame. You shun all society, in a way quite unusual. I hope that the air of my drawing-room will cure your spleen. Is it not so?'

I replied with one of the phrases which everyone must have ready for similar occasions.

The quadrilles dragged out a great length. At last the music struck up from the platform; but the Princess and I sat it out.

I never once mentioned the drunken gentleman, nor my previous behaviour, nor Grushnitzky. The unpleasant impression of the preceding scene passed off, little by little; her pretty little face brightened up, she jested very

Digitized by Google

Я ви́дѣлъ, что она́ гото́ва упа́сть въ о́бморокъ отъ стра́ха и негодова́нія.

Я подошёлъ къ пья́ному господи́ну, взялъ его́ дово́льно крѣ́пко за́ руку и, посмотрѣ́въ ему́ при́стально въ глаза́, попроси́лъ удали́ться—потому́, приба́вилъ я, что княжна́ да́вно ужъ обѣща́лась танцова́ть мазу́рку со мно́ю.

— Ну, не́чего дѣ́лать!... въ друго́й разъ! сказа́лъ онъ, засмѣ́явшись, и удали́лся къ свои́мъ пристыжённымъ това́рищамъ, кото́рые то́тчасъ увели́ его́ въ другу́ю ко́мнату.

Я былъ вознагражденъ глубо́кимъ, чуде́снымъ взгля́домъ.

Княжна́ подошла́ къ свое́й ма́тери и разсказа́ла ей всё; та отыска́ла меня́ въ толпѣ́ и благодари́ла. Она́ объяви́ла мнѣ, что зна́ла мою́ мать и была́ дружна́ съ полдю́жиной мои́хъ тётушекъ.

— Я не зна́ю, какъ случи́лось, что мы до сихъ поръ съ ва́ми незнако́мы приба́вила она́:—но призна́йтесь, вы э́тому одни́ вино́ю; вы дичи́тесь всѣхъ такъ, что ни на что не похо́же. Я надѣ́юсь, что во́здухъ моёй гости́ной разго́нитъ вашъ сплинъ... Непра́вда ли?

Я сказа́лъ одну́ изъ тѣхъ фразъ, кото́рыя у вся́каго должны́ быть загото́влены на подо́бный слу́чай.

Кадри́ли тяну́лись ужа́сно до́лго. Наконе́цъ съ хоръ загремѣ́ла му́зыка; мы съ княжно́й усѣ́лись.

Я не намека́лъ ни ра́зу ни о пья́номъ господи́нѣ, ни о пре́жнемъ моёмъ поведе́ніи, ни о Грушни́цкомъ. Впечатлѣ́ніе, произведённое на неё непріятною сце́ною, ма́ло-по-ма́лу разсѣ́ялось; ли́чико ея́ разцвѣло́; она́ шути́ла

Digitized by Google

amiably, her conversation was clever, without the slightest affectation, animated and eloquent, her observations often profound. I made her understand in the most elaborate language that she had charmed me long ago. She inclined her little head and blushed slightly.

'You are a strange man!' she said after a while, raising her velvet eyes at me, and affecting to smile.

'I did not wish to make your acquaintance,' continued I, 'because I saw you already surrounded by a host of admirers, and I feared to be completely eclipsed by them.'

'A needless fear! they are all insupportably dull.'

'All! surely not all?'

She looked at me attentively, as if anxious to recall something to her memory, upon which, blushing slightly again, she said decidedly—'all!'

'Even my friend Grushnitzky?'

'Is he your friend?' said she, betraying some doubt.

'He is.'

'He certainly does not belong to the number who are dull.'

'But to the number who are unfortunate,' said I, smiling.

'Certainly! do you think it amusing? I should like to see you in his place.'

'How so? I too was once a non-commissioned officer, and truly that was the happiest time of my life.'

'Is he then a non-commissioned officer?' said she quickly, and then added: 'I thought...'

Digitized by Google

óчень мило; ея разговóръ былъ остёръ, безъ притязáнія на остротý, живъ и свобóденъ; ея замѣчáнія иногдá глубóки... Я далъ ей почýвствовать óчень запýтанной фрáзой, что онá мнѣ давнó нрáвится. Онá наклонила голóвку и слегкá покраснѣла.

— Вы стрáнный человѣкъ! сказáла онá потóмъ, поднявъ на менá свои бáрхатные глазá и принуждённо засмѣявшись.

— Я не хотѣлъ съ вáми знакóмиться, продолжáлъ я:— потомý что васъ окружáетъ слишкомъ густáя толпá поклóнниковъ и я боялся въ ней исчéзнуть совершéнно.

— Вы напрáсно боялись: онѣ всѣ прескýчные...

— Всѣ! неужéли всѣ?

Онá посмотрѣла на менá прúстально, старáясь бýдто припóмнить чтó-то, потóмъ опять слегкá покраснѣла и наконéцъ произнеслá рѣшительно: всѣ!

— Дáже мой другъ Грушницкій?

— А онъ вашъ другъ? сказáла онá, покáзывая нѣкоторое сомнѣніе.

— Да.

— Онъ, конéчно, не вхóдитъ въ разрядъ скýчныхъ...

— Но въ разрядъ несчáстныхъ, сказáлъ я, смѣясь.

— Конéчно! А вамъ смѣшнó? Я бъ желáла, чтобъ вы были на егó мѣстѣ...

— Что жъ? я былъ самъ нѣкогда юнкеромъ, и, прáво ýто сáмое лýчшее врéмя моéй жизни!

— А рáзвѣ онъ юнкеръ?... сказáла онá быстро, и потóмъ прибáвила:—а я дýмала...

Digitized by Google

'What did you think?'

'Nothing!... Who is that lady?'

Then the conversation now took another turn, and did not again refer to that topic.

The mazurka was now over and we parted—to meet again.

The ladies drove home. I went to supper and met Werner.

'Aha!' said he; 'how are you? Well, so you would not be introduced to the Princess in any other way than by rescuing her from certain death?'

'I did better,' replied I; 'I have saved her from fainting at the ball.'

'How was that? Tell me.'

'No, you may guess—you who can guess anything in the world.'

30TH MAY.

About seven o'clock in the evening I was promenading on the boulevard. Grushnitzky, seeing me from afar, came to me; a kind of absurd enthusiasm gleamed in his eyes. He shook my hand warmly, and said in a tragic voice:

'I thank you, Petchorin.—You understand me?'

'Not at all; yet in any case there is no need of thanks as I cannot remember putting you under any obligation.'

Digitized by Google

— Что вы думали?

— Ничего!... Кто эта дама?

Тутъ разговоръ перемѣнилъ направленіе и къ этому ужъ болѣе не возвращался.

Вотъ мазурка кончилась, и мы разстались—до свиданія.

Дамы разъѣхались. Я пошёлъ ужинать и встрѣтилъ Вернера.

— А-га! сказалъ онъ: такъ-то вы! А ещё хотѣли не иначе знакомиться съ княжной, какъ спасши её отъ вѣрной смерти.

— Я сдѣлалъ лучше, отвѣчалъ я ему: спасъ её отъ обморока на балѣ...

— Какъ это?—Разскажите.

— Нѣтъ отгадайте—о, вы, отгадывающій всё на свѣтѣ!

30-го мая.

Около семи часовъ вечера я гулялъ на бульварѣ. Грушницкій, увидѣвъ меня издали, подошёлъ ко мнѣ; какой-то смѣшной восторгъ блисталъ въ его глазахъ. Онъ крѣпко пожалъ мнѣ руку и сказалъ трагическимъ голосомъ:

— Благодарю, тебя, Печоринъ... Ты понимаешь меня...

— Нѣтъ; но во всякомъ случаѣ не стоитъ благодарности, отвѣчалъ я, не имѣя точно на совѣсти никакого благодѣянія.

Digitized by Google

'What? why, yesterday. Surely you have not forgotten? Mary has told me everything.'

'Indeed? then you have everything in common already? even gratitude?'

'Listen,' said Grushnitzky very gravely; 'please do not jest at my love, if you wish to remain my friend. You see I love her to distraction—and I think, I hope, that she also loves me. I have a request to make you. You will be there this evening; promise me to observe everything: I know that you are skilled in these matters, and that you have more knowledge of women than I have.—Women! women! who can understand them? Their smile contradicts their glances, their words promise and allure, while the tone of their voice repels. At times they guess and divine our most secret thoughts in a moment; then again they do not understand our plainest words. For instance the Princess: yesterday her eyes gleamed with rapture whenever they rested upon me, and to-day they are listless and cold.'

'Perhaps this may be the effect of the waters,' replied I.

'You always see the worst side of everything, you materialist!' he went on with contempt. 'However, let us change the material of our conversation,' and with this sufficiently bad pun he recovered his good humour.

At nine o'clock we went together to the Princess.

As I passed Vera's house I saw her sitting by the window. We cast a furtive glance at one another. Soon after us she too appeared in the drawing-room of the Ligofskys.

Digitized by Google

— Какъ? а вчера́? ты ра́звѣ забы́лъ?... Ме́ри мнѣ всё разсказа́ла...

— А что? ра́звѣ у васъ ужъ ны́ньче всё о́бщее? и благода́рность?

— Послу́шай, сказа́лъ Грушни́цкій о́чень ва́жно:— пожа́луста, не подшу́чивай надъ моей любо́вью, е́сли хо́чешь оста́ться моимъ прія́телемъ... Ви́дишь: я её люблю́ до безу́мія... и я ду́маю, я надѣ́юсь, она́ та́кже меня́ лю́битъ... У меня́ есть до тебя́ про́сьба: ты бу́дешь ны́ньче у нихъ ве́черомъ; обѣща́й мнѣ замѣча́ть всё: я зна́ю, ты о́пытенъ въ э́тихъ веща́хъ, ты лу́чше меня́ зна́ешь же́нщинъ... Же́нщины! же́нщины! кто ихъ поймётъ? Ихъ улы́бки противорѣ́чать ихъ взо́рамъ, ихъ слова́ обѣща́ютъ и ма́нятъ, а звукъ ихъ го́лоса отта́лкиваетъ... То онѣ́ въ мину́ту постига́ютъ и уга́дываютъ са́мую потаённую на́шу мысль, то не понима́ютъ са́мыхъ я́сныхъ намёковъ... Вотъ хоть княжна́: вчера́ её глаза́ пыла́ли стра́стью, остана́вливаясь на мнѣ, ны́ньче они́ ту́склы и хо́лодны...

— Это, мо́жетъ быть, слѣ́дствіе дѣ́йствія водъ, отвѣча́лъ я.

— Ты во всёмъ ви́дишь ху́дую сто́рону... матеріали́стъ! приба́вилъ онъ презри́тельно.—Впро́чемъ, перемѣ́нимъ матѐрію—и, дово́льно плохи́мъ каламбу́ромъ, онъ развесели́лся.

Въ девя́томъ часу́ мы вмѣ́стѣ пошли́ къ княги́нѣ.

Проходя́ ми́мо о́конъ Вѣ́ры, я ви́дѣлъ её у окна́. Мы ки́нули другъ дру́гу бѣ́глый взглядъ. Она́ вско́рѣ по́слѣ насъ вошла́ въ гости́ную Ли́говскихъ.

Digitized by Google

The Princess introduced me to her as a relative of hers. We took tea; there were many guests; the conversation was general. I tried to make myself agreeable to the Princess, I jested, I made her laugh heartily several times. The young Princess obviously felt likewise inclined to laugh, but she made an effort to keep up her assumed part; she thinks that melancholy suits her, and perhaps she is not wrong. Grushnitzky, too, seemed well pleased that she remained insensible to my wit.

After tea we all went into the drawing-room.

'Are you satisfied with my obedience, Vera?' asked I, passing close to her.

She gave me a look full of love and gratitude. I have grown accustomed to such looks, yet there was a time when they were very bliss. The Princess sent her daughter to the piano; everyone begged her to sing something. I remained silent, and, taking advantage of the general uproar, went to the window with Vera, who wished to tell me something very important to us both—but it turned out to be nonsense.

Meanwhile the young Princess was hurt by my indifference, as I could see by an angry flash of her eyes. Oh! I perfectly understand this language, dumb but expressive, short but vigorous.

She sang; her voice is not bad, but she sings badly—besides I did not listen. Grushnitzky on the contrary, leaning on the piano, before her, devoured her with his eyes and exclaimed over and over again: *charmant! délicieux!*

Digitized by Google

Княги́ня меня́ ей предста́вила, какъ свое́й ро́дственницѣ. Пи́ли чай; гостей бы́ло мно́го; разгово́ръ былъ о́бщій. Я стара́лся понра́виться княги́нѣ, шути́лъ, заставля́лъ её нѣсколько разъ смѣя́ться отъ души́; княжнѣ́ та́кже не разъ хотѣ́лось похохота́ть, но она́ уде́рживалась, чтобъ вы́йти изъ при́нятой ро́ли: она́ нахо́дитъ, что то́мность къ ней идётъ, и, мо́жетъ быть, не ошиба́ется. Грушни́цкій ка́жется о́чень радъ, что моя́ весёлость её не зараж́аетъ.

По́слѣ ча́я всѣ пошли́ въ за́лу.

— Дово́льно ли ты мои́мъ послуша́ніемъ, Вѣ́ра? сказа́лъ я, проходя́ ми́мо ея́.

Она́ мнѣ ки́нула взглядъ, испо́лненный любви́ и благода́рности. Я привы́къ къ э́тимъ взгля́дамъ; но нѣ́когда они́ составля́ли моё блаже́нство. Княги́ня усади́ла дочь за фортепья́но; всѣ проси́ли её спѣть что-нубу́дь—я молча́лъ, и, по́льзуясь суматохой, отошёлъ къ окну́ съ Вѣ́рой, кото́рая мнѣ хотѣ́ла сказа́ть что́-то о́чень ва́жное для насъ обо́ихъ... Вы́шло—вздоръ...

Ме́жду тѣмъ княжнѣ́ моё равноду́шіе бы́ло доса́дно, какъ я могъ догада́ться по одному́ серди́тому, блестя́щему взгля́ду... О, я удиви́тельно понима́ю э́тотъ разгово́ръ, нѣмо́й, но вырази́тельный, кра́ткій, но си́льный!...

Она́ запѣ́ла; ея́ го́лосъ недурёнъ, но поётъ она́ пло́хо... впро́чемъ, я не слу́шалъ. Зато́ Грушни́цкій, облокотя́сь на роя́ль про́тивъ нея́, пожира́лъ её глаза́ми и помину́тно говори́лъ вполго́лоса: charmant! délicieux!

Digitized by Google

'Mind,' said Vera to me:—'I do not wish you to get acquainted with my husband, but you must try at all hazards to please the Princess; that is easy for you: whatever you like you can do. Here only can we meet.'

'Only here?'

She blushed and continued,—'You know that I am your slave, and that I could never gainsay you in anything, and for this I shall be punished: you will cease to love me. At least I wish to guard my reputation—not for my own sake, you know that very well!—Oh! I entreat you, do not torture me again with empty doubts and assumed indifference! Possibly I shall soon die, for I feel weaker day by day, and in spite of all that, I cannot think of the future, I think only of you. You men cannot conceive the delight of a glance, of a pressure of the hand—whilst I swear that when I hear your voice, I feel a deep and strange delight that not even the most passionate kiss can surpass.'

Meanwhile Princess Mary had finished her song. Loud applause rang around her; I approached her last, and said something commonplace enough about her voice.

She made a grimace, pouted her lower lip, and sat down smiling.

'Your praise,' said she, 'is worth more, because you did not even listen to me; but perhaps you are not fond of music?'

'On the contrary—especially after dinner.'

Digitized by Google

— Послушай, говорила мнѣ Вѣра:—я не хочу, чтобъ ты знакомился съ моимъ мужемъ, но ты долженъ непремѣнно понравиться княгинѣ; тебѣ это легко: ты можешь всё, что хочешь. Мы здѣсь только будемъ видѣться...

— Только?...

Она покраснѣла и продолжала:—ты знаешь, что я твоя раба; я никогда не умѣла тебѣ противиться... и я буду за то наказана: ты меня разлюбишь! По крайней мѣрѣ, я хочу сберечь свою репутацію... не для себя—ты это знаешь очень хорошо!... О, я прошу тебя: не мучь меня попрежнему пустыми сомнѣньями и притворной холодностью; я, можетъ-быть, скоро умру; я чувствую, что слабѣю со дня на день... и, не смотря на это, я не могу думать о будущей жизни, я думаю только о тебѣ... Вы, мужчины, не понимаете наслажденій взора, пожатія руки... а я, клянусь тебѣ, я, прислушиваясь къ твоему голосу чувствую такое глубокое, странное блаженство, что самые жаркіе поцѣлуи не могутъ замѣнить его.

Между тѣмъ княжна Мери перестала пѣть. Ропотъ похвалъ раздался вокругъ нея; я подошёлъ къ ней послѣ всѣхъ и сказалъ ей что-то на счётъ ея голоса довольно небрежно.

Она сдѣлала гримаску, выдвинувъ нижнюю губу, и присѣла очень насмѣшливо.

— Мнѣ это тѣмъ болѣ лестно, сказала она, что вы меня вовсе не слушали; но вы, можетъ-быть, не любите музыки?...

— Напротивъ... послѣ обѣда особенно.

Digitized by Google

'Grushnitzky was right then, when he said that you had most prosaic tastes,—I see that you like music only from a gastronomic standpoint.'

'You are mistaken again; I am not at all a *gourmet*, for I have a very bad digestion. But music after dinner lulls to sleep, and it is healthy to sleep after dinner; therefore I like music from a medicinal point of view. Of an evening it affects my nerves too much; I become either too depressed or too elated. To feel either the one or the other when there is no sufficient reason is annoying, besides in society strong feeling is ridiculous, and too much merriment unbecoming.'

She did not hear me finish, but went away, and sat down by Grushnitzky, and they were soon engaged in a sentimental conversation, but it seemed that the Princess answered his wise phrases in rather a haphazard way, although she tried hard to convince him that she listened with attention; for he repeatedly looked at her with astonishment, anxious to find out the cause of the mental excitement, which at times betrayed itself in her restless glance.

But I have fathomed you, my dear Princess; take care! You wish to pay me back in my own coin—to wound my self-love; you shall not gain your point! and if you declare war against me, then I shall be pitiless.

In the course of the evening I purposely attempted several times to take part in their conversation; she, however, answered my remarks drily, and I left her at last with assumed pique. The Princess triumphed; Grushnitzky

Digitized by Google

— Грушницкій правъ, говоря́, что у васъ са́мые прозаи́ческіе вку́сы... и я ви́жу, что вы лю́бите му́зыку въ гастрономи́ческомъ отноше́ніи.

— Вы ошиба́етесь опя́ть; я во́все не гастроно́мъ: у меня́ пресквéрный желу́докъ. Но му́зыка по́слѣ обѣ́да усыпля́етъ, а спать по́слѣ обѣ́да здоро́во; слѣ́довательно, я люблю́ му́зыку въ медици́нскомъ отноше́ніи. Ве́черомъ же она́, напро́тивъ, сли́шкомъ раздража́етъ мои́ не́рвы: мнѣ́ дѣ́лается и́ли сли́шкомъ гру́стно и́ли сли́шкомъ ве́село. То и друго́е утоми́тельно, когда́ нѣтъ положи́тельной причи́ны грусти́ть и́ли ра́доваться, и прито́мъ грусть въ о́бществѣ смѣшна́, а сли́шкомъ больша́я весёлость неприли́чна...

Она́ не дослу́шала, отошла́ прочь, сѣ́ла во́злѣ Грушни́цкаго, и ме́жду ни́ми начался́ како́й-то сантимента́льный разгово́ръ; ка́жется, княжна́ отвѣча́ла на его́ му́дрыя фра́зы дово́льно разсѣ́янно и неуда́чно, хотя́ стара́лась показа́ть, что слу́шаетъ его́ со внима́ніемъ, потому́ что онъ иногда́ смотрѣ́лъ на неё съ удивле́ніемъ, стара́ясь угада́ть причи́ну вну́тренняго волне́нія, изобража́вшагося иногда́ въ ея́ безпоко́йномъ взгля́дѣ...

Но я васъ отгада́лъ, ми́лая княжна́, берегите́сь! Вы хоти́те мнѣ́ отплати́ть то́ю же моне́тою, кольну́ть моё самолю́біе—вамъ не уда́стся! и е́сли вы мнѣ́ объя́вите во́йну, то я бу́ду безпоща́денъ.

Въ продолже́ніе ве́чера я нѣ́сколько разъ наро́чно стара́лся вмѣша́ться въ ихъ разгово́ръ, но она́ дово́льно су́хо встрѣча́ла мои́ замѣча́нія, и я съ притво́рною доса́дой наконе́цъ удали́лся. Княжна́ торжествова́ла; Грушни́цкій

Digitized by Google

also. Triumph away, my friends! lose no time—you shall not triumph long!—It must come: I have a presentiment. Once acquainted with a woman, I have always guessed rightly whether she would love me or not...

The remainder of the evening I passed at Vera's side, and we talked of old times to our hearts' content. Why does she love me so ardently? Truly I do not know, the more so, as she is the only woman who ever thoroughly understood me, with all my little foibles and evil passions.—Is it the evil in itself that is so attractive?...

Grushnitzky and I left the house together; in the street he took my arm—and after a long silence said:

'Well, what do you say now?'

'You are a fool,' I was tempted to answer, but I repressed my impulse, and only shrugged my shoulders.

6TH JUNE.

All these days I did not once deviate from my system. The Princess begins to like my conversation. I have told her some of the strange adventures of my life, and she begins to regard me as an uncommon man. I sneer at everything in the world, especially at sentiments. This begins to frighten her. She no longer ventures in my presence to enter into sentimental discussions with Grushnitzky, and has already more than once answered his remarks with a scornful smile. Every time that Grushnitzky comes near her, I assume a look of equanimity and leave them together; at first she

Digitized by Google

тóже. Торжествýйте, друзья́ мои́, торопи́тесь... вамъ недóлго торжествовáть!... Какъ быть! у меня́ есть предчýвствіе... Знакóмясь съ жéнщиной, я всегдá безошибочно отгáдывалъ, бýдетъ онá меня́ любúть и́ли нѣтъ...

Остáльную часть вéчера я провёлъ вóзлѣ Вѣ́ры и дóсыта наговори́лся о старинѣ́... За что онá меня́ такъ лю́битъ — прáво не знáю; тѣмъ бóлѣе, что э́то одна жéнщина, котóрая меня́ поняла́ совершéнно; со всѣ́ми мои́ми мéлкими слáбостями, дýрными страстя́ми... Неужéли зло такъ привлекáтельно?...

Мы вы́шли вмѣ́стѣ съ Грушни́цкимъ; на ýлицѣ онъ взялъ меня́ пóдъ руку и пóслѣ дóлгаго молчáнія сказáлъ:

— Ну, что?

"Ты глупъ," хотѣ́лъ я емý отвѣ́тить, но удержáлся и тóлько пожáлъ плечáми.

6-го іюня.

Всѣ э́ти дни я ни рáзу не отступи́лъ отъ своéй систéмы. Княжнѣ́ начинáетъ нрáвиться мой разговóръ; я разсказáлъ ей нѣ́которые изъ стрáнныхъ слýчаевъ моéй жи́зни, и онá начинáетъ ви́дѣть во мнѣ́ человѣ́ка необыкновéннаго. Я смѣю́сь надъ всѣмъ на свѣ́тѣ, осóбенно надъ чýвствами: э́то начинáетъ её пугáть. Онá при мнѣ́ не смѣ́етъ пускáться съ Грушни́цкимъ въ сантиментáльныя прéнія, и ужé нѣ́сколько разъ отвѣчáла на егó вы́ходки насмѣ́шливой улы́бкой; но я вся́кій разъ, какъ Грушни́цкій подхóдитъ къ ней, принимáю смирéнный видъ и оставля́ю ихъ вдвоёмъ; въ пéрвый разъ былá онá

Digitized by Google

was pleased at it, or at least tried to appear so, but the second time she was angry with me, and the third time with Grushnitzky.

'You have very little vanity,' she said yesterday to me. 'Why do you think that I am happier in Grushnitzky's society?'

I replied that I sacrificed my own enjoyment to the happiness of my friend.

'And mine too,' added she.

I looked at her for some time and assumed a serious air. And then I did not speak to her for the whole day... In the evening she was very thoughtful, and this morning, at the well, more so. When I went up to her, she hardly listened to Grushnitzky, who, as it seems, was admiring the beauties of nature, but observing me, she broke out into laughter (which was quite out of place) to show that she had not even noticed me. I went on without stopping and unobserved myself watched her from a distance. She turned from her companion and yawned twice. I am positive that Grushnitzky bores her. Two days more I will not speak to her.

11TH JUNE.

I frequently ask myself, how it is that I so eagerly lay siege to the love of a young girl whom I do not wish to deceive nor yet to marry? Why do I indulge in such feminine flirtations? Vera loves me better than Princess Mary can ever love me. Had she been one of those unconquerable beauties, then I might have been incited by the difficulty of the siege.

Digitized by Google

этому рада, или старалась показать; во второй разсердилась на меня; въ третій—на Грушницкаго.

— У васъ очень мало самолюбія! сказала она мнѣ вчера.—Отчего вы думаете, что мнѣ веселѣе съ Грушницкимъ?

Я отвѣчалъ, что жертвую счастію пріятеля своимъ удовольствіемъ...

— И моимъ, прибавила она.

Я пристально посмотрѣлъ на неё и принялъ серьёзный видъ. Потомъ цѣлый день не говорилъ съ ней ни слова... Вечеромъ она была задумчива; нынче по утру у колодца ещё задумчивѣе. Когда я подошёлъ къ ней, она разсѣянно слушала Грушницкаго, который, кажется, восхищался природой, но только-что завидѣла меня, стала хохотать (очень не кстати), показывая, будто меня не примѣчаетъ. Я отошёлъ подальше и украдкой сталъ наблюдать за ней; она отвернулась отъ своего собесѣдника и зѣвнула два раза. Рѣшительно, Грушницкій ей надоѣлъ.—Ещё два дня не буду съ ней говорить.

11-го іюня.

Я часто себя спрашиваю, зачѣмъ я такъ упорно добиваюсь любви молоденькой дѣвочки, которую обольстить я не хочу и на которой никогда не женюсь? Къ чему это женское кокетство? Вѣра меня любитъ больше, чѣмъ княжна Мери будетъ любить когда—нибудь. Если бъ она мнѣ казалась непобѣдимой красавицей, то, можетъ-быть, я бы завлёкся трудностью предпріятія...

Digitized by Google

But this is not the case! Consequently, it is not that restless desire for love, which so intensely tortures us in the days of our first youth, and which draws us from one woman to another, until we chance to meet one who cannot endure us: now begins our constancy—the true great passion, which we can mathematically compare to a line, which from a given point extends to infinity;—the secret of this infinity is just in the impossibility of ever attaining our aim, that is the end.

But why do I trouble so much about it? Am I jealous of Grushnitzky? Poor fellow—he is not worth it. Or is it in consequence of that hideous, but irresistible feeling, which prompts us to destroy the sweet illusions of our neighbour, that, when he despairingly asks us, who can be trusted, we have the poor satisfaction of answering him:

'My friend, I, too, have fared no better, and yet you see, I dine, I sup, and sleep very calmly, and no doubt I shall know how to die without tears and complaints.'

Yet there is an inexpressible charm in the sway over a youthful soul, as yet hardly unfolded to life. It is like a flower whose sweetest perfume greets the sun's first ray; you must pluck it at that very moment, and having enjoyed its perfume to the full, throw it upon the road; perhaps some one may yet pick it up. I feel in me that insatiable desire, swallowing up all I chance to encounter on my way; the joys and sorrows of others I only consider, in so far as they concern myself, as food which sustains my mental powers. I myself have grown unable of losing my senses under the

Digitized by Google

Но ни чуть не быва́ло! Слѣ́довательно, э́то не та безпоко́йная потре́бность любви́, кото́рая насъ му́читъ въ пе́рвые го́ды мо́лодости, броса́етъ насъ отъ одно́й же́нщины къ другóй, пока́ мы найдёмъ таку́ю, кото́рая насъ терпѣ́ть не мо́жетъ: тутъ начина́ется на́ше постоя́нство—и́стинная, безконе́чная страсть, кото́рую математи́чески мо́жно вы́разить ли́ніей, па́дающей изъ то́чки въ простра́нство; секре́тъ э́той безконе́чности—то́лько въ невозмо́жности дости́гнуть цѣ́ли, то-есть конца́.

Изъ чего́ же я хлопочу́?—Изъ за́висти къ Грушни́цкому? Бѣдня́жка! онъ во́все ея́ не заслу́живаетъ. Или э́то слѣ́дствіе того́ скве́рнаго, но непобѣди́маго чу́вства, кото́рое заставля́етъ насъ уничтожа́ть сла́дкія заблужде́нія бли́жняго, чтобъ имѣ́ть ме́лкое удово́льствіе сказа́ть ему́, когда́ онъ въ отча́яніи бу́детъ спра́шивать, чему́ онъ до́лженъ вѣ́рить:

— Мой другъ, со мно́ю бы́ло то же са́мое; и ты ви́дишь, одна́ко, я обѣ́даю, у́жинаю и сплю преспоко́йно и, надѣ́юсь, съумѣ́ю умере́ть безъ кри́ка и слёзъ.

А вѣдь есть необъя́тное наслажде́ніе въ облада́ніи молодо́й, едва́ распусти́вшейся души́! Она́, какъ цвѣто́къ, кото́раго лу́чшій арома́тъ испаря́ется на встрѣ́чу пе́рвому лучу́ со́лнца; его́ на́до сорва́ть въ э́ту мину́ту и, подыша́въ имъ до́сыта, бро́сить на доро́гѣ; аво́сь кто-нибу́дь подни́метъ! Я чу́вствую въ себѣ́ э́ту ненасы́тную жа́дность, поглоща́ющую всё, что встрѣча́ется на пути́; я смотрю́ на страда́нія и ра́дости други́хъ то́лько въ отноше́ніи къ себѣ́, какъ на пи́щу, подде́рживающую мои́ душе́вныя си́лы. Самъ я бо́льше неспосо́бенъ безу́мствовать подъ

Digitized by Google

power of passion; my sense of honour has been repressed by external influences; but it soon reappeared under a different form; for, what is a sense of honour but the ardent desire of power? and my first delight is to subdue to my own sway all that surrounds me. If, then, we arouse in others the feeling of love towards us, of devotion, of fear; what else is it than the first sign, the highest triumph of power? Is it not the sweetest food for our vanity to be the cause of sorrow or of delight to a human heart, without any real right so to be? What is happiness? gratified self-love. Could I think myself better and more powerful than all men on earth, I should be happy; if all men loved me, I should likewise perceive in my own heart inexhaustible fountains of love. Evil begets evil; the first suffering awakes in us the idea of tormenting others for pleasure. The idea of evil cannot enter the mind of man without his wishing to carry it into effect. Ideas—some one has said—are organic beings; their mere conception gives them form, and this form is deed: the man whose head has produced most ideas, accomplishes more than others; therefore the man of genius, tied to the desk of an office, must either die, or grow mad; just as a man of vigorous physical constitution, with a sedentary life, and secluded habits, must die of an apoplectic stroke.

Passions are nothing else than ideas in the first form of their development; they belong to the youthful heart, and he is a fool who thinks that he can be moved by them through his whole life; many a calm stream begins as a noisy waterfall, and not one of them

Digitized by Google

вліяніемъ страсти; честолюбіе у меня подавлено обстоятельствами, но оно проявилось въ другомъ видѣ; ибо честолюбіе есть не что иное, какъ жажда власти, а первое моё удовольствіе—подчинять моей волѣ всё, что меня окружаетъ. Возбуждать къ себѣ чувство любви, преданности и страха—не есть ли первый признакъ и величайшее торжество власти? Быть для кого-нибудь причиною страданій и радостей, не имѣя на то никакого положительнаго права—не самая ли это сладкая пища нашей гордости? А что такое счастіе? Насыщённая гордость. Если бъ я почиталъ себя лучше, могущественнѣе всѣхъ на свѣтѣ, я былъ бы счастливъ; если бъ всѣ меня любили, я въ себѣ нашёлъ бы безконечные источники любви. Зло порождаетъ зло; первое страданіе даётъ понятіе объ удовольствіи мучить другаго. Идея зла не можетъ войти въ голову человѣка безъ того, чтобъ онъ не захотѣлъ приложить её къ дѣйствительности. Идеи—созданія органическія, сказалъ кто-то: ихъ рожденіе даётъ уже имъ форму, и эта форма есть дѣйствіе; тотъ, въ чьей головѣ родилось больше идей, тотъ больше другихъ дѣйствуетъ. Отъ этого геній, прикованный къ чиновническому столу, долженъ умереть, или сойти съ ума, точно также, какъ человѣкъ съ могучимъ тѣлосложеніемъ, при сидячей жизни и скромномъ поведеніи, умираетъ отъ апоплексическаго удара.

Страсти не что иное, какъ идеи при первомъ своёмъ развитіи; онѣ принадлежность юности сердца, и глупецъ тотъ, кто думаетъ цѣлую жизнь ими волноваться; мно ія спокойныя рѣки начинаются шумными водопадами, а ни

Digitized by Google

foams and roars when it falls into the sea. But this calmness, too, is often the sign of a mighty, though hidden strength; fulness and depth of feelings and of thoughts do not admit of violent shocks; the soul gives itself strict account of everything, in pain as in joy, and is convinced that so it must be: it is conscious that an uninterrupted sunny glow without storms would dry it up; it is penetrated with its own life, pets and punishes itself, like a spoiled child. In this more exalted state of self-knowledge alone, men can really comprehend the justice of God.

Reading over this page, I find that I have greatly deviated from my subject—but what does it matter? Do I not write this diary exclusively for myself, and so may not everything I describe here be for me at some future time a dear remembrance?...

. . . . . .

Grushnitzky called on me to-day and rapturously embraced me; he has been promoted to be an officer. We had some champagne. Doctor Werner came soon after him.

'I do not congratulate you,' said he to Grushnitzky.

'Why not?'

'Because the soldier's cloak is much more becoming to you, and because, as you must confess yourself, an infantry uniform made in this place can add no interest to your appearance... Hitherto, you see, you have been considered here as an exception, but now you belong to the common herd.'

Digitized by Google

одна́ не ска́четъ и не пѣ́нится до са́маго мо́ря. Но э́то споко́йствіе ча́сто при́знакъ вели́кой, хотя́ скры́той си́лы; полнота́ и глубина́ чувствъ и мы́слей не допуска́етъ бѣ́шеныхъ поры́вовъ; душа́, страда́я и наслажда́ясь, даётъ во всёмъ себѣ́ стро́гій отчётъ и убѣжда́ется въ томъ, что такъ до́лжно; она́ зна́етъ, что безъ грозъ постоя́нный зной со́лнца её изсу́шитъ; она́ проника́ется своёй со́бственной жи́знью—лелѣ́етъ и нака́зываетъ себя́, какъ люби́маго ребёнка. То́лько въ э́томъ вы́сшемъ состоя́ніи самопозна́нія человѣ́къ мо́жетъ оцѣни́ть правосу́діе Бо́жіе.

Переча́тывая э́ту страни́цу, я замѣча́ю, что далеко́ отвлёкся отъ своего́ предме́та... Но что за нужда́?... Вѣдь э́тотъ журна́лъ пишу́ для себя́ и, слѣ́дственно, всё, что я въ него́ ни бро́шу, бу́детъ совре́менемъ для меня́ драгоцѣ́ннымъ воспомина́ніемъ.

. . . . . .

Пришёлъ Грушни́цкій и бро́сился мнѣ на ше́ю; онъ произведёнъ въ офице́ры. Мы вы́пили шампа́нскаго. До́кторъ Ве́рнеръ зашёлъ вслѣдъ за нимъ.

— Я васъ не поздравля́ю, сказа́лъ онъ Грушни́цкому.

— Отчего́?

— Оттого́, что солда́тская шине́ль къ вамъ о́чень идётъ, и призна́йтесь, что арме́йскій пѣхо́тный мунди́ръ, сши́тый здѣсь на вода́хъ, не прида́стъ вамъ ничего́ интере́снаго... Ви́дите ли, вы до сихъ поръ бы́ли исключе́ніемъ, а тепе́рь подойдёте подъ о́бщее пра́вило.

Digitized by Google

'Argue away, Doctor, argue away; you will not prevent me from feeling pleased. He does not know,' Grushnitzky whispered into my ear, 'what hopes are granted to me by these epaulettes.—Oh, epaulettes! epaulettes! your stars are my lodestars. No, no, now I am perfectly happy.'

'Are you coming to walk with us on the cliff?' I asked him.

'I? Nothing could induce me to appear before the Princess until my uniform is ready.'

'Do you wish her to be informed of your good luck?'

'No; please do not tell her anything about it: I want to surprise her.'

'Tell me, at least, how you stand with her.'

He became embarrassed and thoughtful; he would have liked very much to brag and to lie, and his conscience smote him, yet it was hard to own the truth.

'What do you think: she loves you?'

'Does she love me? Why, Petchorin, what ideas you have! How could it be so soon?... And even if she is in love, a young lady of her station can hardly say so!'

'Very well! Then, according to your notion, no doubt, a gentleman should likewise say nothing of his passion?'

'Ah! my dear friend, it all depends how: many things are not spoken, but guessed.'

Digitized by Google

— Толку́йте, толку́йте, до́кторъ! вы мнѣ не помѣша́ете ра́доваться. Онъ не зна́етъ, прибо́вилъ Грушни́цкій мнѣ на́ ухо:—ско́лько надеждъ при́дали мнѣ э́ти эполе́ты... О... эполе́ты, эполе́ты! ва́ши звѣ́здочки—путеводи́тельныя звѣ́здочки... Нѣтъ! я тепе́рь соверше́нно сча́стливъ.

— Ты идёшь съ на́ми гуля́ть къ прова́лу? спроси́лъ я его́.

— Я? Ни за что не покажу́сь княжнѣ́, пока́ не бу́детъ гото́въ мунди́ръ.

— Прика́жешь ей объяви́ть о твое́й ра́дости?

— Нѣтъ, пожа́луйста, не говори́... Я хочу́ её удиви́ть...

— Скажи́ мнѣ одна́ко, какъ твои́ дѣла́ съ не́ю?

Онъ смути́лся и заду́мался: ему́ хотѣ́лось похва́статься, солга́ть—и бы́ло со́вѣстно, а вмѣстѣ съ э́тимъ бы́ло сты́дно призна́ться къ и́стинѣ.

— Какъ ты ду́маешь, лю́битъ ли она́ тебя́?...

— Лю́битъ ли? Поми́луй, Печо́ринъ, каки́я у тебя́ поня́тія!... какъ мо́жно такъ ско́ро?... Да е́сли да́же она́ и лю́битъ, то поря́дочная же́нщина э́того не ска́жетъ...

— Хорошо́! И, вѣроя́тно по тво́ему, поря́дочный человѣ́къ до́лженъ то́же молча́ть о свое́й стра́сти?...

— Эхъ бра́тецъ! на всё есть мане́ра; мно́гое не говоря́тся, а отга́дывается...

Digitized by Google

'That is true. Yet the love which we read in the eyes does not bind a woman in any way, whilst words—Take care, Grushnitzky, she is trifling with you.'

'She?' replied he, lifting up his eyes, and smiling with self-complacency: 'I pity you, Petchorin.'

He went away.

In the evening a numerous party proceeded on foot to the cliff.

According to the opinion of the scientific people of this place, this cliff is nothing else but an extinct volcano; it is situated at the slope of the Máshook, about a mile from the town. A narrow path leads to it amidst bushes and rocks; climbing up the mountain I offered my arm to the Princess, and she did not let it go during the whole walk.

Our conversation began with abusing other people; I began to criticise all our acquaintances, those present, as well as those who did not happen to be of the party; first I pointed out their weaknesses, then their bad qualities. My spite was aroused: I began in jest and ended with real indignation. At first it amused her, but then she grew afraid.

'You are a dangerous man!' said she to me; 'I would rather fall under the knife of a robber in a wood than under your tongue... I beg you in sober earnest, whenever you take it into your head to abuse me, rather take a knife and stab me—I think that will not trouble you much.'

'Am I, then, so like an assassin?'

Digitized by Google

— Это пра́вда... То́лько любо́вь, кото́рую мы чита́емъ въ глаза́хъ, ни къ чему́ же́нщину не обя́зываетъ, тогда́ какъ слова́... Берегись, Грушни́цкій, она́ тебя́ надува́етъ...

— Она́?... отвѣча́лъ онъ, подня́въ глаза́ къ не́бу и самодово́льно улыбну́вшись: мнѣ жаль тебя́, Печо́ринъ!...

Онъ ушёлъ.

Ве́черомъ многочи́сленное о́бщество отпра́вилось пѣшко́мъ къ прова́лу.

По мнѣнію здѣшнихъ учёныхъ, э́тотъ прова́лъ не что ино́е, какъ уга́сшій кра́теръ; онъ нахо́дится на отло́гости Машука́, въ верстѣ́ отъ го́рода. Къ нему́ ведётъ у́зкая тропи́нка ме́жду куста́рниковъ и скалъ; взбира́ясь на́ гору, я по́далъ ру́ку княжнѣ́, и она́ её не покида́ла въ продолже́ніе цѣ́лой прогу́лки.

Разгово́ръ нашъ начался́ злосло́віемъ: я сталъ перебира́ть прису́тствующихъ и отсу́тствующихъ на́шихъ знако́мыхъ; снача́ла выка́зывалъ смѣшны́я, а по́слѣ дурны́я ихъ сто́роны. Жёлчь моя́ взволнова́лась. Я на́чалъ шутя́ и око́нчилъ и́скреннею зло́стью. Сперва́ э́то её забавля́ло, а пото́мъ испуга́ло.

— Вы опа́сный человѣ́къ! сказа́ла она́ мнѣ:—я бы лу́чше жела́ла попа́сться въ лѣсу́ подъ ножъ убі́йцы, чѣмъ вамъ на язычо́къ... Я васъ прошу́ не шутя́: когда́ вамъ взду́мается обо мнѣ говори́ть ду́рно, возьми́те лу́чше ножъ и зарѣ́жьте меня́—я ду́маю, э́то вамъ не бу́детъ о́чень тру́дно.

— Ра́звѣ я похо́жъ на убі́йцу?...

Digitized by Google

'You are worse.'

I reflected a moment, and then answered, as if greatly hurt:

'Ah, well, this has been my fate from early childhood. Every one read on my face signs of bad qualities, which in fact I did not possess; but people took them for granted, and so they came. I was sincere—they accused me of deceit: and I grew deceitful. My feeling for right and wrong was acute; no one loved me, all wounded me—I grew revengeful. I was sullen—other children were sprightly and talkative; I felt above them—I was treated as inferior, and I grew envious. I was ready to love the whole world—no one understood me: at last I learnt to hate. Thus my sad youth was spent in struggle with myself and the world. My best feelings I hid in the depth of my heart, afraid of being scoffed at; and there they died. I spoke the truth—no one believed me; I began to deceive. I learnt to understand the world and the hollowness of society, and soon became experienced in the art of how to live, and I saw how other people without any skill, were happy, enjoying without effort the very advantages which I strove to obtain with such indefatigable trouble. Despair then arose in my breast,—not that despair, which may be cured by the barrel of a pistol, but a cold, and impotent despair, concealed under a show of amiability and a good-natured smile. I became a moral cripple: one half of my soul existed no longer; it was dried up, evaporated, dead: I tore it out, and cast it from me; whilst the other half moved and lived at the service of every one, and no one noticed it, because no one had been aware of the existence

Digitized by Google

— Вы хуже...

Я задумался на минуту и потомъ сказалъ, принявъ глубоко-трогнутый видъ:

— Да, такова была моя участь съ самаго дѣтства! Всѣ читали на моёмъ лицѣ признаки дурныхъ свойствъ, которыхъ не было; но ихъ предполагали—и они родились. Я былъ скроменъ—меня обвиняли въ лукавствѣ: я сталъ скрытенъ. Я глубоко чувствовалъ добро и зло—никто меня не ласкалъ, всѣ оскорбляли: я сталъ злопамятенъ; я былъ угрюмъ—другія дѣти веселы и болтливы; я чувствовалъ себя выше ихъ—меня ставили ниже ихъ: я сдѣлался завистливъ. Я былъ готовъ любить весь міръ—меня никто не понялъ: я выучился ненавидѣть. Моя безцвѣтная молодость протекла въ борьбѣ съ собой и свѣтомъ; лучшія мои чувства, боясь насмѣшки, я хоронилъ въ глубинѣ сердца: они тамъ и умерли. Я говорилъ правду—мнѣ не вѣрили: я началъ обманывать; узнавъ хорошо свѣтъ и пружины общества, я сталъ искусенъ въ наукѣ жизни, и видѣлъ, какъ другіе безъ искусства счастливы, пользуясь даромъ тѣми выгодами, которыхъ я такъ неутомимо добивался. И тогда въ груди моей родилось отчаяніе—не то отчаяніе, которое лѣчатъ дуломъ пистолета, но холодное, безсильное отчаяніе, прикрытое любезностью и добродушной улыбкой. Я сдѣлался нравственнымъ калѣкой: одна половина души моей не существовала, она высохла, испарилась, умерла; я её отрѣзалъ и бросилъ—тогда какъ другая шевелилась и жила къ услугамъ каждаго, и этого никто не замѣтилъ, потому что никто не зналъ существованіи

Digitized by Google

of the lost half; but you have now awakened its memory, and I have read its epitaph to you. To many people an epitaph seems ridiculous—not to me, especially when I remember what is buried beneath it. However, I do not ask you to share my opinion; laugh, if my view of the matter appears ridiculous to you—I assure you, that this would not offend me in the least.'

At this moment I met her eyes,—there were tears in them; her arm resting on mine trembled; her cheeks glowed; she pitied me! Sympathy—this feeling to which women so easily yield—had taken hold of her inexperienced heart. During the whole walk she was preoccupied, and did not flirt with any one—an important sign.

We reached the cliff; the ladies abandoned their cavaliers, but she did not relinquish my arm. The jests of the local dandies did not amuse her: the depth of the abyss before which we stood did not frighten her, whilst the other ladies screamed aloud, and covered their eyes.

On the way back, I did not renew our melancholy conversation; yet to my superficial questions and jests she only gave short and incoherent answers.

'Have you ever loved?' I asked her at last. She looked at me intently, shook her head, and again fell into deep reverie; it was obvious that she wished to say something, but did not know how to begin; her breast heaved. How could this be otherwise? a gauze sleeve is a slight protection, and the electric spark flashed from my

Digitized by Google

погибшей ея половины; но вы теперь во мнѣ разбудили воспоминаніе о ней, и я вамъ прочёлъ ея эпитафію. Многимъ всѣ вообще эпитафіи кажутся смѣшными, но мнѣ—нѣтъ; особенно, когда вспомню о томъ, что подъ ними покоится. Впрочемъ, я не прошу васъ раздѣлять моё мнѣніе: если моя выходка вамъ кажется смѣшна—пожалуйста, смѣйтесь; предупреждаю васъ, что это меня не огорчитъ нимало.

Въ эту минуту я встрѣтилъ ея глаза: въ нихъ бѣгали слёзы; рука ея, опираясь на мою, дрожала; щёки пылали; ей было жаль меня! Состраданіе—чувство, которому покоряются такъ легко всѣ женщины впустило свои когти въ ея неопытное сердце. Во всё время прогулки она была разсѣянна, ни съ кѣмъ не кокетничала—а это великій признакъ.

Мы пришли къ провалу; дамы оставили своихъ кавалеровъ, но она не покидала руки моей. Остроты здѣшнихъ денди её не смѣшили; крутизна обрыва, у котораго она стояла, её не пугала, тогда какъ другія барышни пищали и закрывали глаза.

На возвратномъ пути я не возобновлялъ нашего печальнаго разговора, но на пустые мои вопросы и шутки она отвѣчала коротко и разсѣянно.

— Любили ли вы? спросилъ я её наконецъ. Она посмотрѣла на меня пристально, покачала головой и опять впала въ задумчивость: явно было, что ей хотѣлось что-то сказать, но она не знала съ чего начать; ея грудь волновалась... Какъ быть! кисейный рукавъ слабая защита, и электрическая искра пробѣжала изъ моей

Digitized by Google

arm into hers. Almost all passions begin in this way, and we are greatly mistaken if we believe that a woman loves us for our moral or physical excellences. No doubt these smooth the way for us; they predispose the heart for the reception of the sacred flame; nevertheless, the first touch always decides the matter.

'Is it not true, that I have been very amiable to-day?' said the Princess, with a forced smile, when we had returned from our walk.

We parted.

She is displeased with herself; she accuses herself of coldness...

Ah! this is the first, the most important victory!

To-morrow she will be anxious to reward me. I know all this beforehand, and this is what bores me.

12TH JUNE.

To-day I saw Vera. She tormented me with her jealousy.

The young Princess, it seems, has thought fit to confide the secrets of her heart to her: a lucky choice, I must say!

'I can guess where all this is tending,' said Vera to me; 'you had better tell me straight out that you love her.'

'But suppose I do not love her?'

'Then why persecute her, why disturb her mind and excite her imagination?... Ah, well, I know you! Listen: if you wish me to believe you, you must come in

Digitized by Google

руки́ въ ея́ ру́ку; всѣ́ почти́ стра́сти начина́ются такъ, и мы ча́сто себя́ о́чень обма́нываемъ, ду́мая, что насъ же́нщина лю́битъ за на́ши физи́ческія и́ли нра́вственныя досто́инства; коне́чно, они́ приготовля́ютъ, располага́ютъ ея́ се́рдце къ приня́тію свяще́ннаго огня́; а всё-таки пе́рвое прикоснове́ніе рѣша́етъ дѣ́ло.

— Не пра́вда ли, я была́ о́чень любе́зна сего́дня? сказа́ла мнѣ́ княжна́ съ принужде́нной улы́бкой, когда́ мы возврати́лись съ гуля́нья.

Мы разста́лись.

Она́ недово́льна собо́й: она́ себя́ обвиня́етъ въ холо́дности...

О, э́то пе́рвое, гла́вное торжество́!

За́втра она́ захо́четъ вознагради́ть меня́. Я всё э́то ужъ зна́ю наизу́сть—вотъ что ску́чно.

12-го іюня.

Ны́ньче я ви́дѣлъ Вѣ́ру. Она́ заму́чила меня́ свое́ю ре́вностью.

Княжна́ взду́мала, ка́жется, ей повѣря́ть свои́ серде́чныя та́йны: на́до призна́ться, уда́чный вы́боръ!

— Я отга́дываю, къ чему́ всё э́то кло́нится, говори́ла мнѣ́ Вѣ́ра:—лу́чше скажи́ мнѣ́ про́сто тепе́рь, что ты её лю́бишь.

— Но е́сли я её не люблю́?

— То зачѣ́мъ же её преслѣ́довать, трево́жить, волнова́ть ея́ воображе́ніе!... О, я тебя́ хорошо́ зна́ю! Послу́шай, е́сли ты хо́чешь, чтобъ я тебѣ́ вѣ́рила, то пріѣзжа́й

Digitized by Google

about a week's time to Kislovodsk, where we are going the day after to-morrow. The Princess will stay here for some time yet. Engage apartments close to ours: we shall occupy the first floor of the large house which is close to the spring; the Princess will inhabit the ground floor. Close to our house is another, which belongs to the same landlord and has not yet been let... Will you come?...'

I promised, and on that very day I sent to secure the lodgings.

Grushnitzky came to me at six o'clock, and informed me that to-morrow his uniform would be ready just in time for the ball.

'At last I shall dance with her the whole evening. Then I shall talk with her!' added he.

'When is the ball?'

'Why, to-morrow! Do you not know? It is a great holiday, and the authorities here have taken upon themselves to arrange it.'

'Come, let us go to the boulevard.'

'Not at any price, in this atrocious cloak!'

'What, have you taken a dislike to it?'

I went alone, and meeting Princess Mary, I engaged her for the mazurka. She seemed surprised and pleased.

'I thought you danced only on compulsion, as you did last time,' she said, smiling sweetly.

It appears she does not notice Grushnitzky's absence.

'To-morrow you will be agreeably surprised,' said I to her.

Digitized by Google

чéрезъ недѣлю въ Кисловóдскъ; послѣзáвтра мы переѣзжáемъ тудá. Княги́ня остаётся здѣсь дóльше. Найми́ кварти́ру рядомъ: мы бýдемъ жить въ большóмъ дóмѣ близь истóчника, въ мезони́нѣ; внизý княги́ня Ли́говская, а рядомъ есть домъ тогó же хозя́ина, котóрый ещё не зáнятъ... Пріѣдешь?...

Я обѣщáлъ, и въ тотъ же день послáлъ занять ётy кварти́ру.

Грушни́цкій пришёлъ ко мнѣ въ шесть часóвъ и объяви́лъ, что зáвтра бýдетъ готóвъ егó мунди́ръ, какъ разъ къ бáлу.

— Наконéцъ я бýду съ нéю танцовáть цѣлый вéчеръ... Вотъ наговорю́сь! прибáвилъ онъ.

— Когдá же балъ?

— Да зáвтра! Рáзвѣ не знáешь? Большóй прáздникъ, и здѣшнее начáльство взялóсь егó устрóить...

— Пойдёмъ на бульвáръ...

— Ни за что, въ ётой гáдкой шинéли...

— Какъ, ты её разлюби́лъ?...

Я ушёлъ оди́нъ и, встрѣтивъ княжнý Мéри, позвáлъ её на мазýрку. Онá казáлась удивленá и обрáдована.

— Я дýмала, что вы танцýете тóлько по необходи́мости, какъ прóшлый разъ, сказáла онá, óчень ми́ло улыбáясь...

Онá, кáжется, вóвсе не замѣчáетъ отсýтствія Грушни́цкаго.

— Вы бýдете зáвтра пріятно удивлены́, сказáлъ я ей.

Digitized by Google

'With what?...'

'That is a secret... At the ball you will guess it yourself.' The rest of the evening I passed at the Princess's; there was no company except Vera, and a very amusing little old man. I was in good spirits, and invented several curious stories; the young Princess sat opposite to me, and listened to my nonsense with such deep, intense, aye, tender attention, that it quite touched my heart. What has become of her spirits and her coquetry? and her caprices, her challenging mien, her proud smile, her preoccupied glance?

Vera observed everything; deep sorrow was depicted on her pale face; she sat in the shade by the window, buried in an arm-chair... I began to pity her.

Then I related—of course under assumed names—the whole dramatic history of our acquaintance and of our love.

I described my tenderness, my troubles, my delight, in such glowing colours—I pourtrayed her character and her actions in so noble a light, that she could not but have forgiven my flirtation with the Princess.

She rose, sat down close to us, and became lively, and at two o'clock in the night, we suddenly remembered that doctors recommend us to go to bed at eleven.

13TH JUNE.

About half an hour before it was time to go to the ball Grushnitzky came to me in the full splendour of the uniform of an infantry regiment.

Digitized by Google

— Чѣмъ?...

— Это секрѣтъ... на балѣ вы сами догадаетесь. Я окончилъ вечеръ у княгини; гостей не было, кромѣ Вѣры и однаго презабавнаго старичка. Я былъ въ духѣ, импровизировалъ разныя необыкновенныя исторіи; княжна сидѣла противъ меня и слушала мой вздоръ съ такимъ глубокимъ, напряжённымъ, даже нѣжнымъ вниманіемъ, что мнѣ стало совѣстно. Куда дѣвалась ея живость, ея кокетство, ея капризы, ея дерзкая мина, презрительная улыбка, разсѣянный взглядъ?

Вѣра всё это замѣтила; на ея болѣзненномъ лицѣ изображалась глубокая грусть; она сидѣла въ тѣни у окна, погрузясь въ широкія кресла... Мнѣ стало жаль её.

Тогда я разсказалъ всю драматическую исторію нашего знакомства съ нею, нашей любви—разумѣется, прикрывъ всё это вымышленными именами.

Я такъ живо изобразилъ мою нѣжность, мои безпокойства, восторги; я въ такомъ выгодномъ свѣтѣ выставилъ ея поступки, характеръ, что она поневолѣ должна была простить мнѣ моё кокетство съ княжной.

Она встала, подсѣла къ намъ, оживилась... и мы только въ два часа ночи вспомнили, что доктора велятъ ложиться спать въ одиннадцать.

13-го іюня.

За полчаса до бала явился ко мнѣ Грушницкій въ полномъ сіяніи армейскаго пѣхотнаго мундира.

Digitized by Google

To the third button was fastened a small bronze chain, on which hung a double eye-glass; his epaulettes of enormous size were turned upwards like Cupid's wings; his boots creaked; in his left hand he held a pair of cinnamon-coloured dog-skin gloves and a cap; with his right hand he rummaged about the small curls of his frizzled hair. Conceit, and yet at the same time a certain diffidence, were expressed in his countenance; his festive appearance, his proud strut, would have made me laugh, if that had suited my plans.

He threw down his gloves and his cap on the table, and began to pull out the tails of his uniform and to put himself to rights before the looking-glass. A huge black cravat tied over a remarkably high stiffener, whose bristles kept his chin up, peeped about an inch above his coat collar; he thought this not quite enough, and pulled it up to his ears; with this hard work—for the collar was tight and uncomfortable—his whole face was flushed.

'They say that you have been persistently courting my Princess these last few days?' said he rather carelessly and without looking at me.

'Where have we ever kept geese together?' answered I, using a favourite proverb of one of the most celebrated wits of the last century, whom Poushkin once admired.

'Tell me, please, does my uniform fit?... Oh, the damned Jew!... how tight it is under my arm!... Have you no scent?'

'Pray, how can you want more? You seem to be soaked in rose pomade already.'

Digitized by Google

Къ тре́тьей пу́говицѣ пристёгнута была́ бро́нзовая цѣпо́чка, на кото́рой висѣ́лъ двойно́й лорне́тъ; эполе́ты, неимовѣ́рной величины́, бы́ли за́гнуты кве́рху, въ ви́дѣ кры́лышекъ Аму́ра; сапоги́ его́ скрипѣ́ли; въ лѣ́вой рукѣ́ держа́лъ онъ кори́чневыя ла́йковыя перча́тки и фура́жку, а пра́вою взбива́лъ ежемину́тно въ ме́лкія ку́дри завито́й хохо́лъ. Самодово́льствіе и вмѣ́стѣ нѣ́которая неувѣ́ренность изобража́лись на его́ лицѣ́; его́ пра́здничная нару́жность, его́ го́рдая похо́дка заста́вили бы меня́ расхохота́ться, е́сли бъ э́то бы́ло согла́сно съ мои́ми намѣ́реніями.

Онъ бро́силъ фура́жку съ перча́тками на столъ и на́чалъ обтя́гивать фа́лды и поправля́ться пе́редъ зе́ркаломъ; чёрный огро́мный плато́къ, навёрнутый на высоча́йшій подга́лстучникъ, кото́раго щети́на подде́рживала его́ подборо́докъ, высо́вывался на полвершка́ изъ-за воротника́; ему́ показа́лось ма́ло: онъ вы́тащилъ его́ кве́рху, до ушей́; отъ э́той тру́дной рабо́ты—и́бо воротни́къ мунди́ра былъ о́чень у́зокъ и безпоко́енъ—лицо́ его́ налило́сь кро́вью.

— Ты, говоря́тъ, э́ти дни ужа́сно волочи́лся за мое́й княжно́й? сказа́лъ онъ дово́льно небре́жно и не гля́дя на меня́.

— Гдѣ намъ дурака́мъ чай пить! отвѣча́лъ я ему́, повторя́я люби́мую поговорку одного́ изъ са́мыхъ ло́вкихъ повѣ́съ про́шлаго вре́мени, воспѣ́таго нѣ́когда Пу́шкинымъ.

— Скажи́-ка, хорошо́ на мнѣ́ сиди́тъ мунди́ръ?... Охъ, проклятый жидъ!... какъ подъ мы́шками рѣ́жетъ!... Нѣтъ ли у тебя́ духо́въ?

— Поми́луй, чего́ тебѣ́ ещё? отъ тебя́ и такъ ужъ несётъ ро́зовой пома́дой.

Digitized by Google

'Never mind, give me some.'

He poured half a glass over cravat, handkerchief, sleeves.

'Are you going to dance?' he asked.

'I do not think so.'

'I fear that I shall have to lead the mazurka with the Princess; and yet I do not know a single figure...'

'Have you already engaged for the mazurka?'

'Not yet.'

'Take care that no one anticipates you...'

'That's true!' said he, striking his forehead. 'Good-bye... I will go and wait for her at the gate.' He seized his cap and hurried off.

After half an hour I went too. The streets were dark and empty; people crowded at their own sweet will round the hotel (or I should say the inn), the windows of which were illuminated; the sound of the military band was wafted to me by the evening breeze. I walked slowly; I felt depressed. Is it possible, thought I, that my only destiny here below should be to destroy the hopes of others? Ever since I have lived and acted, fate always has made me the means of marring the drama of others' lives: as if no one could die or despair without me! I have always found myself a character indispensable for the fifth act; quite against my will, I have played the part of executioner or traitor. What aim had fate in this? It may be I was destined to be a writer of homely tragedies or family fiction—or a literary collaborateur in a novel, for instance, for a 'Circulating Library.' How can I know? How

Digitized by Google

— Ничего́, да́й-ка сюда́...

Онъ на́лилъ себѣ́ полстакля́нки за га́лстукъ, въ носово́й плато́къ, на рукава́.

— Ты бу́дешь танцова́ть? спроси́лъ онъ.

— Не ду́маю.

— Я бою́сь, что мнѣ съ княжно́й придётся начина́ть мазу́рку—я не зна́ю почти́ ни одно́й фигу́ры...

— А ты звалъ её на мазу́рку?

— Нѣтъ ещё...

— Смотри́, чтобъ тебя́ не предупреди́ли...

— Въ са́момъ дѣлѣ! сказа́лъ онъ, уда́ривъ себя́ по́ лбу. Проща́й... Пойду́ дожида́ться её у подъѣзда. Онъ схвати́лъ фура́жку и побѣжа́лъ.

Че́резъ полчаса́ и я отпра́вился. На у́лицѣ бы́ло темно́ и пу́сто; вокру́гъ собра́нія, и́ли трактѝра, какъ уго́дно, тѣсни́лся наро́дъ; о́кна его́ свѣти́лись; зву́ки полко́вой му́зыки доноси́лъ ко мнѣ вече́рній вѣтеръ. Я шёлъ ме́дленно; мнѣ бы́ло гру́стно... Неуже́ли, ду́малъ я, моё еди́нственное назначе́ніе на земли́—разруша́ть чужія наде́жды? Съ тѣхъ поръ, какъ я живу́ и дѣ́йствую, судьба́ ка́къ-то всегда́ приводи́ла меня́ къ развя́зкѣ чужи́хъ драмъ, какъ-бу́дто безъ меня́ никто́ не могъ бы ни умере́ть, ни прійти́ въ отча́яніе! Я былъ необходи́мое лицо́ пя́таго а́кта; невольно я разы́грывалъ жа́лкую роль палача́, и́ли преда́теля. Каку́ю цѣль имѣ́ла на э́то судьба́?... Ужъ не назна́ченъ ли я е́ю въ сочини́тели мѣща́нскихъ траге́дій и семе́йныхъ рома́новъ—и́ли сотру́дники поставщику́ повѣсте́й, напримѣ́ръ, для "Библіо́теки для Чте́нія"?... Почему́ знать? Ма́ло ли

Digitized by Google

many people are there who, at the outset of their life, trust to end it at least like Alexander the Great or Lord Byron, and who nevertheless during their whole existence cannot get beyond the title of an honorary councillor?

Entering the ball-room, I hid myself in a crowd of men, and began to reconnoitre. Grushnitzky was standing by the Princess, and telling her something in a most animated manner. She only half listened to him, her eyes wandered about, and she held her fan to her lips; her face expressed impatience; her eyes looked about for some one. I quietly stepped behind them to overhear their conversation.

'You torture me, Princess,' said Grushnitzky. 'You have changed much since I last saw you.'

'You have changed too,' she replied, casting a rapid look at him, in which he failed to notice an expression of amusement.

'I? I have changed? Oh, never! You know that is impossible! Whoever has once seen you will carry your divine image in his heart for ever.'

'Do stop...'

'Why will you not hear now what you lent a kind ear to but a short time ago, and so often?'

'Because I am not fond of repetitions,' she replied, smiling.

'Oh, how bitterly I have deceived myself! I, madman, have thought that these epaulettes at least would give me the right to hope... No, it would have been better for me, to have remained for ever in that despicable soldier's cloak, to which I was indebted perhaps for your attention...'

Digitized by Google

людей, начиная жизнь, думають кончить её какъ Александръ Великій, или Лордъ Байронъ, а между тѣмъ цѣлый вѣкъ остаются титулярными совѣтниками?...

Войдя въ залу, я спрятался въ толпѣ мужчинъ и началъ дѣлать свои наблюденія. Грушницкій стоялъ возлѣ княжны и что-то говорилъ съ большимъ жаромъ: она его разсѣянно слушала, смотрѣла по сторонамъ, прижавъ вѣеръ къ губамъ; на лицѣ ея изображалось нетерпѣніе, глаза ея искали кругомъ кого-то; я тихонько подошёлъ сзади, чтобъ подслушать ихъ разговоръ.

— Вы меня мучите, княжна! говорилъ Грушницкій: вы ужасно перемѣнились съ тѣхъ поръ, какъ я васъ не видалъ...

— Вы также перемѣнились, отвѣчала она, бросивъ на него быстрый взглядъ, въ которомъ онъ не умѣлъ разобрать тайной насмѣшки.

— Я? Я перемѣнился?... О, никогда! Вы знаете, что это невозможно! Кто видѣлъ васъ однажды, тотъ навѣки унесётъ съ собою вашъ божественный образъ.

— Перестаньте...

— Отчего же вы теперь не хотите слушать того, что ещё недавно, и такъ часто, внимали благосклонно?...

— Потому что я не люблю повтореній, отвѣчала она, смѣясь.

— О, я горько ошибся!... Я думалъ, безумный, что, по крайней мѣрѣ, эти эполеты дадутъ мнѣ право надѣяться... Нѣтъ, лучше бы мнѣ вѣкъ остаться въ этой презрѣнной солдатской шинели, которой, можетъ-быть, я былъ обязанъ вашимъ вниманіемъ...

Digitized by Google

'The fact is, you really did look much better in your cloak...'

At this moment I stepped forward and bowed to the Princess; she blushed a little, and said quickly:

'Is it not true, M. Petchorin, that the grey cloak becomes M. Grushnitzky much better?...'

'I am not of your opinion,' I replied: 'he looks much more youthful in his uniform.'

Grushnitzky could not stand this last thrust. Like all boys he gives himself the airs of an old man; he thinks that on his face deep furrows of passion take the place of the lines of age. He cast a furious look at me, stamped with his foot and walked off.

'Do confess,' said I to the Princess, 'that though he has always been most ridiculous, yet not long ago he seemed interesting to you in the grey cloak?...'

She cast down her eyes and did not reply.

Grushnitzky persecuted the Princess the whole evening; he danced either with her, or *vis-à-vis*; he devoured her with his eyes, sighed, and wearied her with entreaties and reproaches. After the third quadrille she hated him already.

'This I never expected from you,' said he, coming up to me and taking my arm.

'What is it?'

'You are going to dance the mazurka with her?' he asked in a threatening tone: 'she has told me...'

'Well, what of that? did you think it was a secret?'

Digitized by Google

— Въ са́момъ де́лѣ, вамъ шине́
лицу́...

Въ э́то вре́мя я подошёлъ и поклони
немно́жко покрасне́ла и бы́стро проговори́л.

— Не пра́вда ли, мсьё Печо́ринъ, что се́рая шинел
гора́здо бо́льше идётъ къ мсьё Грушни́цкому?...

— Я съ ва́ми не согла́сенъ, отвѣча́лъ я:—въ мунди́рѣ
онъ ещё моложа́вѣе.

Грушни́цкій не вы́несъ э́того уда́ра: какъ всѣ ма́льчики, онъ имѣетъ прете́нзію быть старико́мъ; онъ ду́маетъ, что на его́ лицѣ́ глубо́кіе слѣды́ страсте́й замѣня́ютъ отпеча́токъ лѣтъ. Онъ на меня́ бро́силъ бе́шеный взглядъ, то́пнулъ ногою и отошёлъ прочь.

— А призна́йтесь, сказа́лъ я княжнѣ́:—что хотя́ онъ всегда́ былъ о́чень смѣшо́нъ, но ещё неда́вно онъ вамъ каза́лся интере́сенъ... въ се́рой шине́ли?...

Она́ потупи́ла глаза́ и не отвѣча́ла.

Грушни́цкій це́лый ве́черъ преслѣ́довалъ княжну́, танцова́лъ и́ли съ не́ю, и́ли vis-à-vis; онъ пожира́лъ её глаза́ми, вздыха́лъ и надоѣда́лъ ей мольба́ми и упрёками. По́слѣ тре́тьей кадри́ли она́ его́ ужъ ненави́дѣла.

— Я э́того не ожида́лъ отъ тебя́, сказа́лъ онъ, подойдя́ ко мнѣ и взявъ меня́ за́ руку.

— Чего́?

— Ты съ не́ю танцу́ешь мазу́рку? спроси́лъ онъ то́ржественнымъ го́лосомъ.—Она́ мнѣ призна́лась...

— Ну такъ что жъ? а ра́звѣ э́то секре́тъ?

Digitized by Google

ght have expected that from a girl,
shall take my revenge!'

ith your cloak or with your epaulettes—
ame her... Is it her fault that she likes you
...?'

'Then why did she give me hopes?'

'Why did you indulge in hopes? To wish and to aspire to something—that I understand; but who hopes?'

'You have won the wager; yet not quite,' said he, smiling maliciously.

The mazurka began. Grushnitzky chose the Princess exclusively in all the figures of the dance, and the other gentlemen did the same: obviously it was a conspiracy against me—so much the better: she wishes to speak to me, they are preventing her—she will wish it twice as much.

I twice pressed her hand; the second time she drew it back, without saying a word.

'I shall sleep badly to-night,' she said to me at the conclusion of the mazurka.

'That is Grushnitzky's fault.'

'Oh, no!'—And her face became so thoughtful, so sad, that I vowed to myself, come what might, to kiss her hand that very evening.

The company began to disperse. Seeing the Princess into her carriage, I quickly pressed her little hand to my lips. It was dark, and no one could have observed it.

Digitized by Google

— Разумѣется... Я дóлженъ былъ этого ожидáть отъ дѣвчóнки, отъ кокéтки... Ужъ я отомщý!

— Пеня́й на свою шинéль, и́ли на свои́ эполéты, а зачѣмъ же обвиня́ть её?... Чѣмъ онá виновáта, что ты ей бóльше не нрáвишься.

— Зачѣмъ же подавáть надéжды?

— Зачѣмъ же ты надѣялся? Желáть и добивáться чегó-ни бýдь—понимáю; а кто жъ надѣется?

— Ты вы́игралъ пари́, тóлько не совсѣмъ, сказáлъ онъ, злóбно улыбáясь.

Мазýрка началáсь. Грушни́цкій выбирáлъ однý тóлько княжнý, другíе кавалéры поминýтно её выбирáли: э́то я́вно былъ заговóръ прóтивъ меня́—тѣмъ лýчше: ей хóчется говори́ть со мнóю, ей мѣшáютъ—ей захóчется вдвóе бóлѣе.

Я рáза два пожáлъ ей рýку; во второ́й разъ онá её вы́дернула, не говоря́ ни слóва.

— Я дýрно бýду спать э́ту ночь, сказáла онá мнѣ, когдá мазýрка кóнчилась.

— Этому виновáть Грушни́цкій.

— О, нѣтъ!—И лицó ея́ стáло такъ задýмчиво, такъ грýстно, что я далъ себѣ слóво въ э́тотъ вéчеръ непремѣнно поцѣловáть ея́ рýку.

Стáли разъѣжáться. Сажáя княжнý въ карéту, я бы́стро прижáлъ ея́ мáленькую рýчку къ губáмъ своимъ. Бы́ло темнó, и никтó не могъ э́того ви́дѣть.

Digitized by Google

I returned to the ball-room well satisfied with myself. The young men were taking supper at a large table, among them Grushnitzky. When I entered every one left off talking: they were evidently speaking about me. Many of them have a grudge against me, ever since the last ball, especially the Captain of dragoons; but now a hostile clique has evidently been formed against me, under Grushnitzky's command. He looks so proud and brave...

I am delighted; I love enemies, though not in the Christian sense. They amuse me, they stir my blood. To be always on one's guard, to catch every look, the meaning of every word, to guess an intention, to divert schemes, to pretend to be taken in, and then suddenly with one single move to upset the whole complicated and laborious fabrication of their intrigues and plans—this I call life.

During supper Grushnitzky exchanged whispers and signs with the Captain of dragoons.

14TH JUNE.

This morning Vera has left with her husband for Kislovodsk.

I met her carriage, whilst on my way to Princess Ligofska's. She nodded to me; there was reproach in her look.

Who is to blame? Why will she not give me an opportunity of seeing her alone? Love, like fire, dies without fuel. Perhaps jealousy may accomplish what entreaties could not.

Digitized by Google

Я возвратился въ залу очень доволенъ собою.—За большимъ столомъ ужинала молодёжь и между ними Грушницкій. Когда я вошёлъ, всѣ замолчали: видно, говорили обо мнѣ. Многіе съ прошедшаго бала на меня дуются, особенно драгунскій капитанъ; а теперь, кажется, рѣшительно составляется противъ меня враждебная шайка подъ командой Грушницкаго. У него такой гордый и храбрый видъ...

Очень радъ; я люблю враговъ, хотя не по христіански. Они меня забавляютъ, волнуютъ мнѣ кровь. Быть всегда на стражѣ, ловить каждый взглядъ, значеніе каждаго слова, угадывать намѣреніе, разрушать заговоры, притворяться обманутымъ, и вдругъ однимъ толчкомъ опрокинуть всё огромное и многотрудное зданіе ихъ хитростей и замысловъ—вотъ что я называю жизнью.

Въ продолженіе ужина Грушницкій шептался и перемигивался съ драгунскимъ капитаномъ.

14-го іюня.

Нынче поутру Вѣра уѣхала съ мужемъ въ Кисловодскъ.

Я встрѣтилъ ихъ карету, когда шёлъ къ княгинѣ Лиговской. Она мнѣ кивнула головой; во взглядѣ ея былъ упрёкъ.

Кто жъ виноватъ? Зачѣмъ она не хочетъ дать мнѣ случай видѣться съ нею наединѣ? Любовь какъ огонь—безъ пищи гаснетъ. Авось ревность сдѣлаетъ то, чего не могли мои просьбы.

Digitized by Google

I sat a full hour with the old Princess. Mary did not make her appearance: she was ill. In the evening she did not come to the boulevard. The newly-formed hostile clique, armed with eye-glasses, really made a most threatening appearance. I am glad that the Princess is indisposed; they certainly meant to insult her. Grushnitzky's hair is in wild disorder, and he looks desperate: he really seems moved, his vanity has been deeply wounded, but there are people who look ridiculous even when they are in despair.

Returning home, I felt that I was out of humour.

I have not seen her! She is ill! Have I really fallen in love with her? What nonsense!

15TH JUNE.

At eleven in the morning—the hour when the Princess Ligofska usually takes her bath in Yermolof's bathing establishment—I passed her house. Mary was sitting at the window deep in thought; on seeing me, she jumped up.

I entered the hall; as there were no servants about, I availed myself of the unceremonious manners of the place, and boldly entered the drawing-room.

Deep pallor covered the charming face of the Princess. She was standing at the piano, leaning with one hand on the back of a chair; this hand trembled slightly. I softly went up to her and said:

'You are angry with me?...'

Digitized by Google

Я сидѣлъ у княгини бытый часъ. Мери не вышла: больна. Вечеромъ на бульварѣ ея не было. Вновь составившаяся шайка, вооружённая лорнетами, приняла въ самомъ дѣлѣ грозный видъ. Я радъ, что княжна больна: они сдѣлали бы ей какую-нибудь дерзость. У Грушницкаго растрёпанная причёска и отчаянный видъ: онъ, кажется, въ самомъ дѣлѣ огорчёнъ, особенно самолюбіе его оскорблено; но вѣдь есть же люди, въ которыхъ даже отчаяніе забавно!...

Возвратясь домой, я замѣтилъ, что мнѣ чего-то недостаётъ.

Я не видалъ ея! Она больна! Ужъ не влюбился ли я въ самомъ дѣлѣ?... Какой вздоръ!

15-го іюня.

Въ одиннадцать часовъ утра — часъ, въ которой княгиня Лиговская обыкновенно потѣетъ въ Ермоловской ваннѣ—я шёлъ мимо ея дома. Княжна сидѣла задумчиво у окна; увидѣвъ меня, вскочила.

Я вошёлъ въ переднюю, людей никого не было, и я безъ доклада, пользуясь свободой здѣшнихъ правовъ, пробрался въ гостиную.

Тусклая блѣдность покрывала милое лицо княжны. Она стояла у фортепьяно, оперши́сь одной рукой на спинку креселъ; эта рука чуть-чуть дрожала. Я тихо подошёлъ къ ней и сказалъ:

— Вы на меня сердитесь?...

Digitized by Google

She gave me a sorrowful, intense look, and shook her head; her lips attempted to say something, but they could not; her eyes filled with tears, she sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands.

'What is the matter with you?' said I, taking her hand.

'You do not respect me!... Oh, pray leave me!...'

I retreated a few steps... She raised herself in the chair; her eyes glistened.

I stopped, holding the handle of the door, and said:

'Forgive me, Princess! I behaved like a madman... it shall not happen again; I shall see to it. Why should you care to know what has been going on until now in my soul? You shall never know that—so much the better for you. Good-bye.'

Whilst going away I thought I heard her crying.

I roamed about in the neighbourhood of the Máshook until evening, fatiguing myself thoroughly, and when I returned home, I threw myself quite exhausted on my bed. Doctor Werner came in.

'Is it true,' he asked, 'that you are going to marry the young Princess Ligofska?'

'What?'

'The whole town is talking; all my patients are busy with this important news. Ah, those invalids, they are a funny tribe: they know everything!'

'This is Grushnitzky's joke,' thought I.

Digitized by Google

Она́ подняла́ на меня́ то́мный, глубо́кій взоръ и покача́ла голово́й; ея́ гу́бы хотѣ́ли проговори́ть что́-то, и не могли́; глаза́ напо́лнились слеза́ми; она́ опусти́лась въ кре́сла и закры́ла лицо́ рука́ми.

— Что съ ва́ми? сказа́лъ я взявъ ея́ ру́ку.

— Вы меня́ не уважа́ете!... О, оста́вьте меня́!...

Я сдѣ́лалъ нѣсколько шаго́въ... Она́ вы́прямилась въ кре́слахъ; глаза́ ея́ засверка́ли.

Я останови́лся, взя́вшись за ру́чку две́ри и сказа́лъ:

— Прости́те меня́, княжна́! я поступи́лъ какъ безу́мецъ... э́того въ друго́й разъ не случи́тся; я приму́ свои́ мѣ́ры... Зачѣ́мъ вамъ знать то, что происходи́ло до сихъ поръ въ душѣ́ моей́? Вы э́того никогда́ не узна́ете и тѣ́мъ лу́чше для васъ. Проща́йте.

Уходя́, мнѣ ка́жется, я слы́шалъ, что она́ пла́кала.

Я до ве́чера броди́лъ пѣшко́мъ по окре́стностямъ Машука́, утоми́лся ужа́сно и, пришѣ́дши домо́й, бро́сился на посте́ль въ соверше́нномъ изнеможе́ніи. Ко мнѣ́ зашёлъ Ве́рнеръ.

— Пра́вда ли, спроси́лъ онъ, что вы же́нитесь на княжнѣ́ Ли́говской?

— А что?

— Весь го́родъ говори́тъ; всѣ́ мои́ больны́е за́няты э́той ва́жной но́востью; а ужъ э́ти больны́е тако́й наро́дъ: всё зна́ютъ!

"Это шу́тки Грушни́цкаго," поду́малъ я.

Digitized by Google

'In order to convince you, Doctor, of the idleness of these reports, I tell you in confidence that I am going to-morrow to Kislovodsk.'

'And the Princess also?...'

'No; she will stay here a week longer...'

'Then you are not going to be married?...'

'Doctor, Doctor! look at me: do I look like a bridegroom, or anything of the kind?'

'I won't say that... But you know that there are circumstances...' he added with a knowing smile, 'in which a man of honour is bound to marry, and there are likewise mothers who at least do not prevent such circumstances. As a friend I therefore advise you to be more cautious in the future. Here, at the waters, the air is very dangerous: how many a smart fellow have I not seen, worthy of a better fate, who was driven from here straight into wedlock... Will you believe it, they even wanted me to marry! Especially one mamma of this province, who had a very pale daughter. I had the misfortune to tell her that she would recover her colour after marriage, whereupon with tears of gratitude she offered me the hand of her daughter together with her whole property—consisting of about fifty serfs. But I answered her that I was not a marrying man.'

Werner left me fully convinced that he had warned me.

I gathered from his words that bad reports had been spread about me and the Princess. Grushnitzky shall smart for that.

Digitized by Google

— Чтобъ вамъ доказа́ть, до́кторъ, ло́жность э́тихъ словъ, объявля́ю вамъ по секре́ту, что за́втра я перѣзжа́ю въ Кисловодскъ...

— И княжна́ та́кже?...

— Нѣтъ; она́ остаётся ещё на недѣлю здѣсь...

— Такъ вы не же́нитесь?...

— До́кторъ, до́кторъ! посмотри́те на меня́: неуже́ли я похо́жъ на жени́ха, и́ли на что нибу́дь подо́бное?

— Я э́того не говорю́... Но вы зна́ете, есть слу́чаи... приба́вилъ онъ, хи́тро улыба́ясь, въ кото́рыхъ благоро́дный человѣ́къ обя́занъ жени́ться, и есть ма́ленькі, кото́рыя по кра́йней мѣ́рѣ не предупрежда́ютъ э́тихъ слу́чаевъ... Ита́къ, я вамъ совѣ́тую, какъ прія́тель, быть осторо́жнѣе. Здѣсь, на вода́хъ, преопа́сный во́здухъ: ско́лько я ви́дѣлъ прекра́сныхъ молоды́хъ людей, досто́йныхъ лу́чшей у́части, и уѣзжа́вшихъ отсю́да пря́мо подъ вѣне́цъ... Да́же, повѣ́рите ли, меня́ хотѣ́ли жени́ть! Именно, одна́ уѣ́здная ма́ленька, у кото́рой дочь была́ о́чень блѣдна́. Я имѣ́лъ несча́стіе сказа́ть ей, что цвѣтъ лица́ возврати́тся по́слѣ сва́дьбы; тогда́ она́ со слеза́ми благода́рности предложи́ла мнѣ ру́ку свое́й до́чери и всё своё состоя́ніе—пятьдеся́ть душъ, ка́жется. Но я отвѣча́лъ, что я къ э́тому неспосо́бенъ.

Ве́рнеръ ушёлъ въ по́лной увѣ́ренности, что онъ меня́ предостерёгъ.

Изъ словъ его́ я замѣ́тилъ, что про меня́ и княжну́ ужъ распу́щены въ го́родѣ ра́зные дурны́е слу́хи: э́то Грушни́цкому да́ромъ не пройдётъ!

Digitized by Google

18TH JUNE.

For the last three days I have been at Kislovodsk. Every day I see Vera at the spring and on the promenade. In the morning, after getting up, I sit by the window and direct my eye-glass to her balcony; she has been dressed for some time, and is awaiting the signal agreed on between us; we meet, by chance as it were, in the garden leading from our respective houses to the well. The invigorating mountain air has again restored her complexion and strength. The Narsan does not bear the name of the hero's well for nothing. The inhabitants believe that all romances which have begun at the foot of the Máshook wind up here, and, in fact, here all breathes solitude, here all is mystery; the thick shade of the avenues of limes, spreading over the waterfall, which hurries, foaming and roaring from rock to rock, and forms its bed amidst verdant mountains—the ravines, full of gloom and silence, covered with branches stretching from side to side—and the freshness of the fragrant air, laden with the scent of the high southern grass and the white acacia—and then the constant rippling of cool springs, gently inviting to sleep, which meet at the border of the plain and flow together from there, in friendly union, to their outlet into the Podkoumok. This side of the dale, the ravine is broader, and forms itself into a defile covered with verdure through which winds a dusty road. Whenever I look upon it, it seems that I see a carriage, from the windows of which a rosy face looks out. A great many carriages have passed that way—but not that one.

Digitized by Google

18-го іюня.

Вотъ ужъ три дня, какъ я въ Кисловодскѣ. Каждый день вижу Вѣру у колодца и на гуляньѣ. Утромъ, просыпаясь, сажусь у окна и навожу лорнетъ на ея балконъ; она давно ужъ одѣта и ждётъ условленнаго знака; мы встрѣчаемся, будто нечаянно, въ саду, который отъ нашихъ домовъ спускается къ колодцу. Живительный горный воздухъ возвратилъ ей цвѣтъ лица и силы. Недаромъ Нарзанъ называется богатырскимъ ключомъ. Здѣшніе жители утверждаютъ, что воздухъ Кисловодска располагаетъ къ любви, что здѣсь бываютъ развязки всѣхъ романовъ, которые когда-либо начинались у подошвы Машука. И въ самомъ дѣлѣ, здѣсь всё дышетъ уединеніемъ; здѣсь всё таинственно—и густыя тѣни липовыхъ аллей, склоняющихся надъ потокомъ, который съ шумомъ и пѣною, падая съ плитъ на плиту, прорѣзываетъ себѣ путь между зеленѣющими горами—и ущелья, полныя мглою и молчаніемъ, которыхъ вѣтви разбѣгаются отсюда во всѣ стороны — и свѣжесть ароматическаго воздуха, отягощённаго испареніями высокихъ южныхъ травъ и бѣлой акаціи — и постоянный сладостно-усыпительный шумъ студёныхъ ручьёвъ, которые, встрѣтясь въ концѣ долины, бѣгутъ дружно въ запуски и наконецъ кидаются въ Подкумокъ. Съ этой стороны ущелье шире и превращается въ зелёную лощину; по ней вьётся пыльная дорога. Всякій разъ, какъ я на неё взгляну, мнѣ всё кажется, что ѣдетъ карета, а изъ окна кареты выглядываетъ розовое личико. Ужъ много каретъ проѣхало по этой дорогѣ—а той всё нѣтъ.

Digitized by Google

The hamlet beyond the fortress is full of people. From the hotel which is built on a hill, a few steps from my lodgings, lights begin to flicker of an evening through the double row of poplars; noise and the clashing of glasses can be heard till late at night.

Nowhere do people drink so much Kahetan wine and so much mineral water as here.

But never mix your liquors, boys:
I always drink 'em neat.

Grushnitzky and his gang have been revelling at the hotel each day: he scarcely nods to me now.

Though he only arrived yesterday, he has already managed to quarrel with three old gentlemen, who wished to take the bath before him—misfortunes develop in him a martial spirit.

22ND JUNE.

At last they have come. I was sitting at the window when I heard the rattling of their carriage; my heart leaped... What can that mean? Can I really be in love? I am so stupidly made, that even this might be expected from me.

I dined at their house. The Princess looked at me very tenderly, and she will not leave the side of her daughter... Monstrous! Vera, on the other hand, is jealous of the young Princess! I have at last got that satisfaction. What will a woman not do in order to mortify her rival? I remember that one fell in love with me once just because I was in love with another. There is nothing

Digitized by Google

Слобо́дка, кото́рая за кре́постью, насели́лась; въ рестора́ціи, постро́енной на холмѣ́, въ нѣсколькихъ шага́хъ отъ моéй кварти́ры, начина́ютъ мелька́ть ве́черомъ огни́ сквозь двойно́й рядъ тополе́й; шумъ и звонъ стака́новъ раздаю́тся до по́здней но́чи.

Нигдѣ́ такъ мно́го не пьютъ кахети́нскаго вина́ и минера́льной воды́, какъ здѣсь.

Но смѣ́шивать два э́ти ремесла́
Есть тьма́ охо́тниковъ—я не изъ ихъ числа́.

Грушни́цкій съ своéй ша́йкой бушу́етъ ка́ждый день въ тракти́рѣ, и со мной почти́ не кла́няется.

Онъ то́лько вчера́ пріѣ́халъ, а успѣ́лъ ужé поссо́риться съ тремя́ старика́ми, кото́рые хотѣ́ли прéжде его́ сѣсть въ ва́нну, рѣши́тельно—несча́стія развива́ютъ въ нёмъ воинственный духъ.

22-го іюня.

Наконе́цъ они́ пріѣ́хали. Я сидѣ́лъ у окна́, когда́ услы́шалъ стукъ ихъ каре́ты, у меня́ се́рдце вздро́гнуло... Что же э́то такóе? Неу́жто я влюблёнъ?... Я такъ глу́по со́зданъ, что э́того мо́жно отъ меня́ ожида́ть.

Я у нихъ обѣ́далъ. Княги́ня на меня́ смотрѣ́ла о́чень нѣ́жно, и не отхо́дитъ отъ до́чери... пло́хо! Зато́ Вѣ́ра ревну́етъ меня́ къ княжнѣ́—доби́лся же я э́того благополу́чія! Чего́ же́нщина не сдѣ́лаетъ, чтобъ огорчи́ть сопе́рницу? Я по́мню, одна́ меня́ полюби́ла зато́, что я люби́лъ другу́ю. Нѣтъ ничего́

Digitized by Google

more paradoxical than a woman's mind; it is difficult to convince women of anything: they must be brought to convince themselves. The succession of conclusions by which they destroy their own prejudices is most original; to learn their dialectic, it is necessary to upset all the rules of logic. For example, this is the usual mode of procedure:

This man loves me, but I am married: consequently I must not love him.

Female logic:

I must not love him, because I am married; but he loves me—*ergo*...

Here follow a few stops, for the mind does not reason any longer; but the tongue and the eyes speak and the heart also, if there is any.

How, if this diary should ever fall into the hands of a woman?—'Calumny!' she will exclaim with indignation.

Ever since poets have written, and women have read (for which we are highly indebted to them), they have been called angels so often that in the simplicity of their hearts they have really come to believe in this flattery, forgetting that the same poets for the sake of money called Nero a demi-god.

It would ill become me were I to speak of them with malice, when I love none else in the world, they for whose sake I am ever ready to sacrifice peace, ambition, even my life... Nor am I now, in an attack of grief or of insulted vanity, trying to deprive them of the magic veil,

Digitized by Google

парадоксальнѣе женскаго ума; женщинъ трудно убѣдить въ чёмъ-нибудь; надо ихъ довести до того, чтобъ онѣ убѣдили себя сами. Порядокъ доказательствъ, которыми онѣ уничтожаютъ свои предубѣжденія, очень оригиналенъ; чтобъ выучиться ихъ діалектикѣ, надо опрокинуть въ умѣ своёмъ всѣ школьныя правила логики. Напримѣръ, способъ обыкновенный:

Этотъ человѣкъ любитъ меня; но я замужемъ: слѣдовательно, не должна его любить.

Способъ женскій:

Я не должна его любить, ибо я замужемъ; но онъ меня любитъ—слѣдовательно...

Тутъ нѣсколько точекъ, ибо разсудокъ ужъ ничего не говоритъ, а говорятъ большею частью: языкъ, глаза и вслѣдъ за ними сердце, если оное имѣется.

Что если когда-нибудь эти записки попадутся на глаза женщинѣ?—"Клевета!" закричитъ она съ негодованіемъ.

Съ тѣхъ поръ, какъ поэты пишутъ и женщины ихъ читаютъ (за что имъ глубочайшая благодарность), ихъ столько разъ называли ангелами, что онѣ въ самомъ дѣлѣ, въ простотѣ душевной, повѣрили этому комплименту, забывая, что тѣ же поэты за деньги величали Нерона полубогомъ...

Не кстати было бы мнѣ говорить о нихъ съ такою злостью—мнѣ, который, кромѣ ихъ, на свѣтѣ ничего не любитъ—мнѣ, который всегда готовъ былъ имъ жертвовать спокойствіемъ, честолюбіемъ, жизнію... Но вѣдь я не въ припадкѣ досады и оскорблённаго самолюбія стараюсь сдёрнуть съ нихъ то волшебное покрывало,

Digitized by Google

through which only a practised eye can penetrate. No! all I say of them is only the result—

> Of cold and keen-observing thought,
> And of a heart with sorrow fraught.

Women should, in fact, wish that every one should know them as well as I do; because I love them a hundred-fold more ever since I have ceased to fear them, and have become aware of their little frailties.

By the way, some days ago Werner compared women with the enchanted forest which Tasso describes in his 'Jerusalem Delivered.' 'Only enter,' said he, 'such terrors meet you on all sides, as God forfend: duty, pride, decency, public opinion, ridicule, contempt... But you have only to shut your eyes and go boldly forward; by degrees the bugbears disappear, and a calm, lovely scene spreads itself before you, amidst which the green myrtle blossoms. But woe betide you, if your heart fails at the first step and you turn back!'

24TH JUNE.

This evening has been full of adventures. About three versts from Kislovodsk in the ravine through which the Podkoumok flows there is a cliff called 'Koltso': it forms a natural gate; it rises on a high hill, and through this the setting sun throws its last fiery glance on the world. A numerous party had gone there to see the sun set through this rocky window. To tell the truth, not one of the company thought of the sun. I

Digitized by Google

сквозь котóрое лишь привы́чный взоръ проникáетъ. Нѣтъ! всё, что я говорю́ о нихъ, есть тóлько слѣ́дствіе—

Умá холóдныхъ наблюдéній
И сéрдца гóрестныхъ замѣ́тъ.

Жéнщины должны́ бы желáть, чтобъ всѣ мужчи́ны ихъ тáкже хорошó знáли, какъ я, потому́ что я люблю́ ихъ во сто разъ бóльше съ тѣхъ поръ, какъ ихъ не боюсь и пости́гъ ихъ мéлкія слáбости.

Кстáти: Вéрнеръ намéдни сравни́лъ жéнщинъ съ заколдóваннымъ лѣ́сомъ, о котóромъ разскáзываетъ Тассъ въ своёмъ "Освобождённомъ Іерусали́мѣ." "Тóлько приступи́," говори́лъ онъ, "на тебя́ полетя́тъ со всѣхъ сторóнъ такіе стрáхи, что Бóже упаси́: долгъ, гóрдость, прили́чіе, óбщее мнѣ́ніе, насмѣ́шка, презрѣ́ніе... Нáдо тóлько не смотрѣ́ть, а идти́ прямо; мáло-по-мáлу чудóвища исчезáютъ и открывáется предъ тобóй ти́хая и свѣ́тлая поля́на, среди́ котóрой цвѣтётъ зелёный миртъ. Затó бѣдá, éсли на пéрвыхъ шагáхъ сéрдце дрóгнетъ и обернёшься назáдъ!"

24-го іюня.

Сегодня́шній вéчеръ былъ оби́ленъ происшéствіями. Верстáхъ въ трёхъ отъ Кисловóдска, въ ущéльи, гдѣ протекáетъ Подку́мокъ, есть скалá называ́емая Кольцóмъ; éто—воротá, образóванныя природой; они́ подымáются на высóкомъ холмѣ́ и заходя́щее сóлнце сквозь нихъ бросáетъ на міръ свой послѣ́дній, плáменный взглядъ. Многочи́сленная кавалькáда отпрáвилась тудá посмотрѣ́ть на закáтъ сóлнца сквозь кáменное окóшко. Никтó изъ нихъ, по прáвдѣ сказáть, не дýмалъ о сóлнцѣ. Я

Digitized by Google

was riding by the side of the young Princess; on our way back we had to cross the Podkoumok. The mountain-streams, even the smallest, are dangerous here, because their bottom is quite a kaleidoscope; every day it changes by the pressure of waves; where yesterday lay a stone, there is a hole to-day. I took the horse of the young Princess by the bridle, and led it into the water which was not more than knee-deep; we slowly tried to move up the stream, crossing it sideways. It is well known that, in crossing rapid streams, one must not look down on the water, or the head goes round at once. I had forgotten to warn Princess Mary of this. We were already in the middle, where the current was swiftest, when she suddenly began to shift in her saddle. 'I feel unwell,' she said in a faint voice. I quickly bent towards her and put my arm round her slender waist.

'Look up!' I whispered to her; 'it is nothing, only do not be afraid; I am with you.'

She felt better, and tried to free herself from my arm, but I clasped her delicate supple form more firmly; my cheek almost touched hers, I felt the glow from it.

'What are you doing with me? Oh, my God!...' I paid no heed to her trembling and confusion, and pressed my lips upon her delicate cheek. She gave a start, but said nothing; we were the last of the party—no one had seen us. When we gained the shore, the rest set off at a quick trot. The Princess reined in her horse; I remained at her side; my silence obviously perturbed her; I had made up my mind not to utter a word from curiosity. I

Digitized by Google

ѣхалъ вóзлѣ княжны́; возвращáясь домóй, нáдо бы́ло переѣзжáть Подкýмокъ въ бродъ. Гóрныя рѣ́чки сáмыя мéлкія опáсны осóбенно тѣмъ, что дно ихъ совершéнный калейдоскóпъ: кáждый день отъ напóра волнъ онó измѣня́ется: гдѣ́ былъ вчерá кáмень, тамъ ны́ньче я́ма. Я взялъ подъ уздцы́ лóшадь княжны́ и свёлъ её въ вóду, котóрая не былá вы́ше колѣ́нъ; мы тихóнько стáли подвигáться нáискось прóтивъ течéнія. Извѣ́стно, что, проѣзжáя бы́стрыя рѣ́чки, не дóлжно смотрѣ́ть нá воду, и́бо тóтчасъ головá закрýжится. Я забы́лъ объ э́томъ предвари́ть княжнý Мéри. Мы бы́ли ужé на средúнѣ, въ сáмой быстротѣ́, когдá онá вдругъ на седлѣ́ покачнýлась. "Мнѣ дýрно!" проговори́ла онá слáбымъ гóлосомъ. Я бы́стро наклони́лся къ ней, обви́лъ рукóю ея́ ги́бкую тáлію.

— Смотри́те навéрхъ! шепнýлъ я ей; э́то ничегó, тóлько не бóйтесь; я съ вáми.

Ей стáло лýчше; онá хотѣ́ла освободи́ться отъ моéй руки́, но я ещё крѣ́пче обви́лъ ея́ нѣ́жный, мя́гкій станъ; моя́ щекá почти́ касáлась ея́ щеки́, отъ нея́ вѣ́яло плáменемъ.

— Что вы со мнóю дѣ́лаете?... Бóже мой!... Я не обращáлъ внимáнія на ея́ трéпетъ и смущéніе, и гýбы моя́ коснýлись ея́ нѣ́жной щёки; онá вздрóгнула, но ничегó не сказáла; мы э́хали сзáди: никтó не видáлъ. Когдá мы вы́брались нá берегъ, то всѣ́ пусти́лись ры́сью. Княжнá удержáла свою лóшадь; я остáлся вóзлѣ нея́; ви́дно бы́ло, что её безпокóило моё молчáніе; но я поклялся́ не говори́ть ни слóва—изъ любопы́тства. Мнѣ

Digitized by Google

wished to see how she would extricate herself from this perplexing dilemma.

'You either despise me or love me very much!' she said at last in a voice which had tears in it.—'Perhaps you wish to make fun of me, to move my soul, and then to leave me... But this would be so contemptible, so mean, that the bare suspicion— O no! Surely,' she went on, in a tone of tender confidence, 'surely, there is nothing in me which would deprive me of your regard? Your bold behaviour, I must, I must forgive, because I permitted it... Answer, speak! I wish to hear your voice!...'

In the last words there was such feminine impatience, that I could not forbear a smile; luckily it was beginning to grow dark... I made no reply.

'You are silent?' she continued: 'do you, perhaps, wish me to say first that I love you?...'

I was silent.

'Is it this you desire?' she went on, turning round upon me quickly. There was something startling in the decision of her look and voice.

'What made you think so?' replied I, shrugging my shoulders.

She struck her horse with the whip, and began to gallop with all her might along the narrow and dangerous path; this happened so quickly that I could hardly overtake her, and not before she had already joined the rest of the party. Until we reached her house, she laughed and chattered incessantly. There was a feverish excitement in her movements. She never

Digitized by Google

хотѣлось видѣть, какъ она выпутается изъ этого затруднительнаго положенія.

— Или вы меня презираете, или очень любите! сказала она наконецъ голосомъ, въ которомъ были слёзы.—Можетъ-быть, вы хотите посмѣяться надо мной, возмутить мою душу, и потомъ оставить... Это было бы такъ подло, такъ низко, что одно предположеніе... О, нѣтъ! не правда ли, прибавила она голосомъ нѣжной довѣренности: не правда ли, во мнѣ нѣтъ ничего такого, что бы исключало уваженіе? Вашъ дерзкій поступокъ... я должна, я должна вамъ его простить, потому что позволила... Отвѣчайте, говорите же, я хочу слышать вашъ голосъ!...

Въ послѣднихъ словахъ было такое женское нетерпѣніе, что я невольно улыбнулся; къ счастію, начинало смеркаться... Я ничего не отвѣчалъ.

— Вы молчите? продолжала она: вы, можетъ быть, хотите, чтобъ я первая вамъ сказала, что я васъ люблю...

Я молчалъ.

— Хотите ли этого? продолжала она, быстро обратясь ко мнѣ... Въ рѣшительности ея взора и голоса было что-то страшное...

— Зачѣмъ? отвѣчалъ я, пожавъ плечами.

Она ударила хлыстомъ свою лошадь и пустилась во весь духъ по узкой, опасной дорогѣ; это произошло такъ скоро, что я едва могъ ее догонять, и то, когда ужъ она присоединилась къ остальному обществу. До самаго дома она говорила и смѣялась поминутно. Въ ея движеніяхъ было что-то лихорадочное; на меня не

Digitized by Google

once looked at me. Everybody noticed her unwonted gaiety. And the mother inwardly rejoiced at the sight of her dear daughter, but the dear daughter had simply a nervous attack: she will pass a sleepless night and is sure to cry. This thought gives me inexpressible delight: there are moments when I can understand the vampire... And still I am thought a good fellow, and I try to deserve the name!

Dismounting, the ladies went in to the Princess; I was excited, and galloped into the mountains, to drive away the thoughts which thronged in my head. The dewy evening breathed a refreshing coolness. The moon rose behind the dark mountain-peaks. Every step of my unshod horse echoed dull in the silent ravines. At the waterfall I watered my horse; I eagerly inhaled the bracing air of the southern night and at last turned back. I rode through the little village. The lights were beginning to go out in the windows; the sentinels on the ramparts of the fortress and the Cossacks on guard in the neighbourhood called to one another in a drawling voice.

In one of the houses of the village, which were scattered along the edge of the ravine, I perceived an unusual illumination; loud talk and shouts rang out now and again, showing that it was soldiers' revel. I alighted and stealthily walked to the window; a badly closed shutter allowed me to see the revellers and to overhear their words. They were talking about me.

The Captain of dragoons, flushed with wine, knocked his fist on the table, and called for attention.

'Gentlemen!' said he, 'all this is nonsense. Petchorin must be taught a lesson! These Petersburg dandies are

Digitized by Google

взглянула ни разу. Всѣ замѣтили эту необыкновенную весёлость. И княгиня внутренно радовалась, глядя на свою дочку; а у дочки просто нервическій припадокъ: она проведётъ ночь безъ сна и будетъ плакать. Эта мысль мнѣ доставляетъ необъятное наслажденіе: есть минуты, когда я понимаю Вампира... А ещё слыву добрымъ малымъ и добиваюсь этого названія!

Слѣзши съ лошадей, дамы вошли къ княгинѣ; я былъ взволнованъ и поскакалъ въ горы развѣять мысли, толпившіяся въ головѣ моей. Росистый вечеръ дышалъ упоительной прохладой. Луна подымалась изъ-за тёмныхъ вершинъ. Каждый шагъ моей некованной лошади глухо раздавался въ молчаніи ущелій; у водопада я напоилъ коня, жадно вдохнулъ въ себя раза два свѣжій воздухъ южной ночи и пустился въ обратный путь. Я ѣхалъ черезъ слободку. Огни начинали угасать въ окнахъ; часовые на валу крѣпости и казаки на окрестныхъ пикетахъ протяжно перекликались...

Въ одномъ изъ домовъ слободки, построенномъ на краю оврага, замѣтилъ я чрезвычайное освѣщеніе; по временамъ раздавался нестройный говоръ и крики, изобличавшіе военную пирушку. Я слѣзъ и подкрался къ окну; неплотно притворенный ставень позволилъ мнѣ видѣть пирующихъ и разслушать ихъ слова. Говорили обо мнѣ.

Драгунскій капитанъ, разгорячённый виномъ, ударилъ по столу кулакомъ, требуя вниманія.

— Господа! сказалъ онъ, это ни на что похоже. Печорина надо проучить! Эти петербургскія слётки

Digitized by Google

always overbearing, till you pull their noses. He thinks that nobody else has lived the world, because he always wears polished boots and clean gloves.'

'And what a supercilious smile he has! But with all that I am convinced that he is a coward—yes, a coward!'

'I think as you do,' said Grushnitzky,—'he likes to get out of a difficulty with a joke. I once told him such things as would have made any other man cut me to pieces on the spot, but Petchorin took it all on the humorous side. I naturally did not challenge him, as that was not my business; and he did not care to take it up.'

'Grushnitzky is angry with him because he has cut him out with the young Princess,' said someone.

'What an idea! I did indeed flirt a little with the young Princess, but I soon gave it up, because I have no mind to marry, and to compromise a young lady is against my principles.'

'Yes, I can assure you, he is the greatest coward, that is Petchorin, not Grushnitzky,—Grushnitzky is a brave fellow, and besides he is my sincere friend!' said the Captain of dragoons again.

'Gentlemen, is there no one here to take his part? No one? So much the better! do you desire to test his bravery? It will amuse you.'

'We should like it; but how?'

'You just listen: Grushnitzky is particularly incensed

Digitized by Google

всегда́ зазнаю́тся, пока́ ихъ не уда́ришь по́ носу! Онъ ду́маетъ, что онъ то́лько оди́нъ и жилъ на свѣ́тѣ, оттого́, что но́ситъ всегда́ чи́стыя перча́тки вы́чищенные сапоги́.

— И что за надме́нная улы́бка! А я увѣ́ренъ, ме́жду тѣмъ, что онъ трусъ,—да, трусъ!

— Я ду́маю то́-же, сказа́лъ Грушни́цкій.—Онъ лю́битъ отшу́чиваться. Я разъ ему́ таки́хъ вещей наговори́лъ, что друго́й бы меня́ изруби́лъ на мѣстѣ, а Печо́ринъ всё обрати́лъ въ смѣшну́ю сто́рону. Я, разумѣ́ется, его́ не вы́звалъ, потому́ что э́то бы́ло его́ дѣ́ло; да не хотѣ́лъ и свя́зываться...

— Грушни́цкій на него́ золъ зато́, что онъ отби́лъ у него́ княжну́, сказа́лъ кто́-то.

— Вотъ ещё что взду́мали! Я, пра́вда, немно́жка волочи́лся за княжно́й, да и то́тчасъ отста́лъ, потому́ что не хочу́ жени́ться, а компромети́ровать дѣ́вушку не въ мои́хъ пра́вилахъ.

— Да, я васъ увѣря́ю, что онъ первѣ́йшій трусъ, то есть Печо́ринъ, а не Грушни́цкій,—а Грушни́цкій молоде́цъ, и прито́мъ онъ мой и́стинный другъ! сказа́лъ опя́ть драгу́нскій капита́нъ.

— Господа́! никто́ здѣсь его́ не защища́етъ? Никто́? Тѣмъ лу́чше! хоти́те испыта́ть его́ хра́брость? Это васъ позаба́витъ...

— Хоти́мъ; то́лько какъ?

— А вотъ слу́шайте: Грушни́цкій на него́ осо́бенно

Digitized by Google

against him—he must play the first part. He will seek to make a pretext of some folly or other, and challenge Petchorin to fight a duel... Allow me to explain; this is the joke... He will challenge him to fight a duel: very well! All this, the challenge, the preparations, the conditions, must be made as solemn, and as terrifying as possible—this is my business; I shall be your second, my poor friend! Very well! Now you will see the real fun: we shall put no bullets in the pistols. I wager that Petchorin will be frightened—at six paces distance I shall place them. Zounds! Are you agreed, gentlemen?'

'A splendid idea! We are agreed! And why not?' they all cried.

'And you, Grushnitzky?'

I waited with some excitement to hear Grushnitzky's answer; a fit of cold indignation overcame me at the thought, that but for a chance I might have become the laughing-stock of these fools. If Grushnitzky refused to comply, I felt that I could have embraced him. But after a short silence, he got up from his seat, offered his hand to the Captain, and said with much importance: 'Very well, I agree.' It is difficult to describe the delight of the whole honourable company. I returned home, agitated by two different feelings. The one was sorrow. 'Why should they all hate me?' I thought. 'Why? Have I offended any of them? No. Or do I belong to that class of men, whom one glance makes you dislike?'

And then I felt bitter hate taking possession of my

Digitized by Google

сердитъ—ему первая роль! Онъ придерётся къ какой-нибудь глупости и вызоветъ Печорина на дуэль... Погодите; вотъ въ этомъ-то и шутка... Вызоветъ на дуэль: хорошо! Всё это — вызовъ, приготовленія, условія, будетъ какъ можно торжественнѣе и ужаснѣе—я за это берусь; я буду твоимъ секундантомъ, мой бѣдный другъ! Хорошо! Только вотъ гдѣ закорючка: въ пистолеты мы не положимъ пуль. Ужъ я вамъ отвѣчаю, что Печоринъ струситъ—на шести шагахъ ихъ поставлю, чортъ возьми! Согласны ли, господа?

— Славно придумано!... Согласны!... Почему же нѣтъ?... раздалось со всѣхъ сторонъ.

— А ты, Грушницкій?

Я съ трепетомъ ждалъ отвѣта Грушницкаго; холодная злость овладѣла мною при мысли, что если бъ не случай, то я могъ бы сдѣлаться посмѣшищемъ этихъ дураковъ. Если бъ Грушницкій не согласился, я бросился бъ ему на шею. Но послѣ нѣкотораго молчанія, онъ всталъ съ своего мѣста, протянулъ руку капитану и сказалъ очень важно: "хорошо, я согласенъ!" Трудно описать восторгъ всей честной компаніи. Я вернулся домой, волнуемый двумя различными чувствами. Первое было грусть. "За что они всѣ меня ненавидятъ?" думалъ я.—"За что? Обидѣлъ ли я кого-нибудь? Нѣтъ. Неужели я принадлежу къ числу тѣхъ людей, которыхъ одинъ видъ ужъ порождаетъ недоброжелательство?"

И я чувствовалъ, что ядовитая злость мало-по-малу

Digitized by Google

soul little by little. 'Take care, Mr Grushnitzky!' exclaimed I, pacing up and down the room: 'I do not allow such trifling with me. You may have to pay dearly for the applause of your stupid comrades. I am no butt for you!'

I did not sleep the whole night. In the morning I was yellow as an orange.

Later on I met the young Princess at the wells.

'Are you ill?' she enquired with a searching look.

'I did not sleep last night.'

'And neither did I... I accused you... perhaps wrongly?'

'But do explain yourself: I can pardon you anything.'

'Anything?'

'Yes, anything... only speak the truth... and that quickly... You see, I thought a great deal in order to justify your behaviour: it may be you fear opposition from my family... nothing of the sort: when they hear of it' (her voice began to tremble) 'I will win them over. Or is it your own position? Be assured that I can readily sacrifice anything for him whom I love. Oh, do answer quickly... do have pity—you despise me, do you not?'

She took hold of my hand.

Digitized by Google

наполнила мою душу. "Берегитесь, господинъ Грушницкій!" говорилъ я, прохаживаясь взадъ и впередъ по комнатѣ: "со мной этакъ не шутятъ. Вы дорого можете заплатить за одобреніе вашихъ глупыхъ товарищей. Я вамъ не игрушка!..."

Я не спалъ всю ночь. Къ утру я былъ желтъ, какъ померанецъ.

Поутру я встрѣтилъ княжну у колодца.

— Вы больны? сказала она, пристально посмотрѣвъ на меня.

— Я не спалъ ночь.

— И я также... Я васъ обвиняла... можетъ-быть, напрасно?

— Но объясните, я могу вамъ простить всё...

— Всё ли?...

— Всё... только говорите правду... только скорѣе... Видите ли, я много думала, стараясь объяснить, оправдать ваше поведеніе: можетъ-быть, вы боитесь препятствій со стороны моихъ родныхъ... это ничего: когда они узнаютъ... (ея голосъ задрожалъ) я ихъ упрошу. Или ваше собственное положеніе... но знайте, что я всѣмъ могу пожертвовать для того, котораго люблю... О, отвѣчайте скорѣй—сжальтесь... вы меня не презираете—не правда ли?

Она схватила меня за руку.

Digitized by Google

The old Princess was walking in front of us with Vera's husband, and saw nothing, yet we might have been observed by the lounging invalids, the most inquisitive gossips of all the inquisitive people, and therefore I quickly freed my hand from her passionate grasp.

'I will tell you the whole truth,' I said to the young Princess; 'I shall neither excuse nor explain my conduct: I do not love you.'

Her lips turned slightly pale.

'Leave me,' she whispered almost inaudibly. I shrugged my shoulders, turned and walked away.

25TH JUNE.

I sometimes despise myself... Is that perhaps the reason why I despise others? I have become incapable of generous emotions; I fear to seem ridiculous to myself. Another man in my place would have offered the young Princess *son cœur et sa fortune*; but the very idea of marriage exercises over me a magic power; however passionately I may love a woman, yet, as soon as she in any way makes me feel that I must marry her—farewell, love! my heart turns to a stone, and nothing can wake it again. I am ready for any sacrifice except this. I would rather risk my life twenty times, even stake my honour; but my liberty I will not sell. Why do I hold it so precious? What does it yield me? Where shall I flee one day? What is it that I expect from the future?—Indeed, nothing. It is some inborn fear, an inexplicable foreboding... Are there not

Digitized by Google

Княги́ня шла впереди́ насъ съ мужемъ Вѣры и ничего́ не вида́ла; но насъ могли́ ви́дѣть гуля́ющіе больны́е, са́мые любопы́тные сплѣ́тники изъ всѣхъ любопы́тныхъ, и я бы́стро освободи́лъ свою́ руку отъ ея́ стра́стнаго пожа́тія.

— Я вамъ скажу́ всю и́стину, отвѣча́лъ я княжнѣ́: не бу́ду опра́вдываться, ни объясня́ть свои́хъ посту́пковъ: я васъ не люблю́.

Ея́ гу́бы слегка́ поблѣднѣ́ли.

— Оста́вьте меня́ сказа́ла она́ едва́ вня́тно. Я пожа́лъ плеча́ми, поверну́лся и ушёлъ.

25-го іюня.

Я иногда́ себя́ презира́ю... Не оттого́ ли я презира́ю и други́хъ?... Я сталъ неспосо́бенъ къ благоро́днымъ поры́вамъ; я бою́сь показа́ться смѣшны́мъ самому́ себѣ́. Друго́й бы, на моёмъ мѣстѣ, предложи́лъ княжнѣ́ son cœur et sa fortune; но на́до мно́ю сло́во жени́ться—имѣ́етъ каку́ю-то волшёбную власть: какъ бы стра́стно я ни люби́лъ же́нщину, е́сли она́ мнѣ дастъ то́лько почу́вствовать, что я до́лженъ на ней жени́ться—прости́ любо́вь! моё се́рдце превраща́ется въ ка́мень, и ничто́ его́ не разогрѣ́етъ сно́ва. Я гото́въ на всѣ же́ртвы, кро́мѣ э́той; два́дцать разъ жизнь свою́, да́же честь поста́влю на ка́рту... но свобо́ды моёй не прода́мъ. Отчего́ я такъ дрожу́ е́ю? что мнѣ въ ней? куда́ я себя́ гото́влю? чего́ я жду отъ бу́дущаго?... Пра́во, ро́вно ничего́. Это како́й-то врождённый страхъ неизъясни́мое предчу́вствіе... Вѣдь есть

Digitized by Google

people who are afraid of spiders, moths, or mice, without any reason?... Shall I confess? When I was a little boy, an old woman prophesied to my mother: she predicted that I should die by the hand of a bad wife: this even then made a deep impression upon me; there arose in me an inveterate dislike to marriage... In the meantime a something tells me that the prediction will be fulfilled; but I will strive at least to put it off as long as possible.

26TH JUNE.

Yesterday the juggler Apfelbaum arrived here. On the door of the hotel was a long placard announcing to the highly respected public the arrival of the above-named celebrated juggler, acrobat, professor of chemistry, and optician, and that he will have the honour, this evening, at eight o'clock, to give a brilliant entertainment in the aristocratic hall (otherwise—the common hotel); tickets two roubles and a half.

Every one is going to see the marvellous juggler; even Princess Ligofska, though her daughter is ill, has taken a ticket for herself.

After dinner I passed Vera's window; she was sitting alone on the balcony; a small note fell down at my feet.

'This evening at ten, come up by the front stairs; my husband has gone to Pyatigorsk and returns to-morrow morning. None of my servants will be at home; I have

Digitized by Google

люди, котóрые безотчётно боятся паукóвъ, таракáновъ, мышéй... Признáться ли? Когдá я былъ ещё ребёнкомъ, однá старýха гадáла про менá моéй мáтери; онá предсказáла мнѣ смерть отъ злой жены́; óто менá тогдá глубокó поразúло: въ душѣ́ моéй родилóсь непреодолúмое отвращéніе къ женúтьбѣ... Мéжду тѣ́мъ чтó-то мнѣ говорúтъ, что еѐ предсказáніе сбýдется; по крáйней мѣ́рѣ бýду старáться, чтобъ онó сбылóсь какъ мóжно пóзже.

26-го іюня.

Вчерá пріѣ́халъ сюдá фóкусникъ Апфельбаýмъ. На дверя́хъ ресторáціи явúлась длúнная афúшка, извѣщáющая почтéннѣйшую пýблику о томъ, что вышеименóванный удивúтельный фóкусникъ акробáтъ, хúмикъ и óптикъ, бýдетъ имѣ́ть честь дать великолѣ́пное представлéніе сегóдняшняго числá въ вóсемь часóвъ вéчера, въ зáлѣ благорóднаго собрáнія (инáче—въ ресторáціи); билéты по два рублá съ полтúной.

Всѣ собирáются идтú смотрѣ́ть удивúтельнаго фóкусника; дáже княгúня Лúговская, не смотрá на то, что дочь еѐ больнá, взялá для себя́ билéтъ.

Нынче пóслѣ обѣ́да я шёлъ мúмо óконъ Вѣ́ры; онá сидѣ́ла на балкóнѣ однá; къ ногáмъ моúмъ упáла запúска:

"Сегóдня въ деся́томъ часý вéчера приходú ко мнѣ по большóй лѣ́стницѣ; мужъ мой уѣ́халъ въ Пятигóрскъ, и зáвтра ýтромъ тóлько вернётся. Моúхъ людéй и гóрничныхъ не бýдетъ въ дóмѣ; я имъ всѣмъ раздалá

Digitized by Google

given tickets to all of them, even to the attendants of the Princess.—I expect you; come without fail.'

'Aha!' thought I, 'at last I have gained my point.'

At eight o'clock I went to see the juggler; the audience arrived at about nine; the performance began. In the back seats I recognised the servants belonging to Vera and the Princess; every one of them was there. Grushnitzky was occupying a front seat, with his eye-glass; the juggler always applied to him whenever he required a handkerchief, a watch, a ring, and so forth.

Grushnitzky has quite 'cut' me for the last few days, but to-day he looked at me once or twice rather impertinently. Well, I shall remember it all, when the day of reckoning comes.

Close upon ten I got up and left the place.

The night was very dark, so that you could not see your hand before your eyes. Heavy dank clouds enveloped the heights of the surrounding mountains; now and then only a dying breeze rustled through the tops of the poplars surrounding the hotel, at the windows of which a crowd was congregated. I descended the hill, and turning to the gate, quickened my steps. Suddenly I thought I heard steps behind me. I stopped and looked about me. In the dark nothing could be made out; yet I took the precaution to go several times round the house, as if taking a walk. As I passed the windows of the Princess, I again heard steps behind me; a man wrapt in a cloak passed me. This alarmed me; nevertheless I stealthily reached the staircase, and hurried up the dark steps. The door opened; a small hand grasped mine...

Digitized by Google

билéты, тáкже и лю́дямъ княги́ни.—Я жду тебя́; приходи́ непремѣ́нно."

"Агá!" подýмалъ я, "наконéцъ-таки вы́шло по мóему."

Въ вóсемь часóвъ пошёлъ я смотрѣ́ть фóкусника. Пýблика собралáсь въ исхóдѣ девя́таго; представлéніе началóсь. Въ зáднихъ рядáхъ стýльевъ узнáлъ я лакéевъ и гóрничныхъ Вѣ́ры и княги́ни. Всѣ́ бы́ли тутъ наперечётъ. Грушни́цкій сидѣ́лъ въ пéрвомъ ряду́ съ лорнéтомъ. Фóкусникъ обращáлся къ нему́ вся́кій разъ, какъ ему́ нýженъ былъ носовóй платóкъ, часы́, кольцó и прóч.

Грушни́цкій мнѣ́ не клáняется ужъ нѣ́сколько врéмени, а ны́ньче рáза два посмотрѣ́лъ на меня́ довóльно дéрзко. Всё óто ему́ припóмнится, когдá намъ придётся расплáчиваться.

Въ исхóдѣ деся́таго я всталъ и вы́шелъ.

На дворѣ́ бы́ло темнó, хоть глазъ вы́коли. Тяжёлыя, холóдныя тýчи лежáли на верши́нахъ окрéстныхъ горъ; лишь и́зрѣдка умирáющій вѣ́теръ шумѣ́лъ верши́нами тополéй, окружáющихъ ресторáцію; у óконъ ея́ толпи́лся нарóдъ. Я спусти́лся съ горы́ и, повернýвъ въ ворóта, прибáвилъ шáгу. Вдругъ мнѣ́ показáлось, что ктó-то идётъ за мнóю. Я останови́лся и осмотрѣ́лся. Въ темнотѣ́ ничегó нельзя́ бы́ло разглядѣ́ть; однáко я, изъ осторóжности, обошёлъ, бýдто гуля́я, вокрýгъ дóма. Проходя́ ми́мо óконъ княжны́, я услы́шалъ снóва шаги́ за собóю; человѣ́къ, завёрнутый въ шинéль, пробѣжáлъ ми́мо меня́. Это меня́ встревóжило; однáко я прокрáлся къ крыльцý и поспѣ́шно взбѣжáлъ на тёмную лѣ́стницу. Дверь отвори́лась, мáленькая рýчка схвати́ла мою́ рýку...

Digitized by Google

'I trust no one has seen you?' Vera whispered, coming up close to me.

'Nobody.'

'Now do you believe that I love you? Oh! I have long hesitated, long struggled with myself—but you make me do whatever you like.'

Her heart beat high, her hands were as cold as ice. Now began her jealous reproaches, complaints; she wanted me to confess everything to her, saying that she would bear my faithlessness with resignation, as she wished solely my happiness. This I did not at all believe, but I pacified her by oaths, promises, &c.

'Then you are not going to marry Mary? You do not love her?... But she thinks... do you know that she is madly in love with you, poor thing?'

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

At about two o'clock in the night, I opened the window, tied two shawls together and let myself down from the upper to the lower balcony, holding fast to the railing. In the room of the young Princess a light was still burning. Something attracted me to that window. The blinds were not quite down, so that I could satisfy my curiosity in looking into the room. Mary was sitting upon her bed, her hands crossed on her knees; her luxuriant hair was gathered up under a cap embroidered with lace; a large crimson handkerchief covered her white shoulders, and her small foot was hidden in Persian slippers of many colours.

Digitized by Google

— Никто́ тебя́ не вида́лъ? сказа́ла шо́потомъ Ве́ра, прижа́вшись ко мнѣ.

— Никто́.

— Тепе́рь ты ве́ришь ли, что я тебя́ люблю́? О! я до́лго колеба́лась, до́лго му́чилась... но ты изъ меня́ де́лаешь, всё что хо́чешь.

Ея́ се́рдце си́льно би́лось, ру́ки бы́ли хо́лодны, какъ лёдъ. Начали́сь упрёки ре́вности, жа́лобы; она́ тре́бовала отъ меня́, чтобъ я ей во всёмъ призна́лся, говоря́, что она́ съ поко́рностью перенесётъ мою́ изме́ну, потому́ что хо́четъ еди́ственно моего́ сча́стія. Я э́тому не совсѣ́мъ ве́рилъ, но успоко́илъ её кля́твами, обѣща́ніями и про́ч.

— Такъ ты не же́нишься на Ме́ри? не лю́бишь её?... А она́ ду́маетъ... зна́ешь ли, она́ влюблена́ въ тебя́ до безу́мія, бѣдня́жка!...

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Около двухъ часо́въ пополу́ночи я отвори́лъ окно́ и, связа́въ двѣ ша́ли, спусти́лся съ ве́рхняго балко́на на ни́жній, приде́рживаясь за коло́нну. У княжны́ ещё горѣ́лъ ого́нь. Что́-то меня́ толкну́ло къ э́тому окну́. За́навѣсъ былъ не совсѣ́мъ задёрнутъ, и я могъ бро́сить любопы́тный взглядъ во вну́тренность ко́маты. Ме́ри сидѣ́ла на свое́й посте́ли, скрести́въ на колѣ́няхъ ру́ки; ея́ густы́я во́лосы бы́ли со́браны подъ ночны́мъ че́пчикомъ, обши́тымъ кружева́ми; большо́й пунцо́вый плато́къ покрыва́лъ ея́ бѣ́лыя пле́чики и ма́ленькая но́жка пря́талась въ пёстрыхъ персидскихъ ту́фляхъ.

Digitized by Google

She sat quietly, her head bent down; at her side, on a little table, lay an open book, but her eyes, filled with inexpressible grief, perused the same page for the hundredth time, whilst her thoughts were far away.

At this moment someone was moving in the bushes. I jumped from the balcony on the turf. An invisible hand laid hold of my shoulder.

'Aha!' said a coarse voice:—'caught!... I'll teach you to visit Princesses at night!'

'Hold him fast,' shouted another man, emerging from a nook.

It was Grushnitzky and the Captain of dragoons. The latter I struck a heavy blow on the head, which brought him to the ground, after which I made for the bushes. All the foot-paths of the garden covering the gentle slope between our houses were well known to me.

'Thieves! Police!...' they shouted; a shot was fired, the wadding fell smoking almost at my feet.

In less than a minute I had reached my room, undressed, and lain down. My servant had scarcely bolted the door, when Grushnitzky and the Captain knocked at it.

'Petchorin! are you asleep? are you here?' shouted the Captain.

'Yes,' I replied angrily.

'Get up! Thieves! Circassians...'

'I have a chill,' I replied, 'and am afraid to catch cold.'

Digitized by Google

Она́ сидѣ́ла неподви́жно, опусти́въ го́лову на грудь; предъ не́ю на сто́ликѣ была́ раскры́тая кни́га, но глаза́ ея́, неподви́жные и по́лные неизъясни́мой гру́сти, каза́лось, въ со́тый разъ пробѣга́ли одну́ и ту же страни́цу, тогда́ какъ мы́сли ея́ бы́ли далеко́...

Въ э́ту мину́ту кто́-то шевельну́лся за кусто́мъ. Я спры́гнулъ съ балко́на на дёрнъ. Неви́димая рука́ схвати́ла меня́ за плечо́:

— Ага́! сказа́лъ гру́бый го́лосъ:—попа́лся!... бу́дешь у меня́ къ княжна́мъ ходи́ть но́чью!

— Держи́ его́ крѣ́пче! закрича́лъ друго́й, вы́скочившій изъ-за угла́.

Это бы́ли Грушни́цкій и драгу́нскій капита́нъ. Я уда́рилъ послѣ́дняго по головѣ́ кулако́мъ, сшибъ его́ съ ногъ и бро́сился въ кусты́. Всѣ́ тропи́нки са́да, покрыва́вшаго отло́гость про́тивъ на́шихъ домо́въ, бы́ли мнѣ́ извѣ́стны.

— Во́ры!... карау́лъ!... крича́ли они́; разда́лся ружѣ́йный вы́стрѣлъ; дымя́щійся пыжъ упа́лъ почти́ къ моимъ нога́мъ.

Че́резъ ми́нуту я былъ уже́ въ своей ко́мнатѣ, раздѣ́лся и лёгъ. Едва́ мой лакей за́перъ дверь на замо́къ, какъ ко мнѣ на́чали стуча́ться Грушни́цкій и капита́нъ.

— Печо́ринъ! вы спи́те? здѣ́сь вы?... закрича́лъ капита́нъ.

— Сплю, отвѣча́лъ я серди́то.

— Встава́йте!—во́ры... черке́сы...

— У меня́ на́сморкъ, отвѣча́лъ я; боюсь простуди́ться.

Digitized by Google

They went away. My answer was wasted on them: they may have searched for me another hour in the garden. Meanwhile a tremendous alarm was raised. A Cossack galloped at full speed from the fortress. Everything was in a commotion, a search was made for the Circassians in the bushes,—and as a matter of course nobody was found. Yet, many people were convinced that had the garrison shown greater courage and energy, they would have killed at least a round score of robbers on the spot.

27TH JUNE.

This morning at the well, nothing is talked of but the night attack of the Circassians. Having drunk the prescribed number of glasses of Narsan, and after having walked about a dozen times along the Linden Avenue, I met Vera's husband, who had only just returned from Pyatigorsk. He took my arm and we went to the hotel to breakfast; he was very uneasy about his wife. 'How frightened she must have been last night,' said he, 'that such a thing should have happened whilst I was away!'

We sat down to breakfast near the door which led to a side-room, in which were about ten young men, among whom was Grushnitzky. For the second time Fortune gave me a chance of overhearing a conversation, which was to decide his fate. He did not see me, and consequently I could not think that he entertained any designed intention to slander me, but precisely this circumstance augmented his guilt in my eyes.

Digitized by Google

Они́ ушли́. Напра́сно я имъ откли́кнулся: они́ бъ ещё съ часъ проска́ли меня́ въ саду́. Трево́га, ме́жду тѣмъ, сдѣ́лалась ужа́сная. Изъ крѣ́пости прискака́лъ каза́къ. Всё зашевели́лось; ста́ли иска́ть черке́совъ во всѣхъ куста́хъ—и, разумѣ́ется, ничего́ не нашли́. Но мно́гіе, вѣроя́тно, оста́лись въ твёрдомъ убѣжде́ніи, что е́сли бъ гарнизо́нъ показа́лъ бо́лѣе хра́брости и поспѣ́шности, то по кра́йней мѣ́рѣ деся́тка два хи́щниковъ оста́лись бы на мѣ́стѣ.

27-го іюня.

Ны́ньче по утру́ у коло́дца то́лько и бы́ло то́лковъ, что о ночно́мъ нападе́ніи черке́совъ. Вы́пивши поло́женное число́ стака́новъ нарза́на, пройдя́сь разъ де́сять по дли́нной ли́повой алле́ѣ, я встрѣ́тилъ му́жа Вѣ́ры, кото́рый то́лько-что пріѣ́халъ изъ Пятиго́рска. Онъ взялъ меня́ по́дъ-руку, и мы пошли́ въ рестора́цію за́втракать; онъ ужа́сно безпоко́ился о женѣ́. "Какъ она́ перепуга́лась ны́ньче но́чью!" говори́лъ онъ: "вѣдь на́добно жъ, чтобъ э́то случи́лось и́менно тогда́, какъ я въ отсу́тствіи."

Мы усѣ́лись за́втракать во́злѣ две́ри, веду́щей въ угловую́ ко́мнату, гдѣ́ находи́лось человѣ́къ де́сять молодёжи, въ числѣ́ кото́рой былъ и Грушни́цкій. Судьба́ втори́чно доста́вила мнѣ́ слу́чай подслу́шать разгово́ръ, кото́рый до́лженъ былъ рѣши́ть его́ у́часть. Онъ меня́ не вида́лъ и, слѣ́дственно я не могъ подозрѣва́ть его́ у́мысла; но э́то то́лько увели́чивало его́ вину́ въ мои́хъ глаза́хъ.

Digitized by Google

'But could it really have been Circassians?' somebody said.

'Has anyone seen them?'

'I shall tell you the whole truth,' replied Grushnitzky, 'but you must not betray me. It happened thus: Yesterday evening a man came to me whom I will not mention, saying that at ten o'clock in the evening he had seen a person sneaking into the house of Princess Ligofska. Now we must not forget that the Princess was here, but her daughter was at home. Well, I went with the man, and stayed under the window to watch the happy man.' I must confess I was startled, although my companion was quite engrossed with his breakfast; if Grushnitzky had guessed aright, the old gentleman might have heard things rather disagreeable to him; but blinded by passion, Grushnitzky did not even surmise what had happened.

'Well, you see,' continued Grushnitzky, 'we went there with a pistol, which was only loaded with shot, to give him a fright. We waited in the garden for about two hours. At last he made his appearance, but from where, God only knows; surely not from the window, because it was not opened: he must therefore have come from the glass-door behind the columns. At last, I say, we saw somebody descending from the balcony... What a Princess—eh? Well, we all know your Moscow ladies! After such things, whom can one trust? We were on the point of catching him, but he escaped, and ran like a hare into the thicket; then I shot at him.'

Digitized by Google

— Да неужели въ самомъ дѣлѣ это были черкесы? сказалъ кто-то.

— Видѣлъ ли ихъ кто-нибудь?

— Я вамъ разскажу всю истину, отвѣчалъ Грушницкій; только пожалуйста не выдавайте меня. Вотъ какъ это было: вчера одинъ человѣкъ, котораго я вамъ не назову, приходитъ ко мнѣ и разсказываетъ, что видѣлъ въ десятомъ часу вечера, какъ кто-то прокрался въ домъ къ Лиговскимъ. Надо вамъ замѣтить, что княгиня была здѣсь, а княжна дома. Вотъ мы съ нимъ и отправились подъ окна, чтобъ подстеречь счастливца. Признаюсь, я испугался, хотя мой собесѣдникъ очень былъ занятъ своимъ завтракомъ: онъ могъ услышать вещи для себя довольно непріятныя, если бъ неравно Грушницкій отгадалъ истину; но, ослѣплённый ревностью, онъ и не подозрѣвалъ ея.

— Вотъ видите ли, продолжалъ Грушницкій:—мы и отправились, взявши съ собой ружьё, заряженное холостымъ патрономъ, только такъ, чтобъ попугать. До двухъ часовъ ждали въ саду. Наконецъ—ужъ Богъ знаетъ откуда онъ явился, только не изъ окна, потому что оно не отворялось, а должно быть онъ вышелъ въ стеклянную дверь, что за колонной,—наконецъ, говорю я, видимъ мы, сходитъ кто-то съ балкона... Какова княжна?—а? Ну, ужъ признаюсь, московскія барышни! Послѣ этого чему же можно вѣрить? Мы хотѣли его схватить, только онъ вырвался и, какъ заяцъ, бросился въ кусты; тутъ я по нёмъ выстрѣлилъ.

Digitized by Google

An incredulous murmur interrupted Grushnitzky's narrative.

'You do not believe it?' continued he: 'I give you my sacred word of honour, that all this is the real truth, and to prove it I shall even name to you that fine gentleman.'

'Let us hear it, let us hear it,' exclaimed several voices.

'Petchorin,' answered Grushnitzky. At this very moment he looked up—I stood before him at the door; his face flushed red. I went up to him, and said slowly and distinctly:

'I am very sorry that I came in only after you had pledged your word of honour to the most atrocious calumny. My presence might have kept you from this added baseness.'

Grushnitzky jumped up from his seat and was going to fly into a passion.

'I must beg you,' continued I in the same manner, 'immediately to retract your words; you know very well, that it is an invention of yours. I should not have thought that the indifference of a lady to your brilliant accomplishments would meet with a revenge so base. Consider well, if you persist, you will lose your right to the name of an honourable man, and risk your life.'

Grushnitzky stood abashed before me and in great agitation. But the struggle between conscience and vanity

Digitized by Google

Вокругъ Грушницкаго раздался ропотъ недовѣрчивости.

— Вы не вѣрите? продолжалъ онъ: даю вамъ честное, благородное слово, что всё это сущая правда, и въ доказательство я вамъ, пожалуй, назову этого господина.

— Скажи, скажи, кто жъ онъ! раздалось со всѣхъ сторонъ.

— Печоринъ, отвѣчалъ Грушницкій. Въ эту минуту онъ поднялъ глаза—я стоялъ въ дверяхъ противъ него; онъ ужасно покраснѣлъ. Я подошёлъ къ нему и сказалъ медленно и внятно:

— Мнѣ очень жаль, что я вошёлъ послѣ того, какъ вы ужъ дали честное слово въ подтвержденіе самой отвратительной клеветы. Моё присутствіе избавило бы васъ отъ лишней подлости.

Грушницкій вскочилъ съ своего мѣста и хотѣлъ разгорячиться.

— Прошу васъ, продолжалъ я тѣмъ же тономъ:— прошу васъ сейчасъ же отказаться отъ вашихъ словъ; вы очень хорошо знаете, что это выдумка. Я не думаю, чтобъ равнодушіе женщины къ вашимъ блестящимъ достоинствамъ заслуживало такое ужасное мщеніе. Подумайте хорошенько: поддерживая ваше мнѣніе, вы теряете право на имя благороднаго человѣка и рискуете жизнью.

Грушницкій стоялъ передо мною, опустивъ глаза, въ сильномъ волненіи. Но борьба совѣсти съ самолюбіемъ

Digitized by Google

was not long. The Captain of dragoons, who was sitting near him, nudged him with his elbow; he gave a start, and answered hurriedly, without lifting his eyes:

'My dear Sir, when I say a thing, I believe it, and am ready to repeat it. I am not afraid of your threats, and am ready to take the consequences.'

'The latter you have already proved,' replied I coolly, taking the arm of the Captain of dragoons, and retiring with him.

'What do you want?' asked the Captain.

'You are Grushnitzky's friend, and probably will act as his second.'

The Captain bowed most ceremoniously.

'You have guessed aright,' he replied; 'it is even my duty to act as his second because the insult cast on him concerns me too; I was with him last night,' added he, drawing himself up.

'Then it was you to whom I gave that hard blow on the head.'

His face grew first yellow, then blue: a look of malice showed itself on his countenance.

'I shall have the honour to send you to-day my second,' added I, courteously bowing, and pretending not to see his rage.

On the steps of the hotel I met Vera's husband; he seemed to have been waiting for me.

He grasped my hand with warmth almost bordering on enthusiasm.

Digitized by Google

была́ непродолжи́тельна. Драгу́нскій капита́нъ, сидѣ́вшій во́злѣ него́, толкну́лъ его́ по ло́ктемъ; онъ вздро́гнулъ и бы́стро отвѣча́ль мнѣ, не подыма́я глазъ:

— Ми́лостивый госуда́рь, когда́ я что́ говорю́, такъ я э́то ду́маю, и гото́въ повтори́ть... Я не бою́сь ва́шихъ угро́зъ и гото́въ на всё.

— Послѣ́днее вы ужъ доказа́ли, отвѣча́лъ я ему́ хо́лодно, и, взявъ по́дъ руку драгу́нскаго капита́на, вы́шелъ изъ ко́мнаты.

— Что вамъ уго́дно? спроси́лъ капита́нъ.

— Вы пріятель Грушни́цкаго и, вѣроя́тно, бу́дете его́ секунда́нтомъ?

Капита́нъ поклони́лся о́чень ва́жно.

— Вы отгада́ли, отвѣча́лъ онъ:—я да́же обя́занъ быть его́ секунда́нтомъ, потому́ что оби́да, нанесённая ему́, отно́сится и ко мнѣ: я былъ съ нимъ вчера́ но́чью, приба́вилъ онъ, выпрямля́я свой сутулова́тый станъ.

— А! такъ э́то васъ уда́рилъ я такъ нело́вко по голо́вѣ?...

Онъ пожелтѣ́лъ, посинѣ́лъ; скры́тая зло́ба изобрази́лась на лицѣ́ его́.

— Я бу́ду имѣ́ть честь присла́ть къ вамъ ны́ньче моего́ секунда́нта, приба́вилъ я, раскла́нявшись о́чень вѣ́жливо и пока́зывая видъ, бу́дто не обраща́ю внима́нія на его́ бе́шенство.

На крыльцѣ́ рестора́ціи я встрѣ́тилъ му́жа Вѣ́ры. Ка́жется, онъ меня́ дожида́лся.

Онъ схвати́лъ мою́ ру́ку съ чу́вствомъ, похо́жимъ на восто́ргъ.

Digitized by Google

'Noble young fellow,' said he with tears in his eyes. 'I have heard everything. What a scoundrel! What a scapegrace! Think of having such people in respectable houses! Thank God I have no daughters! But she for whom you are risking your life will reward you. Be assured of my discreet silence until all is over,' continued he.—'I was once young myself, I have been in the service; and I know that in affairs of this kind one must not meddle. Good-bye.'

Poor fellow! he is glad that he has no daughters...

I went straight to Werner, found him at home, and told him everything—my relation to Vera and to the Princess, and the conversation I had overheard, which had disclosed to me the intention of these gentlemen—to make a fool of me and to make me shoot with an empty pistol. But now the affair took a more serious turn,—such a development they probably had not anticipated.

The Doctor consented to act as my second; I gave him some directions with regard to the conditions of the duel: he was to insist that the affair should be kept as secret as possible, because, though I was prepared to meet death at any moment, I yet had not the slightest inclination to jeopardise my prospects in this world.

After this I went home. In about an hour's time, the Doctor returned from his expedition.—'There is really a conspiracy going on against you,' said he. 'I found the Captain of dragoons, and another gentleman, whose name

Digitized by Google

— Благоро́дный молодо́й человѣ́къ, сказа́лъ онъ, съ слеза́ми на глаза́хъ. Я всё слы́шалъ. Како́й мерза́вецъ! неблагода́рный!... Принима́й ихъ по́слѣ э́того въ цора́дочный домъ! Сла́ва Бо́гу, у меня́ нѣтъ дочере́й! Но васъ награди́тъ та, для кото́рой вы рискуете жи́знью. Бу́дьте увѣ́рены въ моей скро́мности до поры́ до вре́мени, продолжа́лъ онъ.—Я самъ былъ мо́лодъ и служи́лъ въ вое́нной слу́жбѣ: зна́ю, что въ э́ти дѣла́ не до́лжно вмѣ́шиваться. Проща́йте.

Бѣдня́жка! ра́дуется, что у него́ нѣтъ дочере́й...

Я пошёлъ пря́мо къ Ве́рнеру, заста́лъ его́ до́ма и разсказа́лъ ему́ всё—отноше́нія мои́ къ Вѣрѣ и княжнѣ́, и разгово́ръ, подслу́шанный мно́ю, изъ кото́раго я узна́лъ намѣ́реніе э́тихъ госпо́дъ—подура́чить меня́, заста́вивъ стрѣля́ться холосты́ми заря́дами. Но тепе́рь дѣ́ло выходи́ло изъ грани́цъ шу́тки: они́, вѣроя́тно, не ожида́ли тако́й развя́зки.

До́кторъ согласи́лся быть мои́мъ секунда́нтомъ; я далъ ему́ нѣсколько наставле́ній насчётъ усло́вій поеди́нка; онъ до́лженъ былъ настоя́ть на томъ, что́бы дѣ́ло обошло́сь какъ мо́жно секре́тнѣе, потому́ что хотя́ я когда́ уго́дно гото́въ подверга́ть себя́ сме́рти, но ни ма́ло не располо́женъ испо́ртить навсегда́ свою́ бу́дущность въ здѣ́шнемъ мі́рѣ.

По́слѣ э́того я пошёлъ домо́й. Че́резъ часъ до́кторъ верну́лся изъ своей экспедиціи.—Про́тивъ васъ, то́чно, есть заго́воръ, сказа́лъ онъ.—Я нашёлъ у Грушни́цкаго драгу́нскаго капита́на и ещё одного́ господи́на, кото́раго

Digitized by Google

I cannot remember, with Grushnitzky. I stopped a moment in the anteroom, to take off my galoshes. A loud and heated discussion was going on: "I cannot consent on any terms," said Grushnitzky; "he has publicly insulted me; matters were quite different before..." "This is none of your business," replied the Captain. "I take the whole responsibility on myself. I have acted as second in five duels, and I know how to manage. I have planned everything. Only please do not interfere. There is no harm in giving one a fright. And besides, why should one expose oneself to danger, if it can be avoided?..." At this moment I entered. They suddenly stopped talking. Our negotiations were somewhat protracted; at last we arrived at the following decision: At about five miles from here there is a deep ravine; they will go there to-morrow at four in the morning, and we are to follow them half an hour later; you will shoot at each other at six paces—this was at Grushnitzky's special request—if either is killed, it will be put down to the Circassians. But I have my suspicions: they, I mean his seconds, may have somewhat altered their former plan, and their present intention probably is to load only Grushnitzky's pistol with a bullet. This looks quite like murder; but in time of war, and especially in Asiatic warfare, stratagems are permissible; only Grushnitzky seems to me more honest than his comrades. What do you think? ought we to show them that we have found them out?'

'Not for the world, Doctor! Rest assured, I shall not be taken in.'

'But what are you going to do?'

Digitized by Google

фамиліи не помню. Я на минуту остановился въ передней, чтобъ снять калоши. У нихъ былъ ужасный шумъ и споръ... "Ни за что не соглашусь!" говорилъ Грушницкій: "онъ меня оскорбилъ публично; тогда было совсѣмъ другое..."—"Какое тебѣ дѣло?" отвѣчалъ капитанъ: "я всё беру на себя. Я былъ секундантомъ на пяти дуэляхъ, и ужъ знаю, какъ это устроить. Я всё придумалъ. Пожалуйста, только мнѣ не мѣшай. Постращать не худо. А зачѣмъ подвергать себя опасности, если можно избавиться...". Въ эту минуту я вошёлъ. Они вдругъ замолчали. Переговоры наши продолжались довольно долго; наконецъ мы рѣшили дѣло вотъ какъ: верстахъ въ пяти отсюда есть глухое ущелье; они туда поѣдутъ завтра въ четыре часа утра, а мы выѣдемъ полчаса послѣ нихъ; стрѣляться будете на шести шагахъ—этого требовалъ самъ Грушницкій. Убитаго—насчётъ черкесовъ. Теперь вотъ какія у меня подозрѣнія: они, то-есть секунданты, должно быть, нѣсколько перемѣнили свой прежній планъ и хотятъ зарядить пулею одинъ пистолетъ Грушницкаго. Это немножко похоже на убійство, но въ военное время, и особенно въ азіятской войнѣ, хитрости позволяются; только Грушницкій, кажется, поблагороднѣе своихъ товарищей. Какъ вы думаете: должны ли мы показать имъ, что догадались?

— Ни за что на свѣтѣ докторъ! Будьте спокойны; я имъ не поддамся.

— Что же вы хотите дѣлать?

Digitized by Google

'That's my secret.'

'You had better look out... remember you will shoot at six paces!'

'Doctor, I shall expect you to-morrow morning at four; the horses shall be ready... Good-bye.'

I sat at home till evening. A valet came begging me to go to the Princess. I told him to say that I was not well.

. . . . . .

It is now two o'clock after midnight... I cannot sleep... And yet I ought to sleep, so that my hand should not shake to-morrow. However, one can hardly miss at six paces. Ah! Mr Grushnitzky, your double dealings won't succeed; we shall exchange our parts: it will be my turn now, to read in your pale face signs of secret fear. Why have you yourself fixed on these fatal six paces? You think, perhaps, that I will put myself unconditionally into your hands... no, we shall cast lots... and then... then... but how if Fortune should favour him, and my star should at last abandon me?... That might well be: has not Fortune long enough served my fitful fancies?

Well, if I am to die, die I will! It will not be a great loss to the world, of which I am heartily sick. I am like a person yawning at a ball, but yet does not go to bed, because his carriage has not yet come. But the carriage is here now. Adieu!

I go over in my mind my past life and involuntarily ask myself: Why have I lived? For what end was I born? Probably some destiny existed for me, it may be an

Digitized by Google

— Это моя тайна.

— Смотрите, не попадитесь... вѣдь на шести шагахъ!

— Докторъ, я васъ жду завтра въ четыре часа; лошади будутъ готовы... Прощайте.

Я до вечера просидѣлъ дома, запершись въ своей комнатѣ. Приходилъ лакей, звать меня къ княгинѣ—я велѣлъ сказать, что боленъ.

. . . . . .

Два часа ночи... не спится... А надо бы заснуть, чтобъ завтра рука не дрожала. Впрочемъ, на шести шагахъ промахнуться трудно. А! господинъ Грушницкій! ваша мистификація вамъ не удастся... мы помѣняемся ролями: теперь мнѣ придётся отыскивать на вашемъ блѣдномъ лицѣ признаки тайнаго страха. Зачѣмъ вы сами назначили эти роковые шесть шаговъ? Вы думаете, что я безъ спора подставлю свой лобъ... но мы бросимъ жребій... и тогда... тогда... что, если его счастье перетянетъ? если моя звѣзда наконецъ мнѣ измѣнитъ?... И немудрено: она такъ долго служила вѣрно моимъ прихотямъ.

Что жъ? умереть, такъ умереть! потеря для міра небольшая; да и мнѣ самому порядочно ужъ скучно. Я—какъ человѣкъ, зѣвающій на балѣ, который не ѣдетъ спать только потому, что ещё нѣтъ его кареты. Но карета готова... прощайте!...

Пробѣгаю въ памяти всё моё прошедшее и спрашиваю себя невольно: зачѣмъ я жилъ? для какой цѣли я родился?... А вѣрно, она существовала и, вѣрно, было

Digitized by Google

exalted one; for I feel immeasurable powers within my soul. Only I have not guessed that destiny, but have allowed myself to be carried away by the allurements of frivolous, graceless passions, from the furnace of which I came out hard and cold like iron, but I had likewise lost for ever the aspiration to do a noble deed—the most beautiful blossom of life. And how often since, have I not acted the part of the axe in the hands of Fate! Like the tool of the executioner I fell on the neck of doomed victims, often without malice, always without compassion. My love has never brought happiness, because I never sacrificed anything to those whom I loved. I loved, but for my own sake, for my own gratification; I only satisfied the strange craving of my own heart, and greedily imbibed their feelings, their tenderness, their joys, their sufferings; yet I never could be satisfied. Thus a man suffering hunger, whom exhaustion has lulled to sleep, sees the richest food, and sparkling wines in his dreams; he greedily devours the airy dainties of imagination, and he feels relieved; but hardly has he awaked again, when the illusion disappears, and nothing remains, but twofold hunger and despair.

And, perhaps, I may die to-morrow! and there is not one being on earth, who has quite understood me. Some will think me worse, others better, than I really am. Some will say: he was a good fellow—others, he was a scoundrel. And one assertion is as false as the other. And after all, is life worth living? but still you live on for the sake of curiosity; in the expectation of something new... It is ridiculous, but sad!

Digitized by Google

мнѣ назначе́ніе высо́кое, потому́ что я чу́вствую въ душѣ́ моёй си́лы необъя́тныя... Но я не угада́лъ э́того назначе́нія, я увлёкся прима́нками страсте́й, пусты́хъ и неблагода́рныхъ; изъ горни́ла ихъ я вы́шелъ твёрдъ и хо́лоденъ какъ желѣ́зо, но утра́тилъ на вѣ́ки пылъ благоро́дныхъ стремле́ній—лу́чшій цвѣтъ жи́зни. И съ той поры́ ско́лько разъ уже́ я игра́лъ роль топора́ въ рука́хъ судьбы́! Какъ ору́діе ка́зни, я упада́лъ на́ голову обречённыхъ жертвъ, ча́сто безъ зло́бы, всегда́ безъ сожалѣ́нія... Моя́ любо́вь никому́ не принесла́ сча́стья, потому́ что я ничѣ́мъ не же́ртвовалъ для тѣхъ, кого́ люби́лъ: я люби́лъ для себя́, для со́бственнаго удово́льствія; я то́лько удовлетворя́лъ стра́нную потре́бность се́рдца, съ жа́дностью поглоща́я ихъ чу́вства, ихъ нѣ́жность, ихъ ра́дости и страда́нья—и никогда́ не могъ насы́титься. Такъ, томи́мый го́лодомъ, въ изнеможе́ніи засыпа́етъ и ви́дитъ предъ собо́ю роско́шныя ку́шанья и шипу́чія ви́на; онъ пожира́етъ съ восто́ргомъ возду́шные дары́ воображе́нія, и ему́ ка́жется ле́гче; но то́лько проснулся—мечта́ исчеза́етъ... остаётся удво́енный го́лодъ и отча́яніе!

И, мо́жетъ-быть, я за́втра умру́!... и не оста́нется на земле́ ни одного́ существа́, кото́рое бы по́няло меня́ соверше́нно. Одни́ почита́ютъ меня́ ху́же, другіе лу́чше, чѣмъ я въ са́момъ де́лѣ... Одни́ ска́жутъ: онъ былъ до́брый ма́лый, другіе—мерза́вецъ. И то и друго́е бу́детъ ло́жно. По́слѣ э́того сто́итъ ли труда́ жить? а всё живёшь—изъ любопы́тства: ожида́ешь чего́-то но́ваго... Смѣшно́ и доса́дно!

Digitized by Google

I have been six weeks already in the fortress of N. Maxim Maximitch has gone out shooting. I am alone; I am sitting at the window; grey clouds have covered the mountain to the very foot of it; the sun peeps through the mist like a yellow spot. It is cold; the wind howls, and rattles the window-shutters. I feel out of sorts! I shall continue my diary, which has been interrupted by so many strange incidents.

I read over the last page: how ridiculous!—I thought I should have died—this was not to be; I have not yet drained the cup of suffering, and now I feel that I shall have long to live yet.

How sharply and clearly everything that has passed has impressed itself on my mind! Not a feature, not a single shade has been effaced by time!

I remember that I did not sleep a wink the whole night which preceded the duel. I could not write for any length of time; a vague restlessness took hold of me. I walked up and down the room for an hour or so; then sat down and opened one of Sir Walter Scott's novels, which was lying on my table: it was 'Old Mortality.' At first I read with effort, but soon forgot everything else, carried away by the charming fiction.

At last it began to dawn. My nerves grew calmer. I looked in the glass; my face was ghastly pale, and bore traces of my tormenting sleeplessness; but the eyes, though encircled by dark rings, glistened brightly and defiantly. I was satisfied with myself.

Digitized by Google

Вотъ уже́ полтора́ ме́сяца, какъ я въ кре́пости N. Макси́мъ Макси́мычъ ушёлъ на охо́ту... я оди́нъ; сижу́ у окна́; се́рыя ту́чи закры́ли го́ры до подо́швы; со́лнце сквозь тума́нъ ка́жется жёлтымъ пятно́мъ. Хо́лодно; ве́теръ сви́щетъ и коле́блетъ ста́вни... Ску́чно!... Ста́ну продолжа́ть свой журна́лъ, пре́рванный сто́лькими стра́нными собы́тіями.

Перечи́тываю послѣ́днюю страни́цу: смѣшно́!—Я ду́малъ умере́ть; э́то бы́ло невозмо́жно; я ещё не осуши́лъ ча́ши страда́ній, и тепе́рь чу́вствую, что мнѣ́ ещё до́лго жить.

Какъ всё проше́дшее я́сно и ре́зко отлило́сь въ моей па́мяти! Ни одно́й черты́, ни одного́ оттѣ́нка не стёрло вре́мя!

Я по́мню, что въ продолже́ніе но́чи, предше́ствовавшей поеди́нку, я не спалъ ни мину́ты. Писа́ть я не могъ до́лго; та́йное безпоко́йство мно́ю овладѣ́ло. Съ часъ я ходи́лъ по ко́мнатѣ, пото́мъ сѣлъ и откры́лъ рома́нъ Ва́льтера Ско́тта, лежа́вшій у меня́ на столѣ́: то бы́ли "Шотла́ндскіе Пурита́не," я чита́лъ снача́ла съ уси́ліемъ, пото́мъ забы́лся, увлечённый волше́бнымъ вы́мисломъ.

Наконе́цъ разсвѣло́. Не́рвы мои́ успоко́ились. Я посмотрѣ́лся въ зе́ркало; ту́склая блѣ́дность покрыва́ла лицо́ моё, храни́вшее слѣды́ мучи́тельной безсо́нницы; но глаза́, хотя́ окружённые кори́чневою тѣ́нью, блиста́ли го́рдо и неумоли́мо. Я оста́лся дово́ленъ собо́ю.

Digitized by Google

Having ordered my horses to be saddled, I dressed and hurried to the bath. After a dive into one of the cool springs of Narsan I felt my physical and mental powers returning. I came out from the bath as fresh and hale as if I were going to a ball. And still you say that the soul is not dependent on the body!

Returning, I found the Doctor at my house. He wore grey riding-breeches, a short jacket and a Circassian cap. I burst out laughing on seeing the little figure in the huge shaggy cap; his face was never warlike, but this time it was even longer than ever.

'Why are you so sad, Doctor?' I asked. 'Have you not ushered people into the other world a hundred times with the greatest unconcern? Pray imagine that I am suffering from a bilious fever; I may recover, or I may die; both causes lie in the natural course of events; try to consider me as a patient, attacked by a disease unknown to you—then your curiosity will be roused to the utmost, and you will be able to make me the object of some remarkable physiological observations... Or is not the expectation of a violent death in itself a real disease?'

This remark struck the Doctor, and he brightened up.

We mounted our horses. Werner clung with both hands to the reins, and off we went. In a moment we passed the fortress, traversed the village, and entered the ravine, through which led a road, half overgrown with high grass, and crossed each minute by turbid rivers, through which we had to swim on horseback, to the

Digitized by Google

Велѣвъ сѣдлать лошадей, я одѣлся и сбѣжалъ въ купальнѣ. Погружаясь въ холодный кипятокъ Нарзана, я чувствовалъ, какъ тѣлесныя и душевныя силы мои возвращались. Я вышелъ изъ ванны свѣжъ и бодръ, какъ будто собирался на балъ. Послѣ этого говорите, что душа не зависитъ отъ тѣла!...

Возвратясь, я нашёлъ у себя доктора. На нёмъ были сѣрые рейтузы, архалукъ и черкесская шапка. Я расхохотался, увидѣвъ эту маленькую фигурку подъ огромной косматой шапкой; у него лицо вовсе не воинственное, а въ этотъ разъ оно было ещё длиннѣе обыкновеннаго.

— Отчего вы такъ печальны, докторъ? сказалъ я ему.—Развѣ вы сто разъ не провожали людей на тотъ свѣтъ съ величайшимъ равнодушіемъ? Вообразите, что у меня жёлчная горячка; я могу выздоровѣть, могу и умереть; то и другое въ порядкѣ вещей; старайтесь смотрѣть на меня, какъ на паціента, одержимаго болѣзнью, вамъ ещё неизвѣстной—и тогда ваше любопытство возбудится до высшей степени; вы можете надо мною сдѣлать теперь нѣсколько важныхъ физіологическихъ наблюденій... Ожиданіе насильственной смерти не есть ли уже настоящая болѣзнь?

Эта мысль поразила доктора, и онъ развеселился.

Мы сѣли верхомъ. Вернеръ уцѣпился за поводья обѣими руками, и мы пустились—мигомъ проскакали мимо крѣпости черезъ слободку и въѣхали въ ущелье, по которому вилась дорога, полузаросшая высокой травой и ежеминутно пересѣкаемая шумнымъ ручьёмъ, черезъ который нужно было переправляться въ бродъ, къ

Digitized by Google

great alarm of the Doctor, whose horse stopt short whenever it approached the water.

I never remember a clearer and fresher morning! The sun as yet hardly peeped over the green mountain-peaks, and the blending of the first warmth of its rays with the night frost gave a certain sweet lassitude to all sensations. Into the ravine no glance of the young day had as yet penetrated; at present it gilded only the summits of the rocks, which rose on both sides of our way; bushes thickly covered with foliage, which grew in deep crevices of the rocks, besprinkled us with a silver shower at the slightest breeze. I can remember that I then loved Nature more than ever before. With what interest I looked upon every dew-drop, poised tremblingly on spreading vines, and reflecting millions of rainbow rays! How longingly I tried to pierce the misty space! In the distance the path always grew narrower and narrower, the rocks always bluer and more formidable, at last uniting into an impermeable wall. We rode on in silence.

'Have you made your will?' asked Werner suddenly.

'No.'

'But if you should be killed?'

'My heirs will come forward of themselves.'

'Have you then no friend to whom you might wish to send your last farewell?'

I shook my head.

'Is there no woman in the world to whom you would like to leave a last token of remembrance?'

Digitized by Google

великому отчаянію доктора, потому что лошадь его каждый разъ въ водѣ останавливалась.

Я не помню утра болѣе голубого и свѣжаго! Солнце едва выказалось изъ-за зеленыхъ вершинъ, и сліяніе первой теплоты его лучей съ умирающей прохладой ночи наводило на всѣ чувства какое-то сладкое томленіе; въ ущелье не проникалъ ещё радостный лучъ молодого дня; онъ золотилъ только верхи утёсовъ, висящихъ съ обѣихъ сторонъ надъ нами; густолиственные кусты, растущіе въ ихъ глубокихъ трещинахъ, при малѣйшемъ дыханіи вѣтра, осыпали насъ серебрянымъ дождёмъ. Я помню— въ этотъ разъ, больше чѣмъ когда-нибудь прежде, я любилъ природу. Какъ любопытно всматривался я въ каждую росинку, трепещущую на широкомъ листкѣ виноградномъ и отражавшую мильоны радужныхъ лучей! Какъ жадно взоръ мой старался проникнуть въ дымную даль! Тамъ путь всё становился уже, утёсы синѣе и страшнѣе, и наконецъ они, казалось, сходились непроницаемой стѣной. Мы ѣхали молча.

— Написали ли вы своё завѣщаніе? вдругъ спросилъ Вернеръ.

— Нѣтъ.

— А если будете убиты?...

— Наслѣдники отыщутся сами.

— Неужели у васъ нѣтъ друзей, которымъ бы вы хотѣли послать своё послѣднее прости?...

Я покачалъ головой.

— Неужели нѣтъ на свѣтѣ женщины, которой вы хотѣли бы оставить что-нибудь на память?...

Digitized by Google

'Shall I open my soul to you, Doctor?' answered I. 'Look here, I have lived past those years, when men die uttering the name of their beloved, and bequeathing to some friend a lock of scented hair. Meditating on death, now possible, and perhaps near, I only think of my own self, others do not even think of that.—The friends who to-morrow will have forgotten me, or what is worse, will spread God knows what calumnies about me; the women, who, when courting another, will laugh at me, in order not to rouse their jealousy against a dead man—God be with them! The turmoil of life has left me only some ideas—but not a single feeling. I have long lived with the head, not with the heart. I weigh and analyse my own passions and actions with the greatest curiosity, but without sympathy. There are two beings within me: the one lives in the fullest conception of this word, the other thinks and judges him; the first says to you and to the world, it may be within the next hour, farewell—the other? the other?... Just look, Doctor: do you not see three forms emerging to the right on the rock? These are our antagonists, I think...'

We quickened our pace.

At the foot of the rock, in the thicket, three horses stood fastened; we fastened our horses also, and ascended the narrow path to the open spot, where Grushnitzky was waiting for us, with the Captain of dragoons, and his other second, who was called Ivan Ignatyevitch; I never have heard him called by his family name.

Digitized by Google

— Хоти́те ли, до́кторъ, отвѣча́лъ я ему́, чтобъ я раскры́лъ вамъ мою́ ду́шу?... Ви́дите ли, я вы́жилъ изъ тѣхъ лѣтъ, когда́ умира́ютъ, произноса́ и́мя свое́й любе́зной и завѣща́я дру́гу клочёкъ напома́женныхъ во́лосъ. Ду́мая о бли́зкой и возмо́жной сме́рти, я ду́маю объ одно́мъ себѣ́; ины́е не дѣ́лаютъ и э́того.—Друзья́, кото́рые за́втра меня́ забу́дутъ, и́ли ху́же, взведу́тъ на мой счётъ Богъ зна́етъ какія небыли́цы; же́нщины, кото́рыя, обнима́я друго́го, бу́дутъ смѣя́ться на́до мно́ю, чтобъ не возбуди́ть въ нёмъ ре́вности къ усопшему—Богъ съ ни́ми! Изъ жи́зненной бу́ри я вы́несъ то́лько нѣсколько иде́й—и ни одного́ чу́вства. Я давно́ ужъ живу́ не се́рдцемъ, а голово́ю. Я взвѣ́шиваю, разбира́ю свои́ со́бственныя стра́сти и посту́пки съ стро́гимъ любопы́тствомъ, но безъ уча́стія. Во мнѣ два человѣ́ка; оди́нъ живётъ въ по́лномъ смы́слѣ э́того сло́ва, друго́й мы́слитъ и су́дитъ его́; пе́рвый, быть мо́жетъ, че́резъ часъ прости́тся съ ва́ми и ми́ромъ навѣ́ки, а второ́й... второ́й?... Посмотри́те до́кторъ: ви́дите ли вы на скалѣ́, напра́во, чернѣ́ются три фигу́ры? Это, ка́жется, на́ши проти́вники...

Мы пусти́лись.

У подо́швы скалы́, въ куста́хъ, бы́ли привя́заны три ло́шади; мы свои́хъ привяза́ли тутъ же, а са́ми по у́зкой тропи́нкѣ взобрали́сь на площа́дку, гдѣ ожида́лъ насъ Грушни́цкій съ драгу́нскимъ капита́номъ и други́мъ свои́мъ секунда́нтомъ, кото́раго зва́ли Ива́номъ Игна́тьевичемъ; фами́ліи его́ я никогда́ не слыха́лъ.

Digitized by Google

'We have been waiting for you some time,' said the Captain of dragoons, with an ironical smile.

I pulled out my watch and showed it to him.

He excused himself, saying that his watch was fast.

For a few minutes there was an oppressive silence; at last it was interrupted by the Doctor, who addressed himself to Grushnitzky.

'It seems to me,' said he, 'that as both of you have shown such alacrity to fight, and thus to discharge your debt to the claims of honour, you might just as well, gentlemen, come to an explanation, and end the matter in an amicable way.'

'I am ready,' said I.

The Captain nodded at Grushnitzky, and he, thinking that I was afraid, assumed a proud air, though up till now his face was ashy pale. He now glanced at me for the first time since our arrival, but in his look there was a certain agitation which betrayed his inward struggle.

'Explain your conditions,' said he, 'and whatever I can do for you, be assured...'

'These are my conditions, that you publicly retract your calumny this very day and will ask my pardon...'

'Dear Sir, I am astonished—how dare you make me such a proposal?'

'What else could I have proposed but that?'

'Then we shall shoot.'

Digitized by Google

— Мы давно́ ужъ васъ ожида́емъ, сказа́лъ драгу́нскій капита́нъ съ ироническо́й улы́бкой.

Я вы́нулъ часы́ и показа́лъ ему́.

Онъ извини́лся, говоря́, что его́ часы́ ухо́дятъ.

Не́сколько мину́тъ продолжа́лось затрудни́тельное молча́ніе; наконе́цъ до́кторъ прерва́лъ его́, обратя́сь къ Грушни́цкому.

— Мнѣ ка́жется, сказа́лъ онъ: что, показа́въ о́ба гото́вность дра́ться и заплати́въ э́тимъ долгъ усло́віямъ че́сти, вы бы могли́, господа́, объясни́ться и ко́нчить э́то дѣ́ло полюбо́вно.

— Я гото́въ сказа́лъ я.

Капита́нъ мигну́лъ Грушни́цкому, и э́тотъ, ду́мая, что я тру́шу, при́нялъ го́рдый ви́дъ, хотя́ до сей мину́ты ту́склая блѣ́дность покрыва́ла его́ щёки. Съ тѣхъ поръ, какъ мы пріѣ́хали, онъ въ пе́рвый разъ по́днялъ на меня́ глаза́; но во взгля́дѣ его́ бы́ло како́е-то безпоко́йство, изоблича́вшее вну́треннюю борьбу́.

— Объясни́те ва́ши усло́вія, сказа́лъ онъ; и всё что я могу́ для васъ сдѣ́лать, то бу́дьте увѣ́рены...

— Вотъ мои́ усло́вія: вы ны́ньче же публи́чно отка́жетесь отъ свое́й клеветы́ и бу́дете проси́ть у меня́ извине́нія...

— Ми́лостивый госуда́рь, я удивля́юсь, какъ вы смѣ́ете мнѣ предлага́ть такія ве́щи?...

— Что жъ я вамъ могъ предложи́ть, кро́мѣ э́того?...

— Мы бу́демъ стрѣля́ться.

Digitized by Google

I shrugged my shoulders.

'As you please; only think that one of us will certainly be killed.'

'I wish it may be you...'

'And I am convinced of the contrary...' He became agitated, blushed, then laughed with an effort.

The Captain took his arm and led him aside; they whispered for a long while. I had come in a rather peaceable frame of mind, but all this began to make me very angry.

The Doctor came up to me.

'Listen,' said he with apparent anxiety: 'you seem to have forgotten their compact. I do not know how to load a pistol, but in such a case... You are a strange man! Tell them that you know their intention—and they will not dare— What an idea! to shoot you like a bird...'

'Pray, Doctor, do not alarm yourself, but wait... I shall arrange everything in such a way, that they shall not have the slightest advantage. Let them whisper.'

'Gentlemen! this grows wearisome,' said I to them aloud: 'if we have to fight, let us fight; you had time enough yesterday to arrange.'

'We are ready,' replied the Captain. 'Take your position, gentlemen! Doctor, be pleased to measure six paces...'

'Take your position!' repeated Ivan Ignatyevitch, in a shrill voice.

Digitized by Google

Я пожáлъ плечáми.

— Пожáлуй; тóлько подýмайте, что одúнъ изъ насъ непремѣ́нно бýдетъ убúтъ.

— Я желáю, чтóбы óто бы́ли вы...

— А я такъ увѣ́ренъ въ протúвномъ... Онъ смутúлся, покраснѣ́лъ, потóмъ принуждённо захохотáлъ.

Капитáнъ взялъ егó пóдъ руку и отвёлъ въ стóрону; онú дóлго шептáлись. Я прiѣ́халъ въ довóльно миролюбúвомъ расположéнiи дýха, но всё óто начинáло мнѣ́ бѣсúть.

Ко мнѣ́ подошёлъ дóкторъ.

— Послýшайте, сказáлъ онъ съ я́внымъ безпокóйствомъ:—вы вѣ́рно забы́ли про ихъ заговóръ?... Я не умѣ́ю зарядúть пистолéта, но въ óтомъ слýчаѣ... Вы стрáнный человѣ́къ! Скажúте имъ, что вы знáсте ихъ намѣ́реніе—и онú не посмѣ́ютъ... Что за охóта! подстрѣля́тъ васъ какъ птúцу...

— Пожáлуйста, не безпокóйтесь, дóкторъ, и погодúте... Я всё такъ устрóю, что на ихъ сторонѣ́ не бýдетъ никакóй вы́годы. Дáйте имъ пошептáться...

— Господá! óто станóвится скýчно, сказáлъ я имъ грóмко: дрáться, такъ дрáться; вы имѣ́ли врéмя вчерá наговорúться...

— Мы готóвы, отвѣ́чáлъ капитáнъ. Становúтесь, господá! Дóкторъ, извóльте отмѣ́рить шесть шагóвъ...

— Становúтесь! повторúлъ Ивáнъ Игнáтьевичъ писклúвымъ гóлосомъ.

Digitized by Google

'Allow me!' said I: 'one condition more; as we are about to fight to death, it is our duty to do all we can that this may remain a secret, and that our seconds may not be made responsible... Do you agree with my view?'

'Perfectly.'

'Well, this is what I have thought of. Do you see on the top of that precipitous rock, to the right, a very narrow flat space? from there to the bottom it must be two hundred feet, if not more, and below are sharp stones. Each of us must stand on the very edge of that little space; in this way even a slight wound must become mortal: this must coincide with your wish, as you yourself have determined upon a distance of six paces. He who is wounded is certain to fall down and be smashed to pieces; the Doctor will extract the ball, and then it can very easily be explained that this sudden death is the cause of an accidental fall. We shall draw lots who has to shoot first. I tell you further that under no other condition will I fight.'

'As you like!' replied the Captain, giving Grushnitzky a significant look, who gave an assenting nod with his head. The colour of his face kept on changing.

I put him in an awkward position. Had we fought under usual conditions, he could then have aimed at my legs, wound me slightly and thus satisfy his revenge, without overburdening his conscience; but now he had either to shoot in the air, or to become a murderer, or at least to abandon his base purpose, and to expose himself to equal

Digitized by Google

— Позво́льте! сказа́лъ я: ещё одно́ усло́віе; такъ-какъ мы бу́демъ дра́ться на́ смерть, то мы обя́заны сдѣ́лать всё возмо́жное, чтобъ э́то оста́лось та́йною и чтобъ секунда́нты на́ши не́ были въ отвѣ́тственности. Согла́сны ли вы?...

— Соверше́нно согла́сны.

— Ита́къ, вотъ что я приду́малъ. Ви́дите ли на верши́нѣ э́той отвѣ́сной скалы́, напра́во, у́зенькую площа́дку? отту́да до́ низу бу́детъ са́женъ три́дцать, е́сли не бо́льше; внизу́ о́стрые ка́мни. Ка́ждый изъ насъ ста́нетъ на са́момъ краю́ площа́дки; таки́мъ о́бразомъ да́же лёгкая а́на бу́детъ смерте́льна: э́то должно́ быть согла́сно съ ва́шимъ жела́ніемъ, пото́му что вы са́ми назна́чили шесть шаго́въ. Тотъ, кто бу́детъ ра́ненъ, полети́тъ непремѣ́нно внизъ и разобьётся въ дре́безги; пу́лю до́кторъ вы́нетъ, и тогда́ мо́жно бу́детъ о́чень легко́ объясни́ть э́ту скоропости́жную смерть неуда́чнымъ прыжко́мъ. Мы бро́симъ жре́бій, кому́ пе́рвому стрѣля́ть. Объявля́ю вамъ въ заключе́ніе, что ина́че я не бу́ду дра́ться.

— Пожа́луй! сказа́лъ капита́нъ, посмотрѣ́въ выразительно на Грушни́цкаго, кото́рый кивну́лъ голово́й, въ знакъ согла́сія. Лицо́ его́ ежеминутно мѣня́лось.

Я его́ поста́вилъ въ затрудни́тельное положе́ніе. Стрѣля́ясь при обыкнове́нныхъ усло́віяхъ, онъ могъ цѣ́лить мнѣ въ но́гу, легко́ меня́ ра́нить и удовлетвори́ть таки́мъ о́бразомъ свою́ месть, не отягоща́я сли́шкомъ своей со́вѣсти; но тепе́рь онъ до́лженъ былъ вы́стрѣлить на во́здухъ, и́ли сдѣ́латься убі́йцей, и́ли, наконе́цъ оста́вить свой по́длый за́мыселъ и подве́ргнуться одина́ковой со

Digitized by Google

danger with myself. At that moment I should not have liked to be in his place. He took the Captain aside and began an animated discussion with him. I saw his blue lips quivering; but the Captain turned away from him with a contemptuous smile.—'You are a fool!' said he to Grushnitzky rather loudly; 'you do not understand anything. Let us make ready, gentlemen.'

A narrow foot-path led through bushes to the cliff; fragments of rocks formed crude steps of this natural staircase; we crawled up by clutching at the bushes. Grushnitzky went before, after him his seconds, then I and the Doctor.

'I admire you,' said the Doctor, pressing my hand hard.—'Let me feel your pulse! Aha! it is feverish!... but nothing is to be observed on your face; your eyes only sparkle brighter than usual.'

Suddenly small stones rolled down to our feet with a rush. What is this? Grushnitzky had slipped, the branch to which he had clung had given way, and he would have tumbled down backwards had not his seconds supported him.

'Take care!' I cried; 'do not fall too soon; this is a bad omen. Remember Julius Cæsar!'

At last we reached the summit of the projecting rock; the little place was covered with fine sand, as if designed for a duel. All around, the mountain summits crowded like a flock innumerable in the golden morning mist. Towards the south rose Mount Elboruz in a white mass, closing the chain of glaciers, among which already hovered

Digitized by Google

мно́ю опа́сности. Въ э́ту мину́ту я не жела́лъ бы быть на его́ мѣ́стѣ. Онъ отвёлъ капита́на въ сто́рону и сталъ говори́ть ему́ что́-то съ больши́мъ жа́ромъ; я ви́дѣлъ, какъ посинѣ́вшія гу́бы его́ дрожа́ли, но капита́нъ отъ него́ отверну́лся съ презри́тельной улы́бкой.—Ты дура́къ! сказа́лъ онъ Грушни́цкому дово́льно гро́мко: ничего́ не понима́ешь!... Отпра́вимтесь же, господа́!

Узкая тропи́нка вела́ ме́жду куста́ми на крутизну́; обло́мки скалъ составля́ли ша́ткія ступе́ни э́той приро́дной лѣ́стницы; цѣпля́сь за кусты́, мы ста́ли кара́бкаться. Грушни́цкій шёлъ впереди́, за нимъ его́ секунда́нты, а пото́мъ мы съ до́кторомъ.

— Я вамъ удивля́юсь, сказа́лъ до́кторъ, пожа́въ мнѣ крѣ́пко ру́ку.—Да́йте пощу́пать пульсъ!... Ого́! лихора́дочный!... но на лицѣ́ ничего́ не замѣ́тно... то́лько глаза́ у васъ блиста́тъ я́рче обыкнове́ннаго.

Вдругъ ме́лкіе ка́мни съ шу́момъ покати́лись намъ по́дъ ноги. Что э́то? Грушни́цкій споткну́лся; вѣ́тка, за кото́рую онъ уцѣпи́лся, изломала́сь, и онъ скати́лся бы внизъ на спинѣ́, е́сли бъ его́ секунда́нты не поддержа́ли.

— Берегитесь! закрича́лъ я ему́: не па́дайте зара́нѣе; э́то ду́рная примѣ́та. Вспо́мните Юлія Це́заря!

Вотъ мы взобрали́сь на верши́ну вы́давшейся скалы́; площа́дка была́ покры́та ме́лкимъ песко́мъ, бу́дто наро́чно для поеди́нка. Круго́мъ, теря́ясь въ золото́мъ тума́нѣ утра́, тѣсни́лись верши́ны горъ, какъ безчи́сленное ста́до, и Эльбору́съ на ю́гѣ встава́лъ бѣ́лою грома́дой, замыка́я цѣпь льди́стыхъ верши́нъ, ме́жду кото́рыхъ ужъ броди́ли

Digitized by Google

shreds of clouds approaching from the east. I went up to the edge of the little space and looked down. My head was almost seized with giddiness; down below there it seemed gloomy and cold as in a grave; the moss-covered rocks, hurled down by time and storm, awaited their prey. The little spot on which we were to fight formed nearly a right-angled triangle. From the projecting angle six paces were measured, and it was decided that he, whose turn it would be first to face the fire, should stand with his back to the edge of the precipice; if he were not shot, then the antagonists were to exchange places.

I had decided to let Grushnitzky have every advantage; I wished to test him; there might still be glimmering one spark of generosity in his soul—and then all might have been for the best; but vanity and weakness of character were to triumph! I was desirous of obtaining a complete right not to spare him, should fate prove propitious to me. Who would not have made the like conditions with his conscience?

'Toss up, Doctor!' said the Captain.

The Doctor took out from his pocket a silver coin and held it up.

'Tails!' shouted Grushnitzky quickly, like a man who had suddenly received a friendly poke in the ribs.

'Heads!' said I.

The coin was thrown up and fell down with a chink; we all rushed to it.

Digitized by Google

волокнистыя облака, набѣжавшія съ востока. Я подошёлъ къ краю площадки и посмотрѣлъ внизъ: голова чуть-чуть у меня не закружилась; тамъ, внизу, казалось темно и холодно, какъ въ гробѣ; мшистые зубцы скалъ, сброшенныхъ грозою и временемъ, ожидали своей добычи. Площадка, на которой мы должны были драться, изображала почти правильный треугольникъ. Отъ выдавшагося угла отмѣрили шесть шаговъ, и рѣшили, что тотъ, кому придётся первому встрѣтить непріятельскій огонь, станетъ на самомъ углу спиною къ пропасти; если онъ не будетъ убитъ, то противники мѣняются мѣстами.

Я рѣшился предоставить всѣ выгоды Грушницкому; я хотѣлъ испытать его; въ душѣ его могла проснуться искра великодушія—и тогда всё устроилось бы къ лучшему; но самолюбіе и слабость характера должны были торжествовать!... Я хотѣлъ дать себѣ полное право не щадить его, если бы судьба меня помиловала. Кто не заключалъ такихъ условій съ своею совѣстью?

— Бростье жребій, докторъ! сказалъ капитанъ.

Докторъ вынулъ изъ кармана серебряную монету и поднялъ её кверху.

— Рѣшётка! закричалъ Грушницкій поспѣшно, какъ человѣкъ, котораго вдругъ разбудилъ дружескій толчокъ.

— Орёлъ! сказалъ я.

Монета взвилась и упала, звеня; всѣ бросились къ ней.

Digitized by Google

'You are the fortunate man,' said I to Grushnitzky; 'you shoot first! But remember, if you do not kill me, I shall not miss you—I give you my word of honour.'

He reddened; he was ashamed to kill a defenceless man; I looked at him intently; for a moment I thought that he was on the point of throwing himself at my feet, to entreat my pardon; but how could he confess such base intentions?... There remained only one thing for him to do—to shoot in the air. I was certain that he would do it! One thing only might prevent his doing so: the thought that I might insist on renewing the duel.

'Now is your time!' whispered the Doctor to me, pulling me by the sleeve; 'if you do not now say that we know of their designs, all is lost. Look, he is already loading; if you do not speak I will...'

'Not for the world, Doctor!' replied I, holding him back by the arm: 'you will spoil everything; you have given me your word not to interfere... What business is that to you? Perhaps I wish to be killed.'

He looked at me with surprise.

'Ah, well, that is another affair... only then do not complain of me in the next world...'

The Captain had in the meanwhile loaded his pistols, and whispering something to Grushnitzky, gave him one with a smile on his face, and the other to me.

I took my position on the edge of the precipice, firmly leaning my left foot on a stone, and bending a little forward,

Digitized by Google

— Вы счастливы, сказалъ я Грушницкому: вамъ стрѣлять первому! Но помните, что если вы меня не убьёте, то я не промахнусь—даю вамъ честное слово.

Онъ покраснѣлъ; ему было стыдно убить человѣка безоружнаго; я глядѣлъ на него пристально; съ минуту мнѣ казалось, что онъ бросится къ ногамъ моимъ, умоляя о прощеніи; но какъ признаться въ такомъ подломъ умыслѣ?... Ему оставалось одно средство—выстрѣлить на воздухъ. Я былъ увѣренъ, что онъ выстрѣлитъ на воздухъ! Одно могло этому помѣшать: мысль, что я потребую вторичнаго поединка.

— Пора! шепнулъ мнѣ докторъ, дёргая за рукавъ: если вы теперь не скажете, что мы знаемъ ихъ намѣреніе, то всё пропало. Посмотрите, онъ ужъ заряжаетъ... если вы ничего не скажете, то я самъ...

— Ни за что на свѣтѣ, докторъ! отвѣчалъ я, удерживая его за руку: вы всё испортите; вы мнѣ дали слово не мѣшать... Какое вамъ дѣло? Можетъ-быть, я хочу быть убитъ...

Онъ посмотрѣлъ на меня съ удивленіемъ.

— О, это другое!... только на меня на томъ свѣтѣ не жалуйтесь...

Капитанъ между тѣмъ зарядилъ свои пистолеты, подалъ одинъ Грушницкому, съ улыбкою шепнувъ ему что-то; другой мнѣ.

Я сталъ на углу площадки, крѣпко упершись лѣвой ногою въ камень и наклоняясь немного впередъ, чтобы,

Digitized by Google

so that in case I received a slight wound, I might not fall backwards. Grushnitzky stood opposite me, and on a given signal, began to raise the pistol. His knees were trembling. He aimed straight at my forehead.

An inexpressible rage arose in my breast.

Suddenly he dropped the barrel of his pistol, and becoming as white as a sheet, turned to his second:

'I cannot,' said he in a hollow voice.

'You coward!' replied the Captain.

A shot resounded. The bullet grazed my knee. I involuntarily made a few steps forward, in order to get away the sooner from the edge.

'Well, friend Grushnitzky, I am sorry you have missed!' said the Captain. 'Now it is your turn, take your place! But first embrace me, as we shall, probably, see each other no more!' They embraced; the Captain could hardly restrain himself from laughing.—'Do not be afraid,' he added knowingly, looking at Grushnitzky: 'everything is foolery in this world... Nature—a fool, fate—a turkeycock, and life—not worth a farthing!'

After the delivery of this tragic phrase, which was uttered with a pretence of solemnity, he took up his position. Ivan Ignatyevitch with tears also embraced Grushnitzky, who at last stood alone opposite to me. Ever since that day I have been trying to explain to myself the feeling which then agitated my heart: it was partly a fury of insulted vanity, partly contempt and anger, begotten by the thought that the man who now stood before me with such careless impudence, but two moments ago was willing to

Digitized by Google

въ случаѣ лёгкой раны, не опрокинуться назадъ. Грушницкій сталъ противъ меня и, по данному знаку, началъ поднимать пистолетъ. Колѣни его дрожали. Онъ цѣлилъ мнѣ прямо въ лобъ.

Неизъяснимое бѣшенство закипѣло въ груди моей.

Вдругъ онъ опустилъ дуло пистолета и, поблѣднѣвъ какъ полотно, повернулся къ своему секунданту:

— Не могу, сказалъ онъ глухимъ голосомъ.

— Трусъ! отвѣчалъ капитанъ.

Выстрѣлъ раздался. Пуля оцарапала мнѣ колѣно. Я невольно сдѣлалъ нѣсколько шаговъ впередъ, чтобъ поскорѣй удалиться отъ края.

— Ну, братъ Грушницкій, жаль, что промахнулся! сказалъ капитанъ. Теперь твоя очередь, становись! Обними меня прежде: мы ужъ не увидимся! Они обнялись; капитанъ едва могъ удержаться отъ смѣха.— Не бойса, прибавилъ онъ, хитро взглянувъ на Грушницкаго: всё вздоръ на свѣтѣ... Натура—дура, судьба—индѣйка, а жизнь—копѣйка!

Послѣ этой трагической фразы, сказанной съ приличною важностью, онъ отошёлъ на своё мѣсто. Иванъ Игнатьевичъ со слезами обнялъ также Грушницкаго, и вотъ онъ остался одинъ противъ меня. Я до сихъ поръ стараюсь объяснить себѣ, какого рода чувство кипѣло тогда въ груди моей: то было и досада оскорблённаго самолюбія, и презрѣніе, и злоба, рождавшаяся при мысли, что этотъ человѣкъ, теперь съ такою увѣренностью, съ такой спокойной дерзостью на меня глядящій,

Digitized by Google

kill me like a dog, without exposing himself to the slightest danger; had I received a more serious wound in my leg I should without doubt have fallen from the rock.

For a few moments I looked him straight in the face, endeavouring to find even a slight trace of remorse. But it appeared that he was only trying to repress a smile.

'I advise you to pray to God before you die,' I then said.

'Do not trouble yourself about my soul more than you do about your own. One thing I beg of you: fire without delay.'

'And you won't retract your calumnies? and will you not beg my pardon? Think well: does not your conscience tell you something?'

'Mr Petchorin!' cried the Captain of dragoons; 'you are not here to preach, allow me to remind you. Let us finish it quickly: somebody might be passing the ravine—and see us.'

'Very well. Doctor, come here.'

The Doctor came nearer. Poor fellow! he was paler than Grushnitzky had been ten minutes ago.

The following words I purposely pronounced deliberately, loudly, and distinctly, as one delivers a death sentence:

'These gentlemen, probably in their haste, have forgotten to put a bullet into my pistol. I beg you to load it again—and that carefully!'

Digitized by Google

двѣ минуты тому назадъ, не подвергая себя никакой опасности, хотѣлъ меня убить какъ собаку, ибо раненый въ ногу немного сильнѣе, я бы непремѣнно свалился съ утёса.

Я нѣсколько минутъ смотрѣлъ ему пристально въ лицо, стараясь замѣтить хоть лёгкій слѣдъ раскаянія. Но мнѣ показалось, что онъ удерживалъ улыбку.

— Я вамъ совѣтую передъ смертью помолиться Богу, сказалъ я ему тогда.

— Не заботьтесь о моей душѣ больше, чѣмъ о своей собственной. Объ одномъ васъ прошу: стрѣляйте скорѣе.

— И вы не отказываетесь отъ своей клеветы? не просите у меня прощенія? Подумайте хорошенько: не говоритъ ли вамъ чего-нибудь совѣсть!

— Господинъ Печоринъ! закричалъ драгунскій капитанъ:—вы здѣсь не для того, чтобъ исповѣдывать, позвольте вамъ замѣтить... Кончимте скорѣе: неравно кто нибудь проѣдетъ по ущелью—и насъ увидятъ.

— Хорошо. Докторъ, подойдите ко мнѣ.

Докторъ подошёлъ. Бѣдный докторъ! онъ былъ блѣднѣе, чѣмъ Грушницкій, десять минутъ тому назадъ.

Слѣдующія слова я произнёсъ нарочно съ разстановкой, громко и внятно, какъ произносятъ смертный приговоръ:

— Эти господа, вѣроятно въ торопяхъ, забыли положить пулю въ мой пистолетъ: прошу васъ зарядить его снова—и хорошенько!

Digitized by Google

'Impossible!' cried the Captain; 'impossible; I loaded both pistols: then the bullet must have fallen out from your pistol... This is not my fault!—But you have no right to re-load... no right whatever... This is quite against all rules; I will not allow it.'

'All right!' said I to the Captain; 'if that is so, then I will fight with you on the same conditions...'

He grew confused.

Grushnitzky was standing with his head down, agitated and dejected.

'Let them alone!' said he at last to the Captain, who was going to wrench my pistol from the Doctor's hands. 'You know yourself that they are right.'

In vain did the Captain try to make certain signs to him—Grushnitzky would not look at him.

In the meantime the Doctor had loaded the pistol and handed it to me.

The Captain seeing this, spat out and stamped his foot.

'You are a fool, my dear friend!' said he, 'a silly fool!... You have put yourself into my hands, why not obey me in everything? Now you have yourself to blame! die like a fly then.' He turned, and going away, grumbled, 'all the same, it is against all rules.'

'Grushnitzky!' said I, 'there is yet time: retract your calumnies, and I will forgive you everything. You have not succeeded in making a fool of me, and my self-esteem is satisfied. Remember we once were friends...'

Digitized by Google

— Не мóжетъ быть! кричáлъ капитáнъ: не мóжетъ быть, я зарядúлъ óба пистолéта: рáзвѣ что изъ вáшего пýля вы́катилась... Это не моя́ винá!—А вы не имѣ́ете прáва переряжáть... никакóго прáва... Это совершéнно прóтивъ прáвилъ; я не позволю.

— Хорошó! сказáлъ я капитáну: éсли такъ, то мы бýдемъ стрѣля́ться съ вáми на тѣхъ же услóвіяхъ...

Онъ замя́лся.

Грушни́цкій стоя́лъ, опустúвъ гóлову на грудь, смущённый и мрáчный.

— Остáвь ихъ! сказáлъ онъ наконéцъ капитáну, котóрый хотѣ́лъ вы́рвать пистолéтъ мой изъ рукъ дóктора.—Вѣдь ты самъ знáешь, что они́ прáвы.

Напрáсно капитáнъ дѣ́лалъ емý рáзные знáки— Грушни́цкіи не хотѣ́лъ и смотрѣ́ть.

Мéжду тѣмъ дóкторъ зарядúлъ пистолéтъ и пóдалъ мнѣ.

Увúдѣвъ óто, капитáнъ плю́нулъ и тóпнулъ ногóй.

— Дурáкъ же ты, брáтецъ! сказáлъ онъ: пóшлый дурáкъ!... Ужъ положúлся на меня́, такъ слýшайся во всёмъ...—По дѣлóмъ же тебѣ́! околѣвáй себѣ́ какъ мýха... Онъ отвернýлся и, отходя́, пробормотáлъ: "а всё-таки óто совершéнно прóтивъ прáвилъ."

— Грушни́цкій! сказáлъ я, ещё есть врéмя: откажúсь отъ своéй клеветы́ и я тебѣ́ прощý всё. Тебѣ́ не удалóсь меня́ подурáчить, и моё самолю́біе удовлетворенó. Вспóмни, мы бы́ли когдá-то друзья́ми...

Digitized by Google

His face grew flushed, his eyes sparkled.

'Shoot!' answered he: 'I despise myself, and you I hate. If you do not kill me, then I will cut your throat in some alley. There is no room for both of us in this world.'

I fired.

When the smoke had cleared away Grushnitzky was no longer there. Only the dust whirled up in a thin streak at the edge of the precipice.

There was a simultaneous cry.

'*Finita la comedia*,' said I to the Doctor.

He did not reply, but turned away with horror.

I shrugged my shoulders, and bowed to Grushnitzky's seconds.

Descending the narrow foot-path, down below I perceived among the rocks the mangled corpse of Grushnitzky. I involuntarily shut my eyes.

Unfastening my horse, I rode slowly homewards; there was a stone on my heart. The sun appeared dim to me; its rays did not warm me.

Before reaching the village, I turned to the right, along the gorge. The sight of man would have been unbearable; I wished to be alone. I dropped the reins, and sinking my head on my breast, I rode for a long time, until at last I found myself in a part of the country quite unknown to me. I turned my horse back, in order to find the road; the sun had already gone down when I reached Kislovodsk exhausted, on an exhausted horse.

Digitized by Google

Лицо́ у него́ вспы́хнуло, глаза́ засверка́ли.

— Стреля́йте! отвѣча́лъ онъ: я себя́ презира́ю, а васъ ненави́жу. Если вы меня́ не убьёте, я васъ зарѣ́жу но́чью изъ-за угла́. Намъ на землѣ́ вдвоёмъ нѣ́тъ мѣ́ста...

Я вы́стрѣлилъ...

Когда́ дымъ разсѣ́ялся, Грушни́цкаго на площа́дкѣ не́ было. То́лько прахъ лёгкимъ столбо́мъ ещё вился́ на краю́ овра́га.

Всѣ въ оди́нъ го́лосъ вскри́кнули.

— Finita la comedia! сказа́лъ я до́ктору.

Онъ не отвѣча́лъ и съ у́жасомъ отверну́лся.

Я пожа́лъ плеча́ми и раскла́нялся съ секунда́нтами Грушни́цкаго.

Спуска́ясь по тропи́нкѣ внизъ, я замѣ́тилъ ме́жду разсѣ́линами скалъ окрова́вленный трупъ Грушни́цкаго. Я нево́льно закры́лъ глаза́.

Отвяза́въ ло́шадь, я ша́гомъ пусти́лся домо́й; у меня́ на се́рдцѣ былъ ка́мень. Со́лнце каза́лось мнѣ ту́скло; лучи́ его́ меня́ не грѣ́ли.

Не доѣзжа́я слобо́дки, я поверну́лъ напра́во по ущѣ́лью. Видъ человѣ́ка былъ бы мнѣ тя́гостенъ; я хотѣ́лъ быть оди́нъ. Бро́сивъ пово́дья, опусти́въ го́лову на грудь, я ѣ́халъ до́лго, наконе́цъ очути́лся въ мѣ́стѣ, мнѣ во́все незнако́момъ; я поверну́лъ коня́ наза́дъ и сталъ отыски́вать доро́гу; ужъ со́лнце сади́лось, когда́ я подъѣ́халъ къ Кисловодску, изму́ченный на изму́ченной ло́шади.

Digitized by Google

My valet told me that Werner had called and had left two letters: one from himself, the other from Vera.

I opened the first; it ran thus:

'Everything has been arranged as well as can be: the mutilated corpse has been brought hither; the bullet extracted from the heart. Everybody is convinced that some unfortunate accident is the cause of his death; the Commandant only, who no doubt knows of your quarrel, shook his head, but said nothing. There is no evidence against you, you may therefore rest quietly—if rest you can. Good-bye.'

I hesitated a long time before opening the second letter. What could she write to me? Sad forebodings agitated my heart. Here is her letter, every word of which has indelibly engraved itself on my heart:

'I write to you in the full belief that we shall never see each other more. Some years ago, when I parted from you, I thought the same, but it has pleased Heaven to try me once more; I did not withstand this trial; my frail heart succumbed again to that well-known voice. You will not despise me for that—will you? This letter is to be at once my farewell and my confession: I must tell you everything which has been in my heart ever since it has loved you. I shall not accuse you—you behaved to me as every other man would have behaved: you loved me as your property, as the source of your joys, excitements, and anxieties, without which life is wearisome and monotonous.

Digitized by Google

Лакéй мой сказáлъ мнѣ, что заходúлъ Вéрнеръ, и пóдалъ мнѣ двѣ запúски: однý отъ негó, другýю... отъ Вѣры.

Я распечáталъ пéрвую; онá былá слѣдующаго содержáнія:

"Всё устрóено какъ мóжно лýчше: тѣло привезенó обезобрáженное; пýля изъ грудú вынута. Всѣ увѣрены, что причинóю егó смéрти несчáстный слýчай; тóлько комендáнтъ, котóрому, вѣрóятно, извѣстна вáша ссóра, покачáлъ головóй, но ничегó не сказáлъ. Доказáтельствъ прóтивъ васъ нѣтъ никакúхъ, и вы мóжете спать спокóйно... éсли мóжете... Прощáйте."

Я дóлго не рѣшáлся открыть вторýю запúску... Что моглá онá мнѣ писáть?... Тяжёлое предчýвствіе волновáло мою дýшу. Вотъ онó, э́то письмó, котóраго кáждое слóво неизгладúмо врѣзалось въ моéй пáмяти:

"Я пишý къ тебѣ въ пóлной увѣренности, что мы никогдá бóлѣе не увúдимся. Нѣсколько лѣтъ тому назáдъ, разставáясь съ тобóю, я дýмала то же сáмое; но нéбу бы́ло угóдно испытáть менá вторúчно; я не вы́несла э́того испытáнія, моё слáбое сéрдце покорúлось снóва знакóмому гóлосу... ты не бýдешь презирáть менá за э́то—не прáвда ли? Это письмó бýдетъ вмѣстѣ прощáньемъ и úсповѣдью: я обя́зана сказáть тебѣ всё, что накопúлось въ моёмъ сéрдцѣ съ тѣхъ поръ, какъ онó тебá любитъ. Я не стáну обвиня́ть тебá—ты поступúлъ со мнóю, какъ поступúлъ бы всякій другóй мýжчина: ты любúлъ менá какъ сóбственность, какъ истóчникъ рáдостей, тревóгъ и печáлей, смѣня́вшихся взаúмно, безъ

Digitized by Google

I understood this from the first. But you were unhappy, and I sacrificed myself, trusting that, some time you would appreciate this sacrifice, that in time you would understand the deep affection which I lavished on you without any condition whatever. Since then, many years have gone by. I have seen every secret of your mind, and arrived at the conviction that I had hoped in vain. It has been bitter to me! But my love had overgrown my whole heart; my affection grew dim, but was not extinguished.

'We part now for ever; you may however rest assured, that I can never love another man: my heart has exhausted on you all its treasures, its tears, and hopes. Whoever has loved you once, cannot but look with a certain contempt on all other men, not as if you were better than they, oh, no! but in you there is something uncommon, something proud and mysterious which is quite your own; in your voice, say what you will, there is an irresistible charm; no one understands like you, how always to claim love; with no one else is evil so attractive, no other look promises so much happiness as yours; no one knows so well as you how to avail himself of his advantages, and no one can be as utterly unhappy as you are, because no one takes so much pains as you do to convince yourself to the contrary.

'Now I must tell you the cause of my hasty departure; it will appear trivial to you, because it only concerns myself alone.

'This morning my husband came to me and told me of your quarrel with Grushnitzky. Apparently, my face greatly changed, for he kept on staring at me for some

Digitized by Google

которыхъ жизнь скучна́ и однообра́зна. Я э́то поняла́ снача́ла... Но ты былъ несча́стливъ, и я пожертвовала собо́ю, надѣ́ясь, что когда́-нибу́дь ты оцѣ́нишь мою́ жертву, что когда́-нибу́дь ты поймёшь мою́ глубо́кую нѣ́жность, независя́щую ни отъ каки́хъ усло́вій. Прошло́ съ тѣхъ поръ мно́го вре́мени: я проникла во всѣ та́йны души́ твое́й... и убѣди́лась, что то была́ наде́жда напра́сная. Го́рько мнѣ́ бы́ло! Но моя́ любовь сросла́сь съ душо́й мое́й: она́ потемнѣ́ла, но не уга́сла.

"Мы разстаёмся на вѣ́ки; одна́ко ты мо́жешь быть увѣ́ренъ, что никогда́ не бу́ду люби́ть друго́го: моя́ душа́ истощи́ла на тебя́ всѣ свои́ сокро́вища, свои́ слёзы и наде́жды. Люби́вшая разъ тебя́ не мо́жетъ смотрѣ́ть безъ нѣ́котораго презрѣ́нія на про́чихъ мужчинъ, не потому́, чтобъ ты былъ лу́чше ихъ, о, нѣтъ! но въ твое́й приро́дѣ есть что́-то осо́бенное—тебѣ́ одному́ сво́йственное, что́-то го́рдое и таи́нственное; въ твоёмъ го́лосѣ, что́ бы ты ни говори́лъ, есть власть непобѣди́мая; никто́ не умѣ́етъ такъ постоя́нно хотѣ́ть быть люби́мимъ, ни въ комъ зло не быва́етъ такъ привлека́тельно, ничей взоръ не обѣща́етъ сто́лько блаже́нства, никто́ не умѣ́етъ лу́чше по́льзоваться свои́ми преиму́ществами и никто́ не мо́жетъ быть такъ и́стинно несча́стливъ, какъ ты, потому́ что никто́ сто́лько не стара́ется увѣ́рить себя́ въ проти́вномъ.

"Те́перь я должна́ тебѣ́ объясни́ть причи́ну моего́ поспѣ́шнаго отъѣ́зда; она́ тебѣ́ пока́жется малова́жна, потому́ что каса́ется до одно́й меня́.

"Ны́ньче по утру́ мой мужъ вошёлъ ко мнѣ́ и разсказа́лъ про твою́ ссо́ру съ Грушни́цкимъ. Ви́дно, я о́чень перемѣни́лась въ лицѣ́, потому́ что онъ до́лго и

Digitized by Google

time. I almost fainted at the thought that you were to fight to-day, and that I was the cause of it. I thought that I should go mad... However, now when I can think calmly, I am convinced that you will remain alive; it is impossible for you to die without me, quite impossible! My husband was walking up and down the room; I do not know what he said to me, nor what I answered... but am sure that I have told him that I love you... I remember only that at the end of our conversation he insulted me with a dreadful word and went out. I heard him giving orders to have the carriage ready... This is now the third hour that I have been sitting at the window in expectation of your return.—But you are alive, you cannot die! The carriage is nearly ready—farewell, farewell. I am lost—but what of that? If I could but feel sure that you will always remember me—I will not say love—no, only remember... Farewell; they are coming—I must hide the letter.

'You do not love Mary, do you? you will not marry her? Listen, you must make this sacrifice for me, who have lost all in this world for you.'

Like a madman I rushed to the stairs, vaulted on my horse, which was still being led up and down the yard, and set off at full speed on the road to Pyatigorsk. Without mercy I urged on my tired horse, which, panting and covered with foam, bore me along the stony road.

The sun had already hidden itself in a black cloud, resting on the ridge of the western mountains. In the ravine it grew dark and damp. Podkoumok rolling over the stones roared incessantly and monotonously.

Digitized by Google

пристально смотрѣлъ мнѣ въ глаза; я едва не упала безъ памяти при мысли, что ты нынче долженъ драться и что я этому причиной; мнѣ казалось, что я сойду съ ума... Но теперь, когда я могу разсуждать, я увѣрена, что ты останешься живъ: невозможно, чтобъ ты умеръ безъ меня, невозможно! Мой мужъ долго ходилъ по комнатѣ; я не знаю, что онъ мнѣ говорилъ; не помню, что я ему отвѣчала... вѣрно, я ему сказала, что я тебя люблю... Помню только, что подъ конецъ нашего разговора онъ оскорбилъ меня ужаснымъ словомъ и вышелъ. Я слышала, какъ онъ велѣлъ закладывать карету... Вотъ ужъ три часа, какъ я сижу у окна и жду твоего возврата... Но ты живъ, ты не можешь умереть!... Карета почти готова... Прощай, прощай... Я погибла—но что за нужда? Еслибъ я могла быть увѣрена, что ты всегда меня будешь помнить—не говорю ужъ любить—нѣтъ, только помнить... Прощай; идутъ... я должна спрятать письмо...

"Не правда ли, ты не любишь Мери? ты не женишься на ней?—Послушай, ты долженъ мнѣ принести эту жертву: я для тебя потеряла всё на свѣтѣ..."

Я, какъ безумный, выскочилъ на крыльцо, прыгнулъ на своего черкеса, котораго водили по двору, и пустился во весь духъ по дорогѣ въ Пятигорскъ. Я безпощадно погонялъ измученнаго коня, который, храпя и весь въ пѣнѣ, мчалъ меня по каменистой дорогѣ.

Солнце уже спряталось въ чёрной тучѣ, отдыхавшей на хребтѣ западныхъ горъ; въ ущельѣ стало тёмно и сыро. Подкумокъ, пробираясь по камнямъ, ревѣлъ глухо и однообразно.

Digitized by Google

The thought of missing her at Pyatigorsk struck my heart as with a hammer. One moment, but one moment to see her, to bid farewell, to press her hand... I prayed, I cursed, I cried, I laughed—no, nothing can express my anxiety, my despair!—At the possibility of losing her for ever, Vera became dearer to me than anything in the world, dearer than life, honour, happiness! God knows what strange, what maddening thoughts sprang up in my brain.—But all the while I kept on galloping, pressing on relentlessly. Now I observed that my horse breathed more heavily, and had already stumbled once or twice on the even road. Five miles yet remained to Yesentoukof, a Cossack station, where I might get another horse.

All would have been well had my horse kept up for ten minutes longer. But just as we issued from the mountains, in surmounting a slight incline he suddenly fell. I jumped off quickly, endeavoured to raise him, to pull the reins—all in vain: a scarcely audible groan escaped from his clenched teeth, and in a few minutes he was dead; I remained alone in the steppe, having lost my last hope. I attempted to proceed on foot; my feet bent under me: exhausted with the excitement of the day and the sleeplessness of the previous night I fell down on the wet grass and wept like a child.

Long did I lie there motionless, and wept bitterly, not endeavouring to suppress my tears and sobs. I thought my heart would burst; all my firmness, all my self-possession, had evaporated like smoke; my courage was broken, my reason stunned,

Digitized by Google

Мысль не застáть её въ Пятигóрскѣ молоткóмъ ударя́ла мнѣ въ сéрдце. Однý минýту, ещё однý минýту ви́дѣть её, прости́ться, пожáть ея́ рýку... Я моли́лся, проклинáлъ, плáкалъ, смѣя́лся... нѣтъ, ничтó не вы́разитъ моегó безпокóйства, отчáянія!... При возмóжности потеря́ть её навѣ́ки, Вѣ́ра стáла для меня́ дорóже всегó на свѣтѣ, дорóже жи́зни, чéсти, счáстья! Богъ знáетъ, какíе стрáнные, какíе бѣ́шеные зáмыслы рои́лись въ головѣ́ моéй... И мéжду тѣмъ я всё скакáлъ, погоня́я безпощáдно.—И вотъ я сталъ замѣ́чать, что конь мой тяжелѣ́е ды́шитъ: онъ рáза два ужъ споткнýлся на рóвномъ мѣ́стѣ... Оставáлось пять вёрстъ до Есентýковъ—казáчьей станицы, гдѣ́ я могъ пересѣ́сть на другýю лóшадь.

Всё бы́ло бы спасенó, éслибъ у моегó коня́ достáло силъ ещё нá десять минýтъ. Но вдругъ, поднимáясь изъ небольшóго оврáга, при вы́ѣздѣ изъ горъ, на крутóмъ поворóтѣ, онъ грянулся о зéмлю. Я провóрно соскочи́лъ, хочý подня́ть егó, дёргаю за пóводъ—напрáсно: едвá слы́шный стонъ вы́рвался сквозь сти́снутые егó зýбы; чéрезъ нѣ́сколько минýтъ онъ издóхъ; я остáлся въ степи́ оди́нъ, потеря́въ послѣ́днюю надéжду; попрóбовалъ идти́ пѣшкóмъ—нóги мои́ подкоси́лись: изнурённый тревóгами дня и безсóнницей, я упáлъ на мóкрую травý и, какъ ребёнокъ, заплáкалъ.

И дóлго я лежáлъ неподви́жно и плáкалъ гóрько, не стараясь удéрживать слёзъ и рыдáній; я дýмалъ, грудь моя́ разорвётся; вся моя́ твёрдость, всё моё хладнокрóвіе исчéзли какъ дымъ; душá обезси́лѣла, разсýдокъ замóлкъ,

Digitized by Google

and if any one had seen me at that moment he would have turned away from me with disgust.

When the night dew and the mountain wind had cooled my burning head, and my thoughts ran in their accustomed channel, then I understood that it was unreasonable and fruitless to pursue lost happiness. What do I want more?—to see her?—why? Is not all between us ended at last? One bitter farewell kiss cannot enrich my memory, but after that it would only have been the harder to part.

Yet I felt relieved that I could weep. Well, it may be that this is the consequence of my excited nerves, of a night without sleep, of my standing for two minutes before the barrel of a pistol, and an empty stomach.

Everything is for the best! This new affliction, to use a military phrase, was a fortunate diversion for me. Weeping is healthy, and besides without violent exercise on horseback, and the fifteen miles which I had yet to accomplish on foot, I probably might not have closed my eyes for the ensuing night likewise.

I returned to Kislovodsk at five in the morning, threw myself on the bed and slept Napoleon's sleep after the battle of Waterloo.

When I awoke, it was dark. I sat down at the open window, unbuttoned my coat—and the mountain air refreshed my breast, which was still heaving from the heavy sleep of exhaustion. In the distance beyond the river, through the tops of the dense linden-trees there shone the lights in the buildings

Digitized by Google

и е́сли бъ въ э́ту минуту́ кто-нибу́дь меня́ уви́дѣлъ, онъ бы съ презрѣ́ніемъ отверну́лся.

Когда́ ночна́я роса́ и го́рный вѣ́теръ освѣжи́ли мою́ горя́щую го́лову и мы́сли пришли́ въ обыкнове́нный поря́докъ, то я по́нялъ, что гна́ться за поги́бшимъ сча́стіемъ безполе́зно и безразсу́дно. Чего́ мнѣ́ ещё на́добно?—её ви́дѣть?—зачѣ́мъ? не всё ли ко́нчено ме́жду на́ми? Оди́нъ го́рькій проща́льный поцѣлу́й не обогати́тъ мои́хъ воспомина́ній, а по́слѣ него́ намъ то́лько труднѣ́е бу́детъ разстава́ться.

Мнѣ одна́ко прія́тно, что я могу́ пла́кать. Впро́чемъ, мо́жетъ-быть, э́тому причи́ной разстро́енные не́рвы, ночь, проведённая безъ сна, двѣ мину́ты про́тивъ ду́ла пистоле́та и пусто́й желу́докъ.

Всё къ лу́чшему! Это но́вое страда́ніе, говоря́ вое́ннымъ сло́гомъ, сдѣ́лало во мнѣ́ счастли́вую диве́рсію. Пла́кать здоро́во, а пото́мъ, вѣроя́тно, е́сли бъ я не проѣ́хался верхо́мъ и не́ былъ принужде́нъ на обра́тномъ пути́ пройти́ пятна́дцать вёрстъ, то и въ э́ту ночь сонъ не сомкну́лъ бы глазъ мои́хъ.

Я возврати́лся въ Кисловодскъ въ пять часовъ утра́, бро́сился на посте́ль и засну́лъ сномъ Наполео́на по́слѣ Ва́терлоо.

Когда́ я просну́лся, на дворѣ́ ужъ бы́ло темно́. Я сѣ́лъ у отво́реннаго окна́, разстегну́лъ архалу́къ—и го́рный вѣ́теръ освѣжи́лъ грудь мою́, ещё неуспоко́енную тяжёлымъ сномъ уста́лости. Вдали́, за рѣко́ю, сквозь верхи́ густы́хъ липъ, её осѣня́ющихъ, мелька́ли огни́ въ строе́ніяхъ

Digitized by Google

of the fortress and the village. All was silent about my house, and there was no light in the Princess's house.

The Doctor entered; his brow was clouded; he did not offer me his hand as was his wont.

'Where do you come from, Doctor?'

'From Princess Ligofska; her daughter is ill—from prostration of the nerves. Yet it is not this which brings me here; the authorities guess the truth, and though nothing can be positively proved, still I advise you to be cautious. The Princess told me to-day that she knows that you have fought a duel on account of her daughter. That old fellow—what is his name?—has told her. He witnessed your encounter with Grushnitzky at the hotel. I came to warn you.—Farewell. Perhaps we shall see each other no more. You will be ordered to some distant place.'

On the threshold he stopped, as if desirous of shaking my hand; and had I but encouraged him in the slightest degree, he would have thrown himself on my neck—but I stood as cold as a stone—and so he went out.

Such are men! they are all alike: they know beforehand all the bad points of a deed; they assist, advise, and even approve, and see the possibility of no other action—but afterwards wash their hands of it, and indignantly turn from him who has had the courage to take the whole weight of responsibility on himself. So are they all, even the best, even the most sensible.

Digitized by Google

крѣпости и слободки. На дворѣ у насъ всё было тихо, въ домѣ княгини было темно.

Вошёлъ докторъ; лобъ у него былъ нахмуренъ; онъ противъ обыкновенія, не протянулъ мнѣ руки.

— Откуда вы докторъ?

— Отъ княгини Лиговской; дочь ея больна—разслабленіе нервовъ... Да не въ этомъ дѣло, а вотъ что: начальство догадывается и, хотя ничего нельзя доказать положительно, однако я вамъ совѣтую быть осторожнѣе. Княгиня мнѣ говорила нынче, что она знаетъ, что вы стрѣлялись за ея дочь. Ей всё этотъ старичёкъ разсказалъ... Какъ бишь его? Онъ былъ свидѣтелемъ вашей стычки съ Грушницкимъ въ рестораціи. Я пришёлъ васъ предупредить.—Прощайте. Можетъ-быть, мы больше не увидимся: васъ ушлютъ куда-нибудь.

Онъ на порогѣ остановился: ему хотѣлось пожать мнѣ руку... и если бъ я показалъ ему малѣйшее на это желаніе, то онъ бросился бы мнѣ на шею; но я остался холоденъ какъ камень—и онъ вышелъ.

Вотъ люди! всѣ они таковы: знаютъ заранѣе всѣ дурныя стороны поступка, помогаютъ, совѣтуютъ, даже одобряютъ его, видя невозможность другого средства—а потомъ умываютъ руки и отворачиваются съ негодованіемъ отъ того, кто имѣлъ смѣлость взять на себя всю тяжесть отвѣтственности. Всѣ они таковы, даже самые добрые, самые умные.

Digitized by Google

On the following day, having received orders from the authorities to proceed to the fortress of N., I went to the Princess, to take my leave.

She was astonished, when to her question, whether I had anything of importance to communicate, I replied that I wished her to be happy, and so forth.

'But I must speak to you most seriously.'

I sat down in silence.

It was clear that she did not know how to begin; her face turned scarlet; her plump fingers hammered on the table; at last she said in a hesitating voice:

'Listen, Monsieur Petchorin, I believe that you are an honest man.'

I bowed.

'I am convinced of it,' she continued; 'though your conduct has been somewhat dubious, yet you might have had reasons, which I do not know, but which you must now confide to me. You have defended my daughter from calumnies. You fought a duel on her behalf. Consequently you risked your life.—Do not answer, I know, I know you will not admit it because Grushnitzky has fallen (she made the sign of the cross), God forgive him—and I hope, you too!—This is not my affair. I dare not judge you, inasmuch as my daughter, though innocently, has been the cause of it. She has told me everything; I believe all.

Digitized by Google

На другóй день ýтромъ, получи́въ приказáніе отъ вы́сшаго начáльства отпрáвиться въ крѣ́пость N., я зашёлъ къ княги́нѣ прости́ться.

Онá былá удивленá, когдá на вопрóсъ еѧ́: имѣ́ю ли я сказáть чтó-нибýдь осóбенно вáжное, я отвѣчáлъ, что желáю ей быть счастли́вой и прóч.

— А мнѣ нýжно съ вáми поговори́ть óчень серьёзно.

Я сѣлъ мóлча.

Явно бы́ло, что онá не знáла съ чегó начáть; лицó еѧ́ побагровѣ́ло, пýхлые еѧ́ пáльцы стучáли по столý; наконéцъ онá началá такъ, преры́вистымъ гóлосомъ:

— Послýшайте, мсьё Печóринъ, я дýмаю, что вы благорóдный человѣ́къ.

Я поклони́лся.

— Я дáже въ óтомъ увѣ́рена, продолжáла онá: хотя́ вáше поведéніе нѣсколько сомни́тельно, но у васъ могýтъ быть причи́ны, котóрыхъ я не знáю, и и́хъ-то вы должны́ тепéрь мнѣ повѣ́рить. Вы защити́ли дочь мою́ отъ клеветы́, стрѣля́лись за неё—слѣ́дственно рисковáли жи́знью... Не отвѣчáйте, я знáю, что вы въ óтомъ не признáетесь, потомý что Грушни́цкій убúть (онá перекрести́лась). Богъ емý прости́тъ—и, надѣ́юсь, вамъ тáкже!... Это до менѧ́ не касáется... я не смѣ́ю осуждáть васъ, потомý что дочь моѧ́, хотѧ́ неви́нно, но былá óтому причи́ной. Онá мнѣ всё сказáла... я дýмаю, всё;

Digitized by Google

You have made her a declaration of love—she has reciprocated it (here the Princess gave a deep sigh). She is ill, and I am convinced that it is no ordinary illness! A secret grief is killing her; she will not admit it, but I am sure that you are the cause.—Listen, you perhaps may think that I seek rank, an immense fortune for my daughter—pray disabuse yourself of that idea. I only want her happiness. Your present position is not enviable, but this might be mended: you have an income to live upon; my daughter loves you; she has been educated in such a manner as to make her husband's fortune. I am rich: she is my only child. Speak,—what keeps you back? You see I ought not to have told you all this, but I rely on your heart, on your honour—remember that she is my only daughter, my only one.'

She began to cry.

'Princess,' said I; 'it is impossible for me to answer you. Allow me to speak to your daughter alone.'

'Never!' she exclaimed, starting from her chair in great agitation.

'As you please,' replied I, preparing to go away.

She considered for a while, made me a sign with her hand to wait, and went out.

About five minutes elapsed; my heart beat violently, but my thoughts were collected, my head cool; I strove in vain to discover even a spark of love for the amiable Mary in my heart.

Digitized by Google

вы изъяснились ей въ любви... она вамъ призналась въ своей (тутъ княгиня тяжело вздохнула). Но она больна, и я увѣрена, что это не простая болѣзнь! Печаль тайная её убиваетъ; она не признаётся, но я увѣрена, что вы этому причиной... Послушайте: вы, можетъ-быть, думаете, что я ищу чиновъ, огромнаго богатства—разувѣрьтесь, я хочу только счастья дочери. Ваше теперешнее положеніе незавидно, но оно можетъ поправиться: вы имѣете состояніе; васъ любитъ дочь моя; она воспитана такъ, что составитъ счастіе мужа. Я богата, она у меня одна... Говорите, что васъ удерживаетъ?... Видите, я не должна была бы вамъ всего этого говорить, но я полагаюсь на ваше сердце, на вашу честь—вспомните, у меня одна дочь... одна...

Она заплакала.

— Княгиня, сказалъ я: мнѣ невозможно отвѣчать вамъ; позвольте мнѣ поговорить съ вашей дочерью наединѣ...

— Никогда! воскликнула она, вставъ со стула въ сильномъ волненіи.

— Какъ хотите, отвѣчалъ я, приготовляясь уйти.

Она задумалась, сдѣлала мнѣ знакъ рукою, чтобъ я подождалъ, и вышла.

Прошло минутъ пять; сердце моё сильно билось, но мысли были спокойны, голова холодна; какъ я ни искалъ въ груди моей хоть искры любви къ милой Мери, но старанія мои были напрасны.

Digitized by Google

The door opened and she entered. Good Heavens! how changed since I had last seen her—and that was not long.

Coming up to the middle of the room she staggered; I jumped up, offered her my arm, and led her to a chair.

I stood before her. We were silent for some time; her large eyes, full of inexpressible grief, seemed to seek some kind of hope in mine; her pale lips in vain attempted to smile; her delicate hands, folded on her knees, were so emaciated and transparent that I began to pity her.

'Princess,' said I: 'you know that I was only trifling with you. You ought to despise me.'

A sickly blush overspread her cheeks.

I continued: 'Consequently you cannot love me.'

She turned away, rested her arms on the table, covered her eyes with her hand, and it seemed to me that tears were rolling down her face.

'Oh my God!' she exclaimed almost inaudibly. This became insupportable: one moment more—and I should have been at her feet.

'You see yourself,' said I, with a firm voice and a forced smile, 'you see yourself, that I cannot marry you. If you were even to wish it now, you would soon repent it. My conversation with your mother has compelled me to explain myself to you in so indelicate a manner: I trust it will not be difficult for you to undeceive her.

Digitized by Google

Вотъ дверь отворилась и вошла она. Боже! какъ перемѣнилась съ тѣхъ поръ, какъ я не видалъ её—а давно ли?

Дойдя до середины комнаты, она пошатнулась; я вскочилъ, подалъ ей руку и довёлъ её до креселъ.

Я стоялъ противъ неё. Мы долго молчали; её большіе глаза, исполненные неизъяснимой грусти, казалось, искали въ моихъ что-нибудь похожее на надежду; её блѣдныя губы напрасно старались улыбнуться, её нѣжныя руки, сложенныя на колѣнахъ, были такъ худы и прозрачны, что мнѣ стало жаль её.

— Княжна, сказалъ я: вы знаете, что я надъ вами смѣялся?... Вы должны презирать меня.

На её щекахъ показался болѣзненный румянецъ.

Я продолжалъ: слѣдственно, вы меня любить не можете...

Она отвернулась, облокотилась на столъ, закрыла глаза рукою, и мнѣ показалось, что въ нихъ блеснули слёзы.

— Боже мой! произнесла она едва внятно. Это становилось невыносимо: ещё минута—и я бы упалъ къ ногамъ её.

— Итакъ, вы сами видите, сказалъ я, сколько могъ, твёрдымъ голосомъ и съ принуждённой усмѣшкою: вы сами видите, что я не могу на васъ жениться. Если бъ вы даже этого теперь хотѣли, то скоро бы раскаялись. Мой разговоръ съ вашей матушкой принудилъ меня объясниться съ вами такъ откровенно и такъ грубо; я надѣюсь, что она въ заблужденіи: вамъ легко её разувѣрить.

Digitized by Google

You see, I play the most miserable and detestable figure before your eyes, and I do not even deny it; but this is all I can do for you. However bad an opinion you may have conceived of me, I submit to it. See how debased I stand before you! Is it not so? and if even you have loved me once, from this moment you must despise me.'

She turned to me, white as a sheet; her eyes sparkled marvellously.

'I detest you,' she said. I thanked her, bowed respectfully and withdrew.

One hour later, I was speeding in a post-chaise from Kislovodsk. A few versts from Yesentoukof, I recognised close to the road the carcass of my spirited horse; the saddle had been taken off, probably by a Cossack, who had passed by, and instead of the saddle, two ravens were sitting on its back. I sighed and turned away.

And now in this lonely fortress, I often ask myself, reviewing the past, why I did not follow the path which Fate had opened for me, where calm enjoyment and undisturbed serenity awaited me?—No, I could not have long endured such a fate. I am like a sailor born and reared on a pirate's vessel: his soul unfolds, struggling amidst storms and fights; but when thrown ashore, it pines away and languishes, however the shady grove may invite him, and the ray of the sun smilingly entice him: he wanders alone the whole day on the sands of the beach and listens to the monotonous plashing of the rolling waves, and looks into the hazy distance,

Digitized by Google

Вы ви́дите, я игра́ю въ ва́шихъ глаза́хъ са́мую жа́лкую и га́дкую роль, и да́же въ э́томъ признаю́сь— вотъ всё, что я могу́ для васъ сдѣ́лать. Како́е бы вы дурно́е мнѣ́ніе обо мнѣ ни имѣ́ли, я ему́ покоря́юсь... Ви́дите ли, я пе́редъ ва́ми ни́зокъ?... Не пра́вда ли, е́сли да́же вы меня́ и люби́ли, то съ э́той мину́ты презира́ете?...

Она́ оберну́лась ко мнѣ, блѣ́дная ка́къ мра́моръ; то́лько глаза́ ея́ чуде́сно сверка́ли.

— Я васъ ненави́жу... сказа́ла она́. Я поблагодари́лъ, поклони́лся почти́тельно и вы́шелъ.

Че́резъ часъ курье́рская тро́йка мча́ла меня́ изъ Кисловодска. За нѣ́сколько вёрстъ отъ Есенту́ковъ, я узна́лъ близъ доро́ги трупъ моего́ лихо́го коня́; сѣдло́ бы́ло сня́то, вѣроя́тно проѣ́зжимъ казако́мъ, и, вмѣ́сто сѣдла́ на спинѣ́ его́ сидѣ́ли два во́рона. Я вздохну́лъ и отверну́лся.

И тепе́рь, здѣ́сь, въ э́той ску́чной крѣ́пости, я ча́сто, пробѣга́я мы́слію проше́дшее, спра́шиваю себя́: отчего́ я не хотѣ́лъ ступи́ть на э́тотъ путь, откры́тый мнѣ судьбо́ю, гдѣ меня́ ожида́ли ти́хія ра́дости и споко́йствіе душе́вное?... Нѣтъ, я бы не ужился съ э́той до́лею! Я, какъ матро́съ, рождённый и вы́росшій на па́лубѣ разбо́йничьяго бри́га: его́ душа́ сжила́сь съ бу́рями и би́твами и, вы́брошенный на́ берегъ, онъ скуча́етъ и томи́тся, какъ ни мани́ его́ тѣни́стая ро́ща, какъ ни свѣти́ ему́ ми́рное со́лнце; онъ хо́дитъ себѣ́ цѣ́лый день по прибре́жному песку́, прислу́шивается къ однообра́зному ро́поту набѣга́ющихъ волнъ и всма́тривается въ тума́нную даль:

Digitized by Google

whether, in that faint speck he distinguishes from the grey clouds and the dark blue flood of the sea, he cannot discover the longed-for sail, which first resembling the wing of a sea-gull, gradually rises from amidst the foam of the sea, and with a steady course approaches the lonely port.

Digitized by Google

не мелькнётъ ли тамъ, на блѣдной чертѣ, отдѣляющей синюю пучину отъ сѣрыхъ тучекъ, желанный парусъ, сначала подобно крылу морской чайки, но мало-помалу отдѣляющійся отъ пѣны валуновъ и ровнымъ бѣгомъ приближающійся къ пустынной пристани...

Digitized by Google

Cambridge:
PRINTED BY J. AND C. F. CLAY,
AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

13

25

Digitized by Google

This preservation photocopy was made and hand bound at
BookLab, Inc., in compliance with copyright law.
The paper is Weyerhaeuser Cougar Opaque
Natural, which exceeds ANSI
Standard Z39.48-1984.
1993

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google